

JULY

No. 14

10¢

# CRACK COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

THE BLACK CONDOR  
IN ANOTHER  
THRILLING  
ADVENTURE



THE CLOCK



ALIAS THE SPIDER



MOLLY THE MODEL



NED BRANT







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



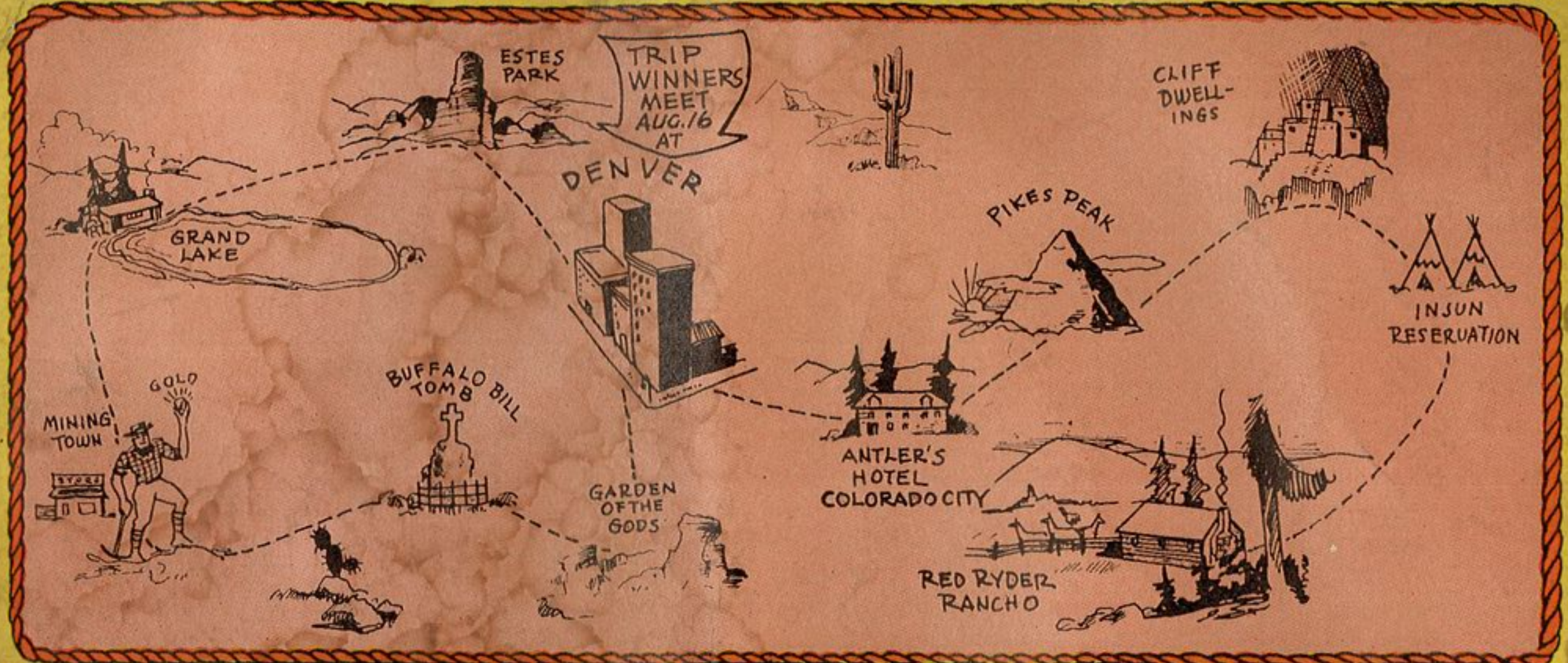
# DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST



**OFFERS 2 FREE TRIPS TO**

**FAMOUS CARTOONIST'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO**

**-ALSO 5 RECORDIOS-101 DAISY TARGETEER PISTOLS-100 GUN BRACKETS**



**-SEE BACK COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR FURTHER DAISY CONTEST DETAILS -  
GET FREE CONTEST TARGET and ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS**

*Wings on wheels*  
**FOR AIR-MINDED BOYS**



## THE NEW COLUMBIA BICYCLES FOR '41!

The new Columbias *are* NEWS! Speed... style... "maneuverability"... safety... Yes, Sir! They top-rate the field by "test-pilot" performance standards that acknowledge only the best. Quick, smooth take-off, superb balance and easy pedalling give wings to your flight. And for looks... Say! Just take a look at the new Columbias... new duo-tone colors and smart new trim... new Streamliner light, new brilliant safety reflector... new chain guard and new carrier of special design... all exclusive features on the NEW Columbias for '41! Take Dad along, and Mother, too. They'll appreciate your smart sense of value and safety in choosing a

Columbia. See them at your dealer or write us for colorful illustrated folder. THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WESTFIELD, MASS., Dept. FC.

Look for this name-plate on a Genuine Columbia... the best known name in bicycles.



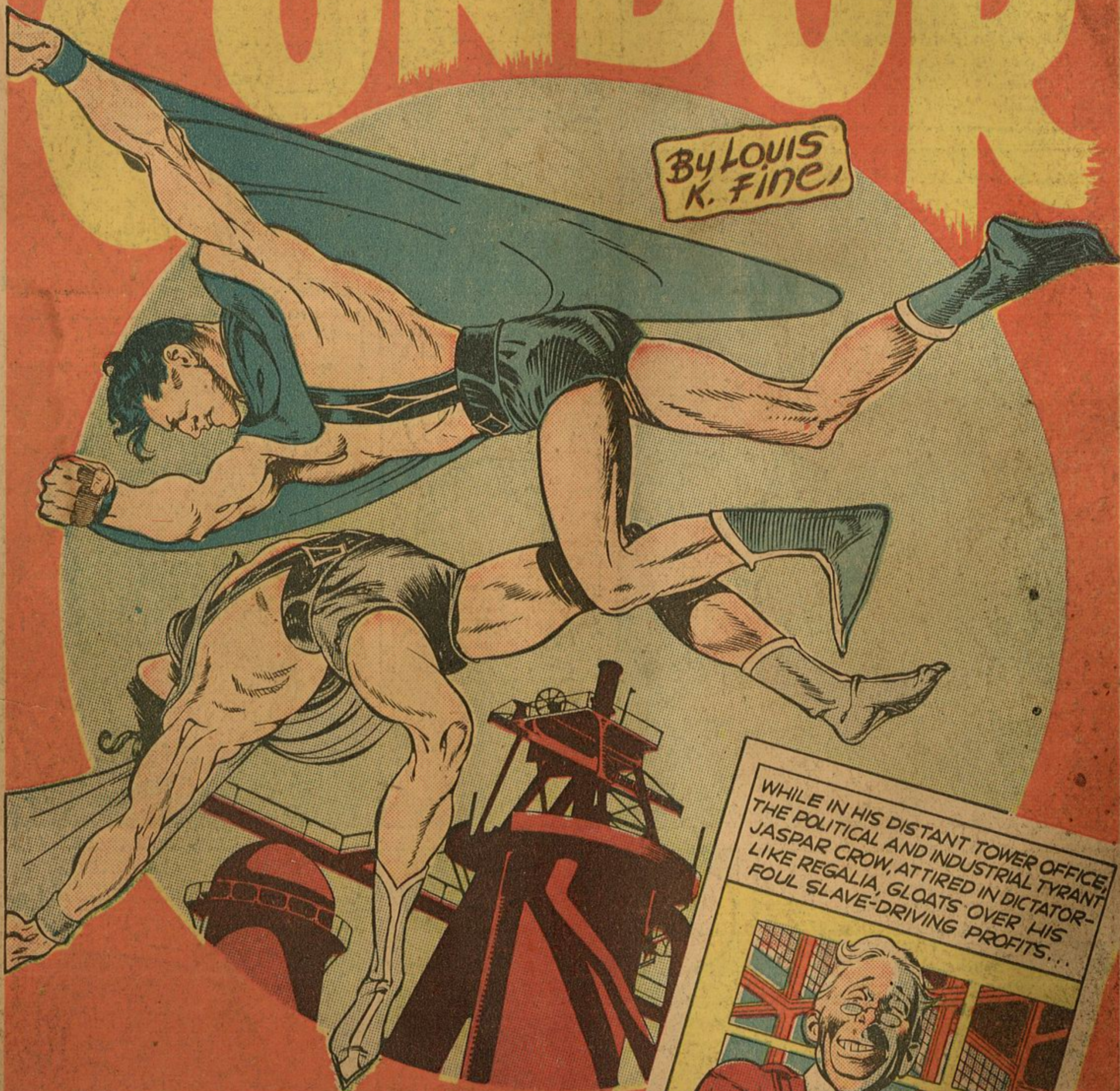
*Columbia*

**AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE  
FIRST IN 1877 · FIRST IN 1941**



# The **BLACK** CONDOR

By LOUIS  
K. FINE



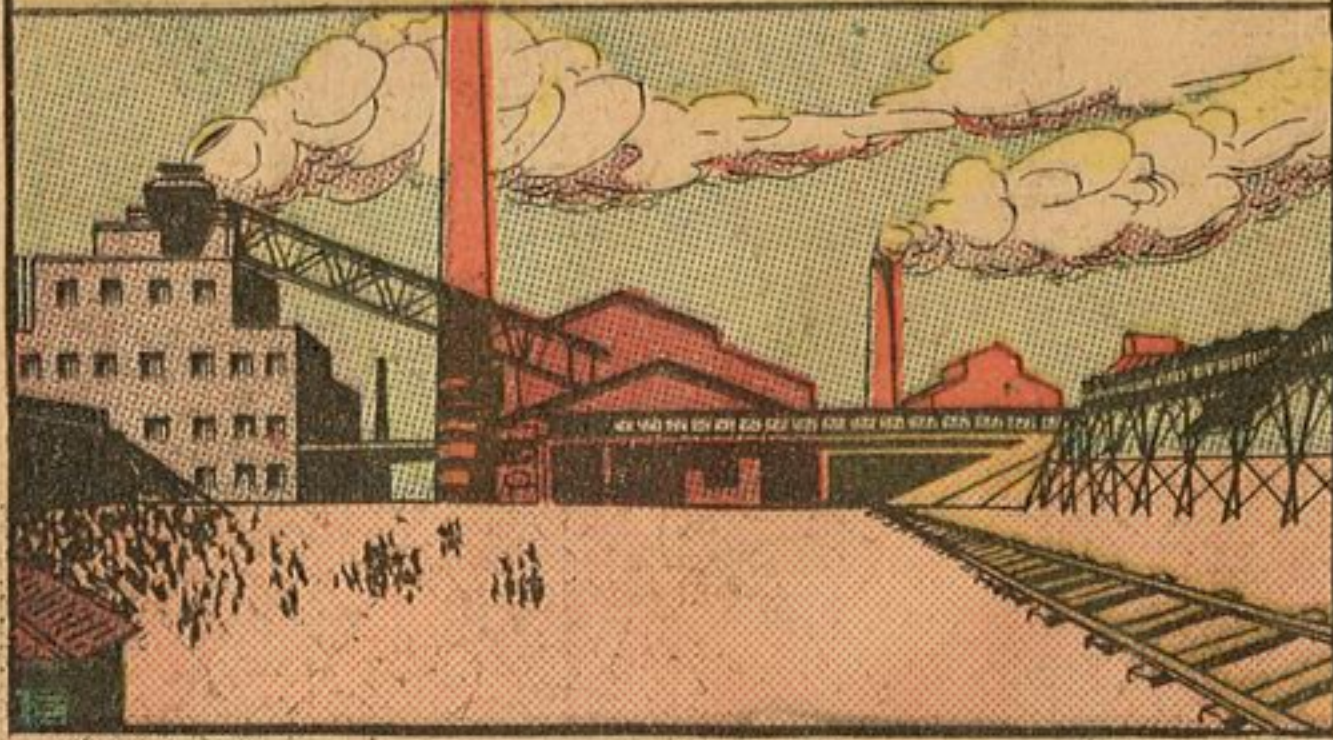
THE SCHOLARLY SENATOR TOM WRIGHT AND THE MIGHTY **BLACK CONDOR** ARE ONE AND THE SAME...THOUGH THIS FACT IS KNOWN ONLY TO WRIGHT'S FIANCEE'S FATHER, DR. FOSTER... NOW, INTO THE THICK OF INDUSTRIAL STRIFE THE **CONDOR** SMASHES, TO EXPOSE AN IMPERSONATOR..

WHILE IN HIS DISTANT TOWER OFFICE, THE POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL TYRANT JASPAR CROW, ATTIRED IN DICTATOR-LIKE REGALIA, GLOATS OVER HIS FOUL SLAVE-DRIVING PROFITS...





ONE OF CROW'S GREAT PLANTS IS NOW A HOTBED OF VIOLENT LABOR UNREST....



AMONG THE GREAT MACHINES ANGRY PROTESTS ARE HEARD TO MOUNT....

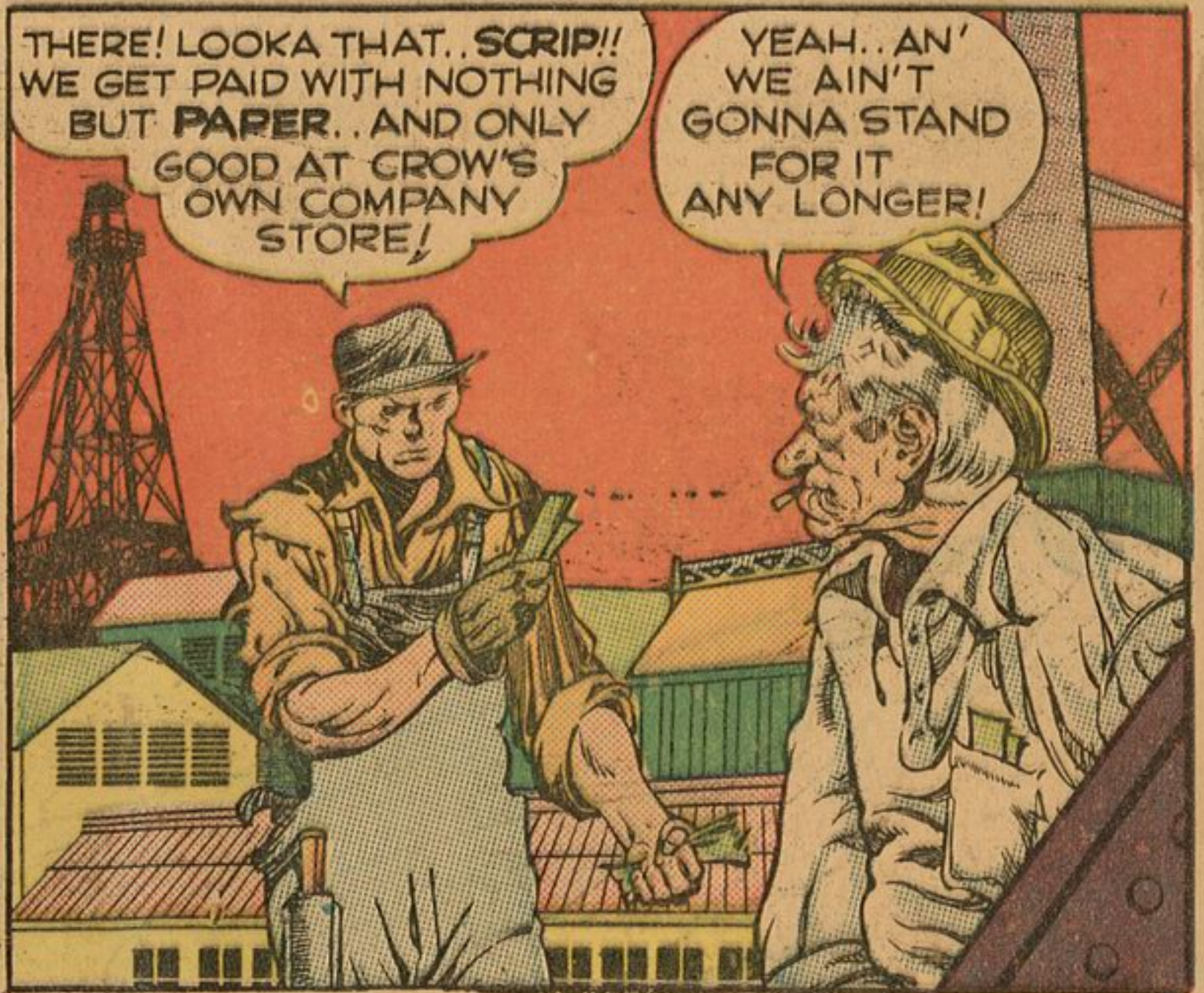


SUCKERS! THAT'S WHAT WE ALL ARE!

NOBODY MAKES A SLAVE OUTA ME!

THERE! LOOKA THAT.. **SCRIP!!** WE GET PAID WITH NOTHING BUT **PAPER**.. AND ONLY GOOD AT CROW'S OWN COMPANY STORE!

YEAH.. AN' WE AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR IT ANY LONGER!



WELL, LET'S THROW A SCARE INTO CROW RIGHT NOW... LISTEN.. I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO START...



BUT A COMPANY SPY LISTENS IN ON THE PLOT...



JASPAR WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW THIS...

SOON THE GREAT MACHINERY GRINDS TO A STOP. SMALL KNOTS OF WORKERS BEGIN TO CONVERGE INTO ONE LARGE GROUP



MEN! NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE, ARE WE TOGETHER?

SURE... WE'RE TOGETHER



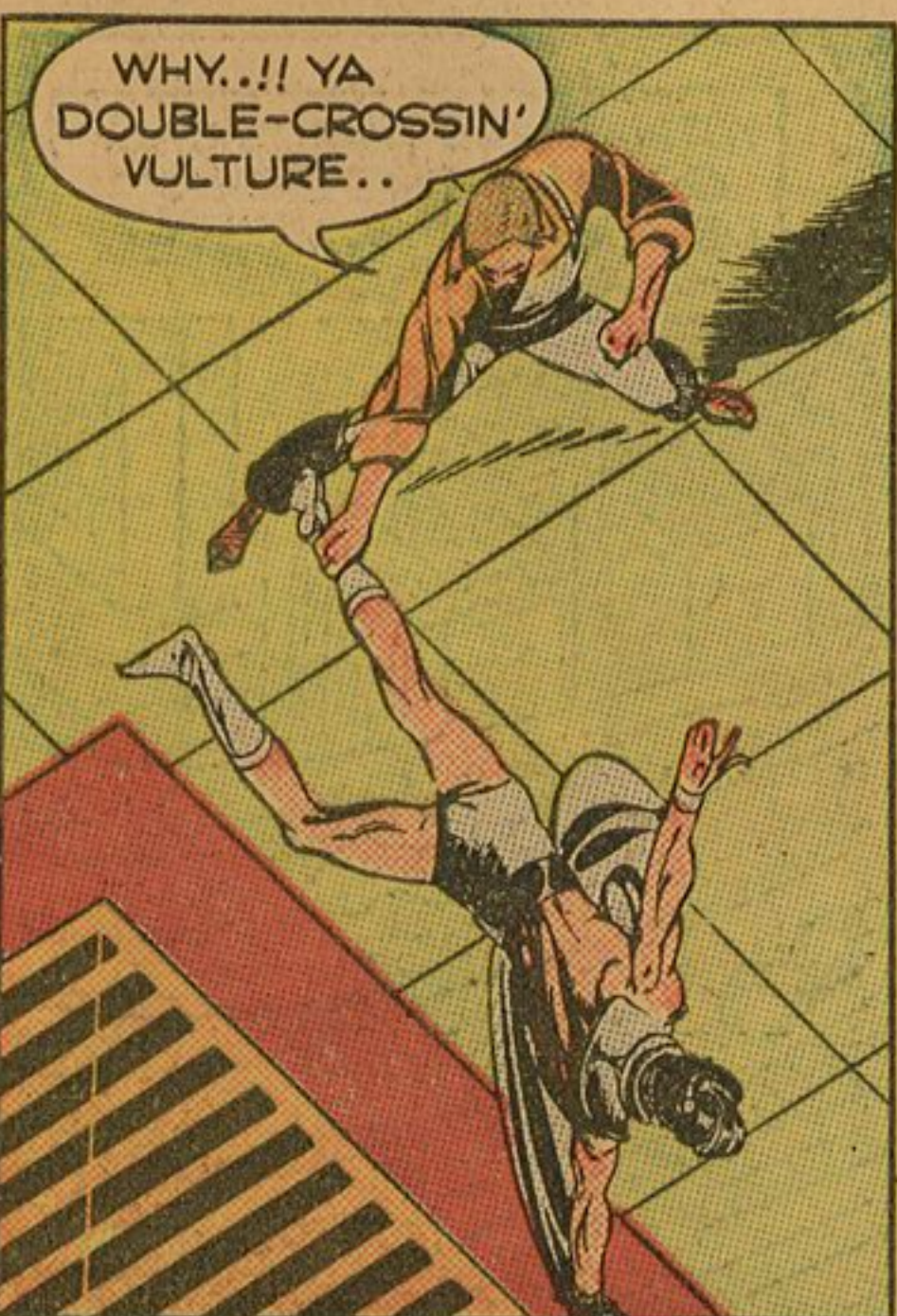
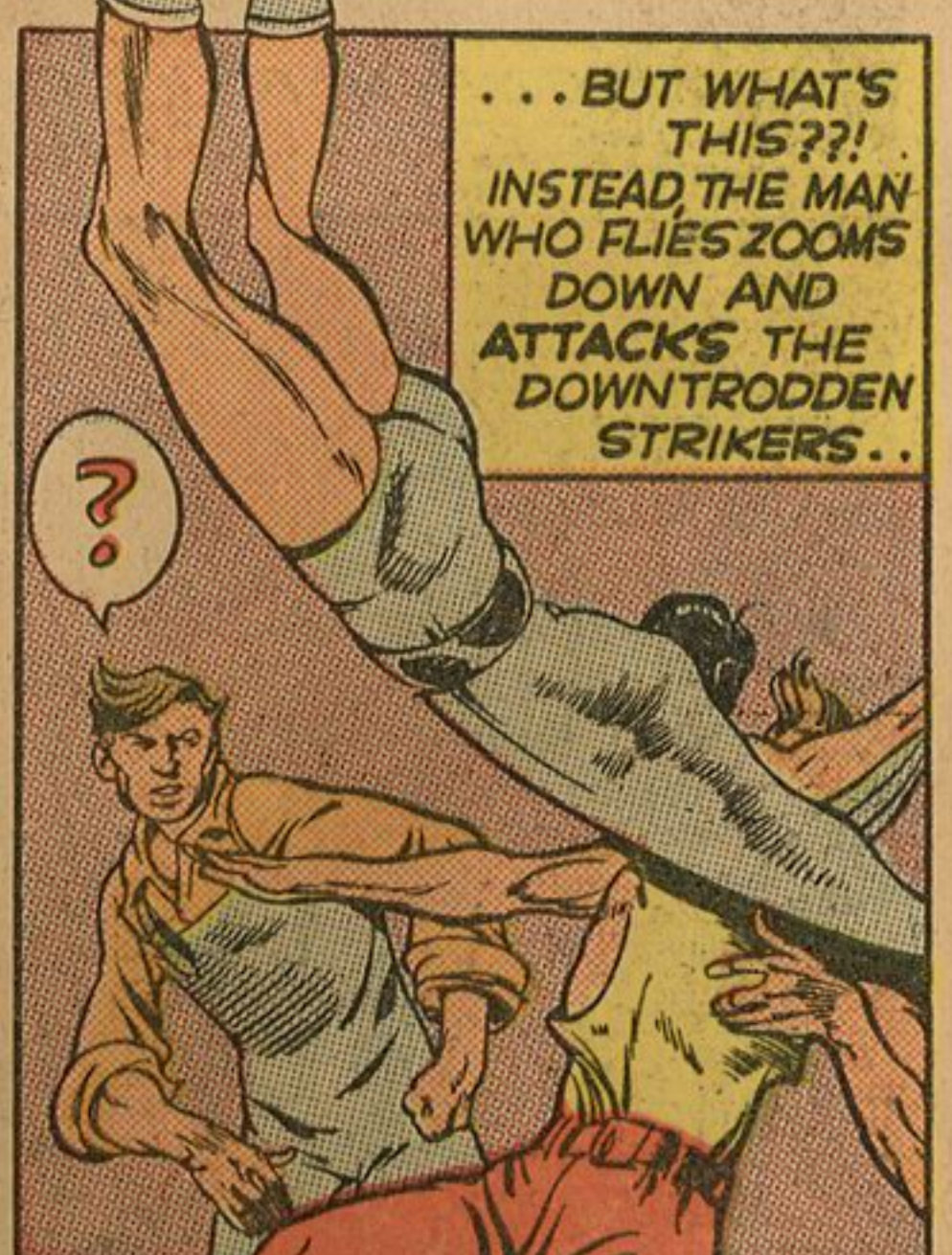
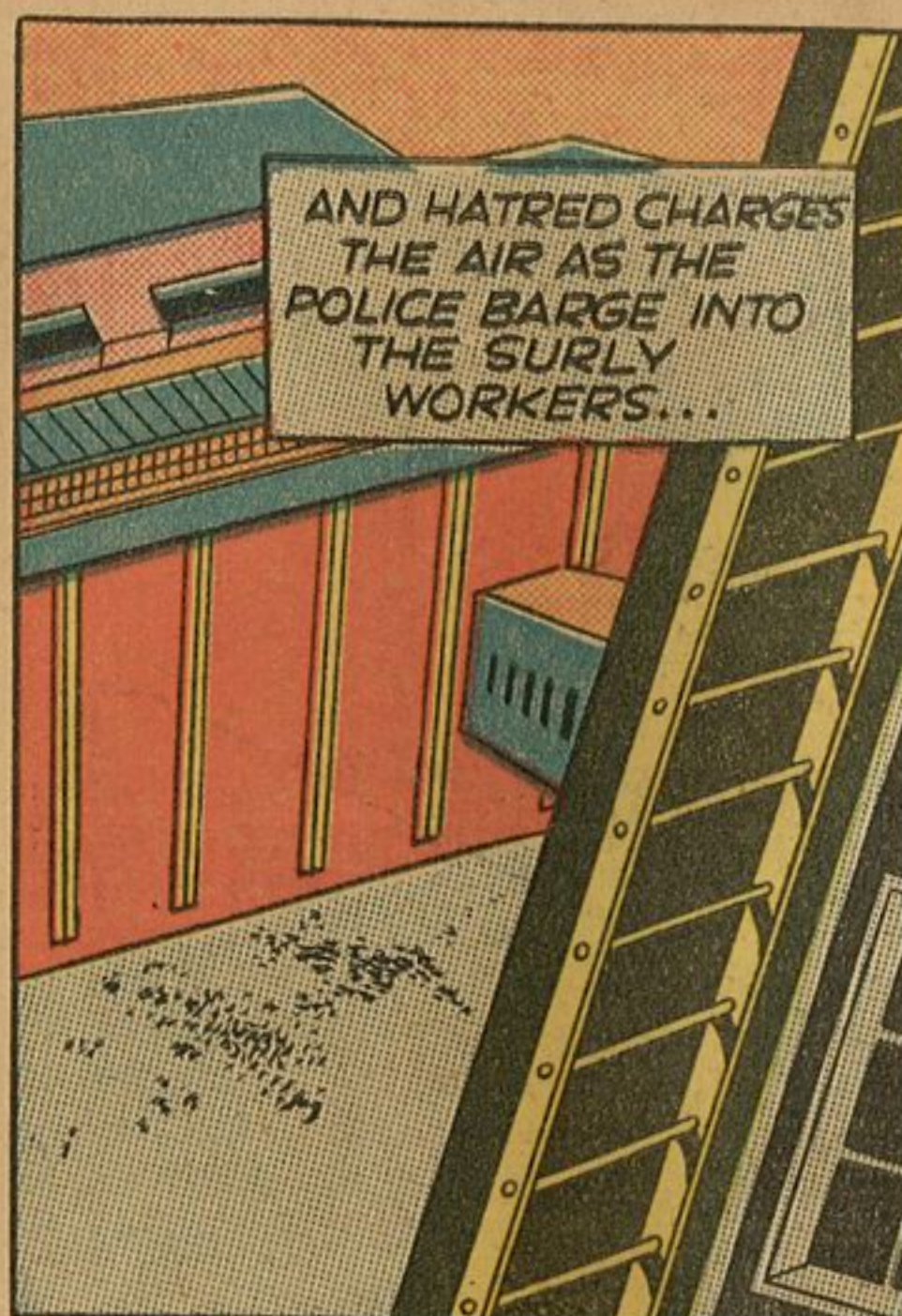
CROW'S DONE RUBBIN' US INTO THE DIRT!

BUT COMPANY POLICEMEN GRIMLY SPRING INTO READINESS..

WARN THE MEN IN THE YARD!!









AND THE AMAZED WORKERS SEE THE CONDOR RUN IN COWARDLY TERROR



HA! WHY DON'T YA FLY, OR AIN'T THAT FAST ENOUGH?



THE HALF-STUMBLING TRAITOR QUICKLY DISAPPEARS...AND THE ROAR OF A STARTING CAR'S ENGINE SWELLS UP...

TH'YELLA FAKE EVEN HADDA USE A CAR TO ESCAPE!!

AND WE THOUGHT HE WAS BRAVE!



WHILE THE COMPANY POLICE FINALLY QUELL THE STRIKE RIOT WITH TEAR GAS...



NEXT MORNING IN WASHINGTON, SENATOR TOM WRIGHT READS OF THE RIOT AND SHAMEFUL "CONDOR" EXHIBITION

SO!! CROW HAS CREATED MY PHONEY DOUBLE!



INSTANTLY HE BEGINS TO STRIP...REVEALING THE TRUE CONDOR...

I CAN'T WAIT!

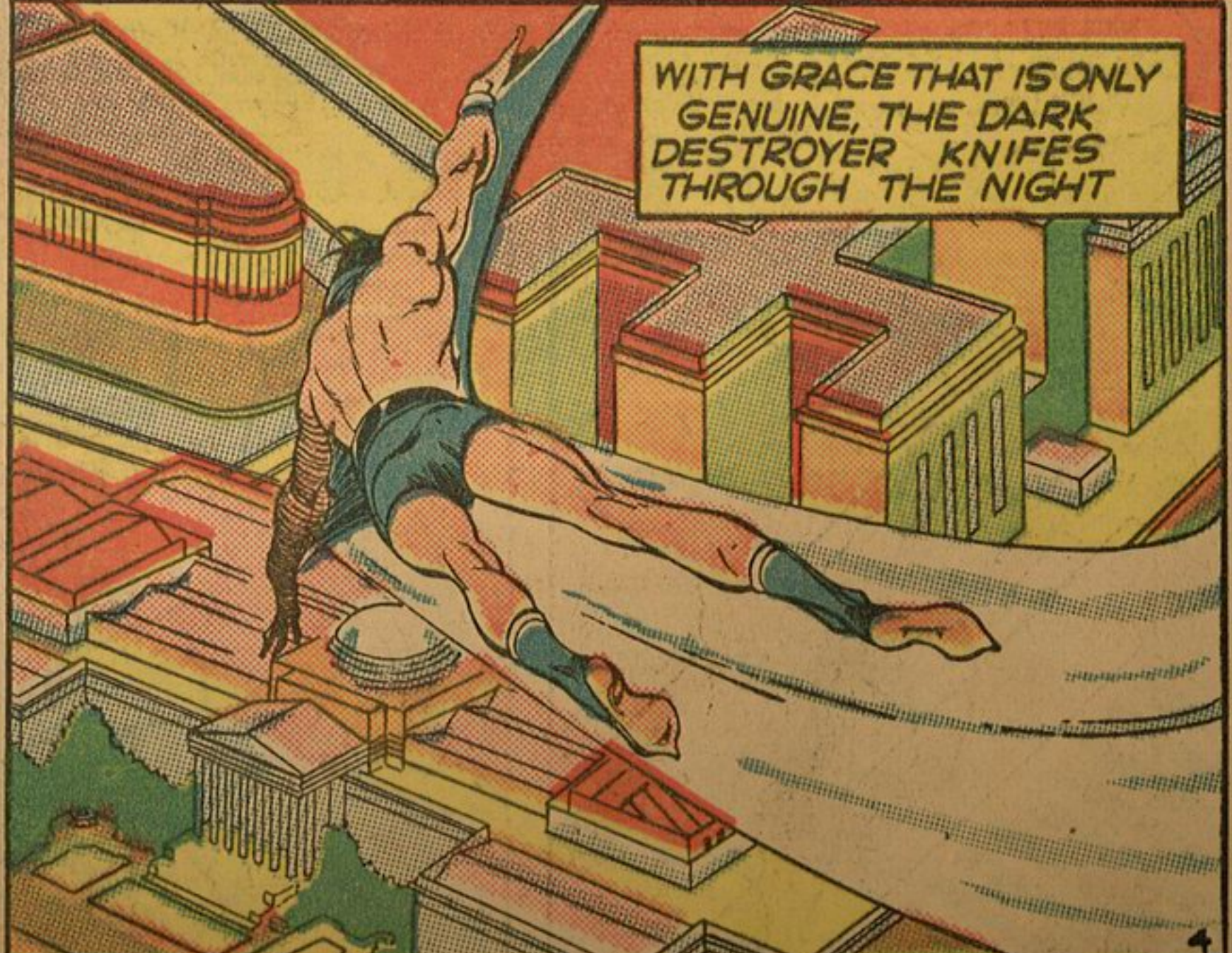


I'LL SHOW THIS FAKE THAT HE PLAYS A DANGEROUS GAME!



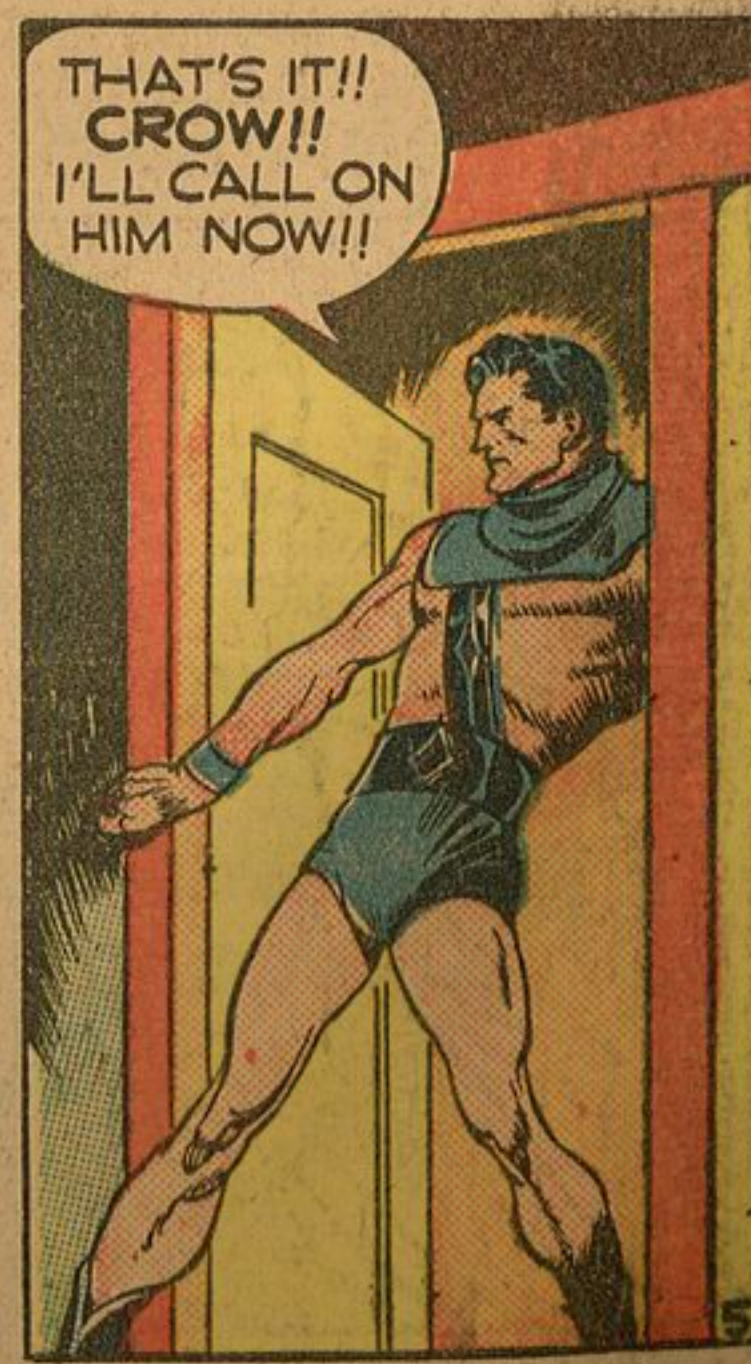
...THEN THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...

WITH GRACE THAT IS ONLY GENUINE, THE DARK DESTROYER KNIFES THROUGH THE NIGHT

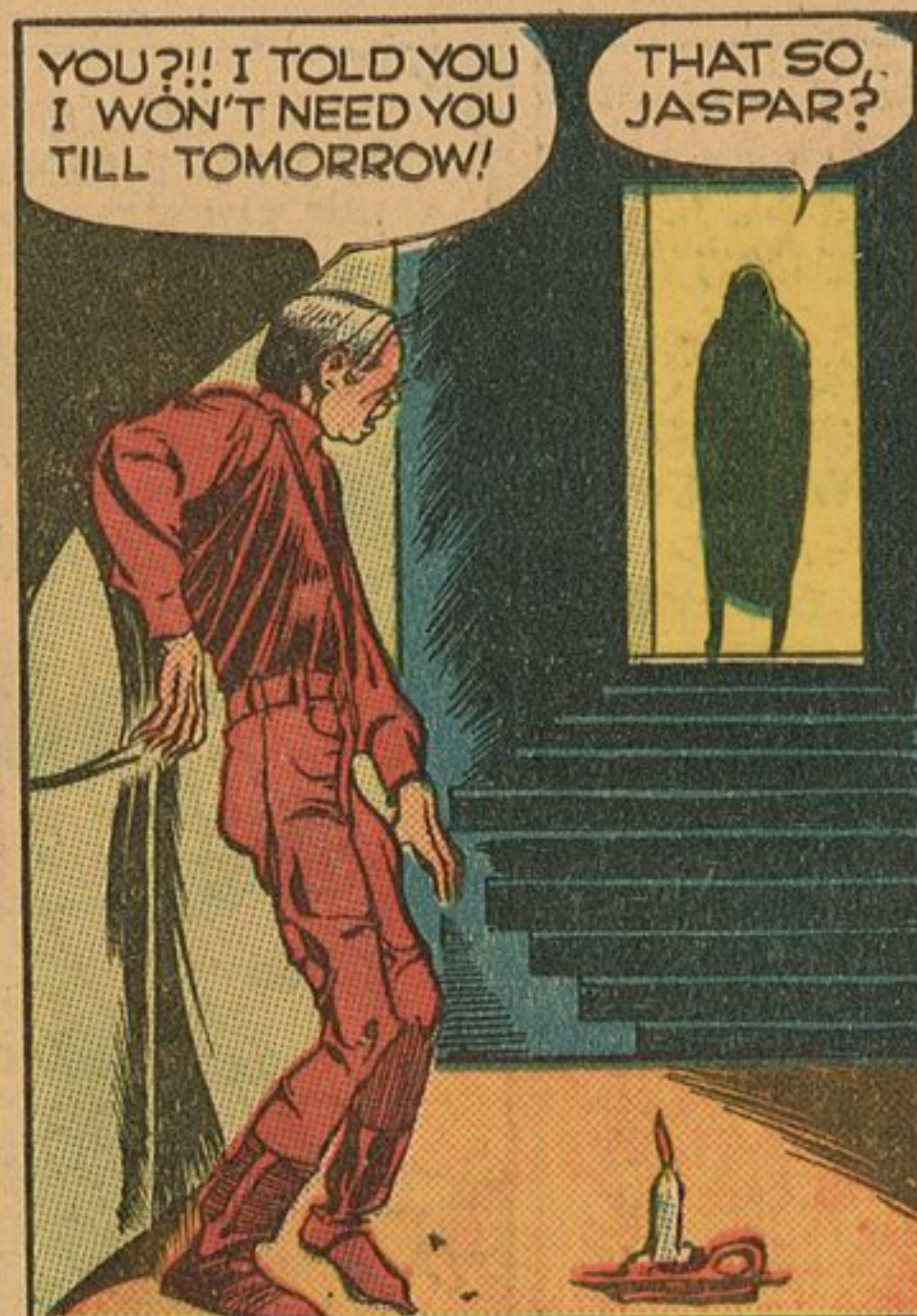




MEANWHILE..  
THE  
PLOTING,  
DISGRUNTLED  
WORKERS  
HOLD  
A STRIKE  
MEETING  
TO LAY  
NEW  
PLANS....









JASPAR CROW AND HIS SECOND-RATE CONDOR MIMIC PONDER THIS NEW MENACE TO THEIR PLANS

I TOLD HIM ABOUT PLANT NO. 4 TOMORROW... THAT MEANS HE'LL BE THERE, SOMEHOW.

WELL... THE MEN HATE HIM BECAUSE THEY THINK HE'S WITH YOU... WE'LL FRAME HIM!



NEXT DAY.. AGAIN IN OPERATION, THE GREAT PLANT NO. 4 RENEWS ITS PROFIT STREAM INTO CROW'S GREEDY POCKETS....



BENT OVER FEIGNED LABOR THE CONDOR PEERS ABOUT FURTIVELY...



A COMPANY SPY SOWS WORDS OF SUSPICION...

SURE!! THAT'S CROW'S SPYIN' BUM... LOOK! HE'S AFRAID T'TAKE HIS SHIRT OFF LIKE TH' REST!

SURE.. NOW I SEE!



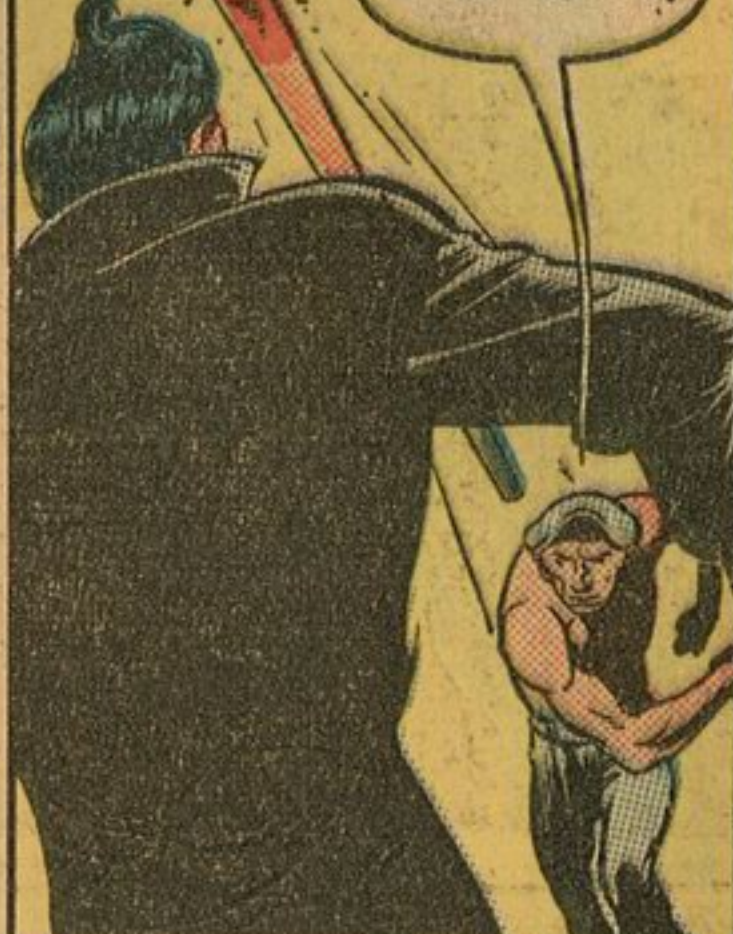
WORKERS APPROACH THE MARKED MAN...



WHY THE SNEAKY BUSINESS, MEN?



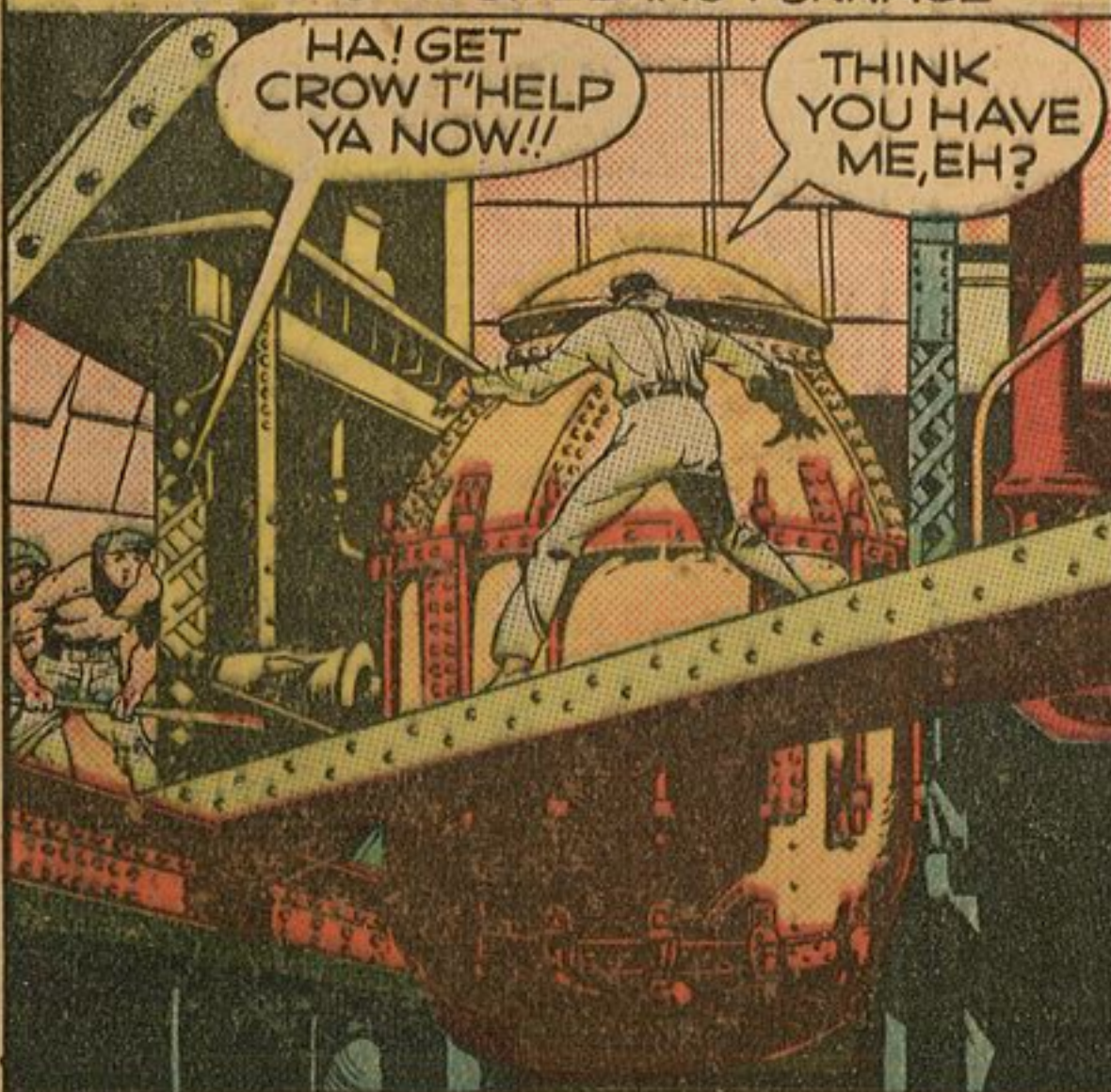
YOU KNOW WHY!! WHY DON'T YA TAKE THAT SHIRT OFF.. YA YELLA CROW STOOL PIGEON!!



THEN.. BACK.. BACK.. BACK... THE CONDOR IS NOW FORCED BY A HOT IRON.. STRAIGHT TO THE MOUTH OF A SMELTING FURNACE

HA! GET CROW T'HELP YA NOW!!

THINK YOU HAVE ME, EH?



I'LL SAY WE GOT YA! YER A COOKED SPARROW! DON'T YA WISH NOW YA REALLY COULD FLY?

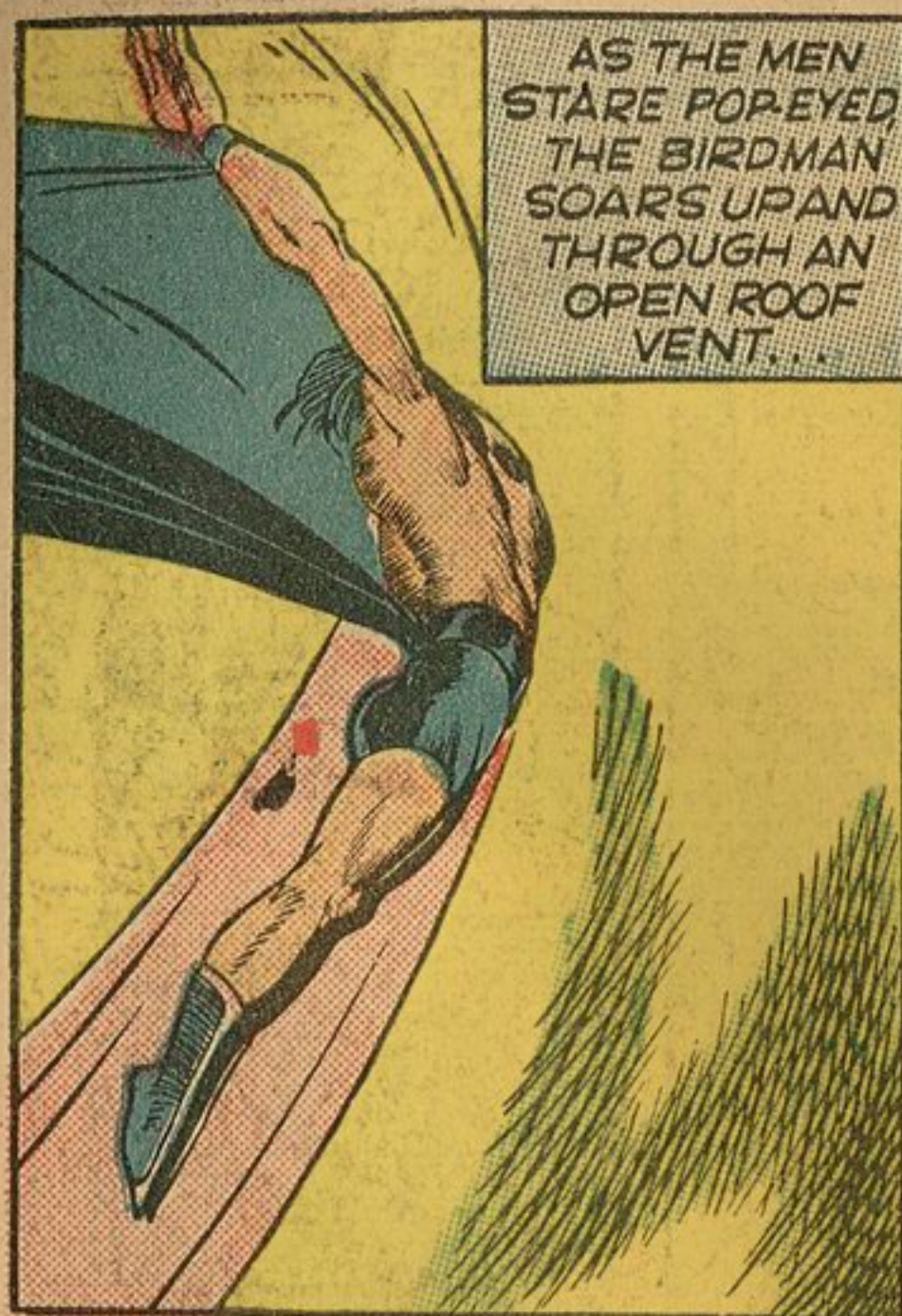


WITH INCHES SEPARATING HIM FROM DEATH, THE DARK DESTROYER COOLY SHEDS HIS SHIRT...

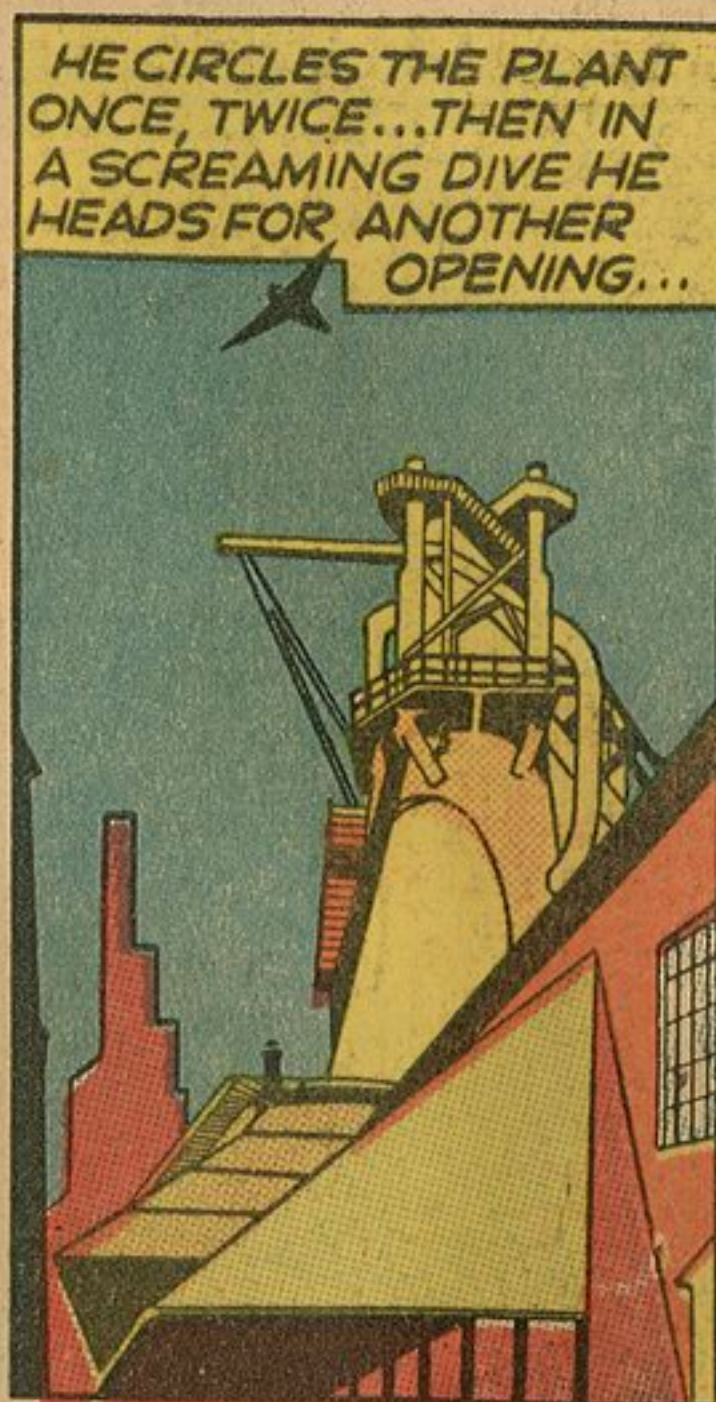
YOU WISH FOR ME... I'M TIRED OF THIS HORSEPLAY.



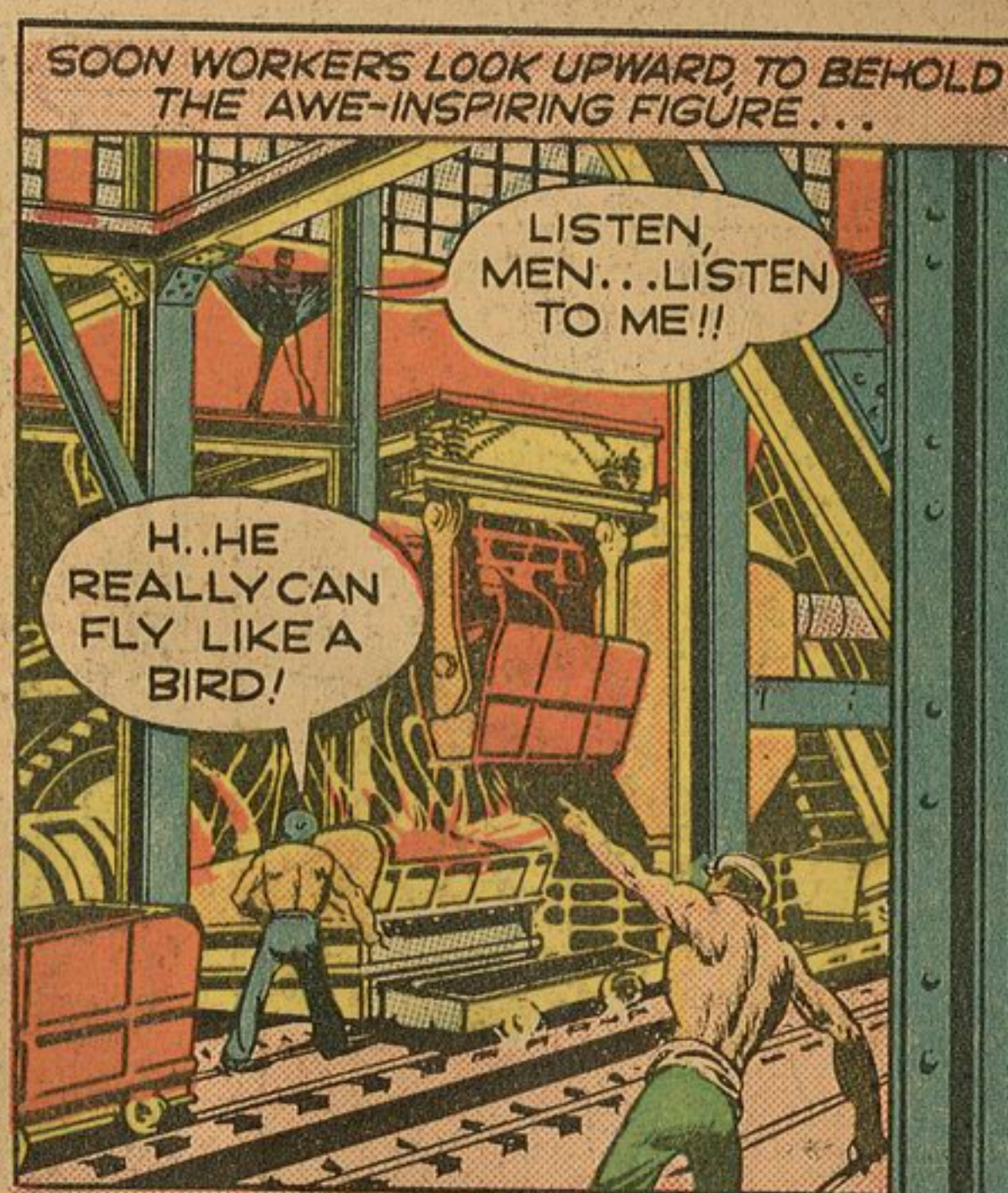




AS THE MEN  
STARE POPEYED,  
THE BIRDMAN  
SOARS UP AND  
THROUGH AN  
OPEN ROOF  
VENT...



HE CIRCLES THE PLANT  
ONCE, TWICE... THEN IN  
A SCREAMING DIVE HE  
HEADS FOR ANOTHER  
OPENING...



SOON WORKERS LOOK UPWARD, TO BEHOLD  
THE AWE-INSPIRING FIGURE...

LISTEN,  
MEN... LISTEN  
TO ME!!

H..HE  
REALLY CAN  
FLY LIKE A  
BIRD!



I'M YOUR FRIEND... THE **REAL**  
**BLACK CONDOR**... YOU WERE  
FOOLED BEFORE, BY ONE WHO  
IMITATED  
ME..



MY DOUBLE WORKS  
FOR JASPAR CROW..  
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



EVER ON THE ALERT, AGAIN A  
COMPANY SPY VIEWS THE SCENE..

T..THE R..REAL ONE!!  
JASPAR BETTER KNOW  
ABOUT THIS!



A PHONE CALL INTERRUPTS  
A TALK BETWEEN CROW  
AND HIS FALSE CONDOR..

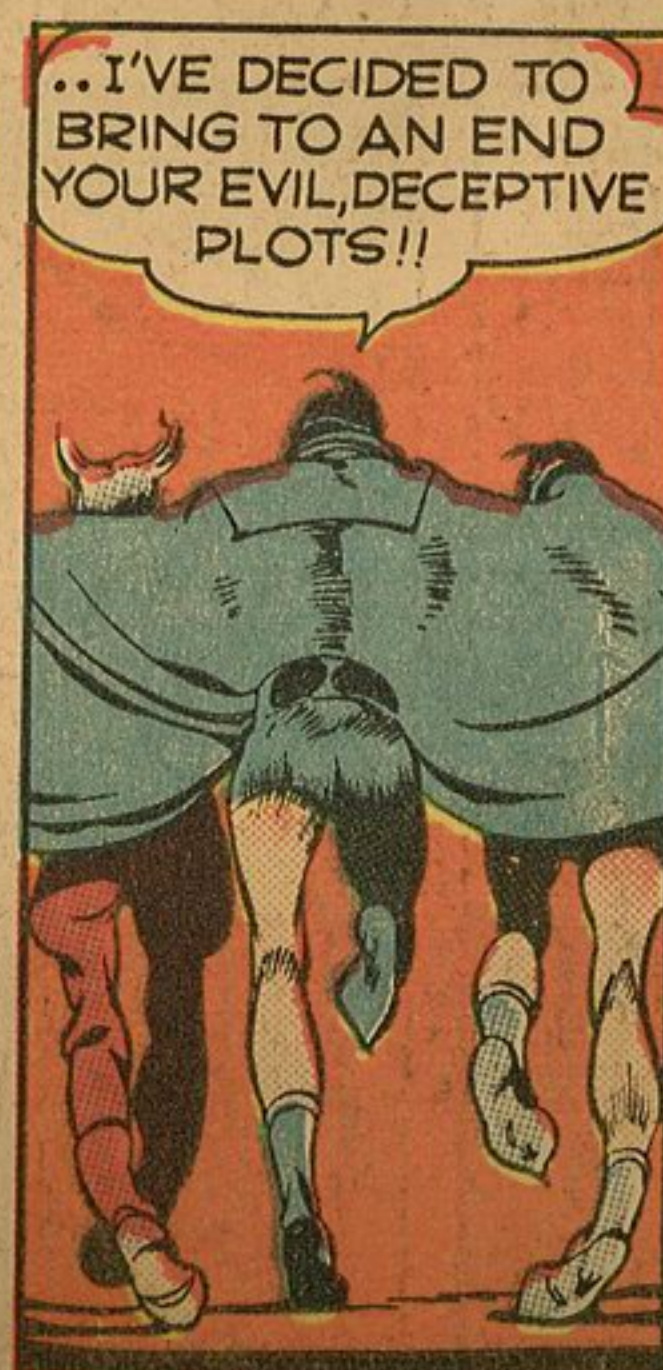
THAT DEVIL  
IS IN PLANT 4  
AGAIN!

WHAT  
WILL  
WE DO?



A CRASH, AND..

YOU WON'T  
DO A THING,  
BECAUSE...



..I'VE DECIDED TO  
BRING TO AN END  
YOUR EVIL, DECEPTIVE  
PLOTS!!



HA! HA! DROP DOWN  
IF YOU WISH, JASPAR!!  
THAT'S ONE SIGHT  
I'D LOVE TO SEE!

W..WHY, YOU...!!  
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!  
TAKE US DOWN THIS  
INSTANT, I SAY!





AS FOR YOU, MY CLUMSY IMAGE... IF YOU CAN FLY, YOU'D BETTER BEGIN RIGHT NOW!!



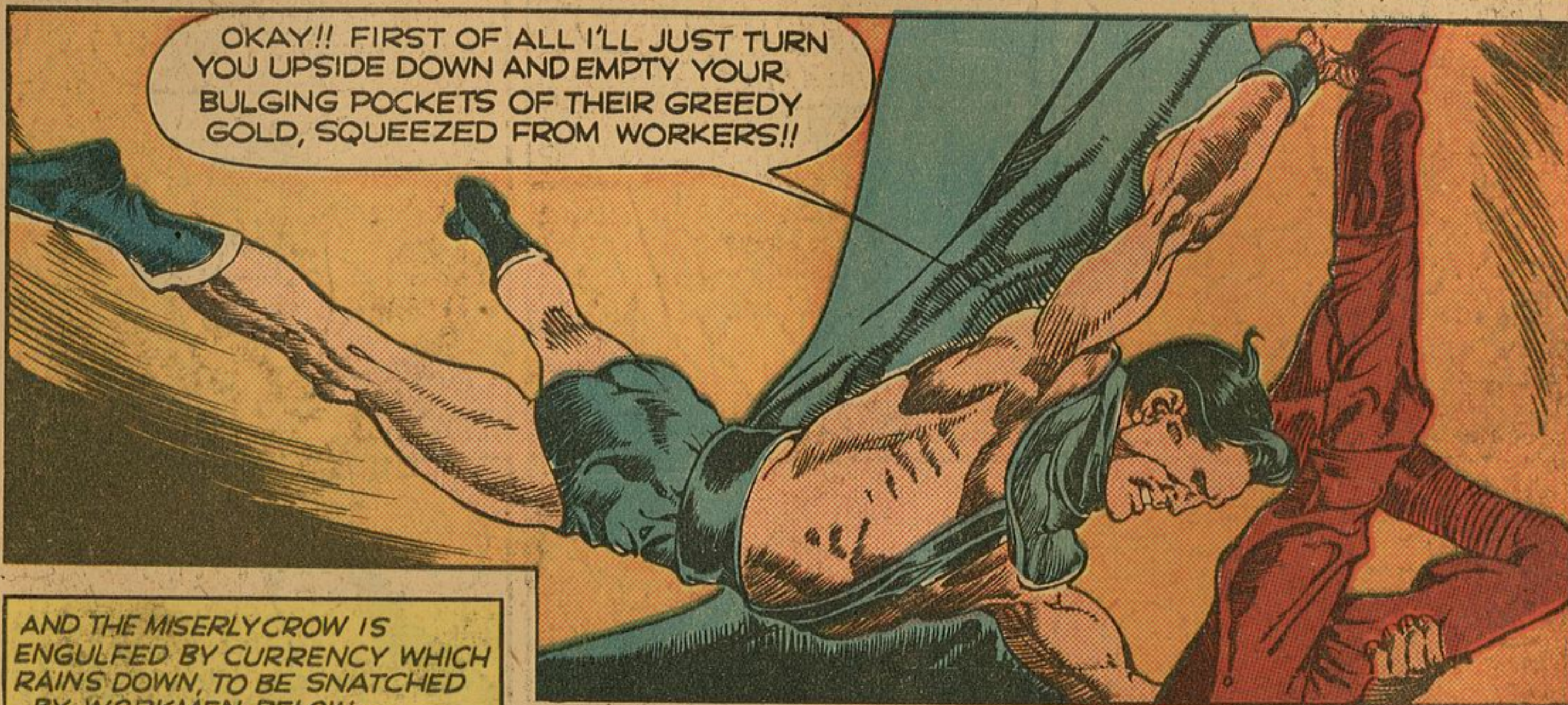
AND ON THE GROUND...

L...LOOK!! IT'S THE REAL CONDOR... H..HE'S CARRYIN' A MAN... HE'S DROPPED ONE!



NOW... WOULDN'T THIS BE AN APPROPRIATE PLACE TO LET YOU FALL, JASPAR CROW?

OH... NO!! N... NO.. NO! D.. DON'T.. I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING... I'LL...



OKAY!! FIRST OF ALL I'LL JUST TURN YOU UPSIDE DOWN AND EMPTY YOUR BULGING POCKETS OF THEIR GREEDY GOLD, SQUEEZED FROM WORKERS!!

AND THE MISERLY CROW IS ENGULFED BY CURRENCY WHICH RAINS DOWN, TO BE SNATCHED BY WORKMEN BELOW...



THE FOLLOWING DAY... MEEK AND STILL TREMBLING, JASPAR CROW SIGNS A HUMANE LABOR CONTRACT



LATER, THE BLACK CONDOR HAS RETURNED TO THE ROLE OF SENATOR TOM WRIGHT.. HE CALLS HIS FIANCEE, WENDY FOSTER...

I'LL BE LATE GETTING OVER TO DINNER, DEAR..

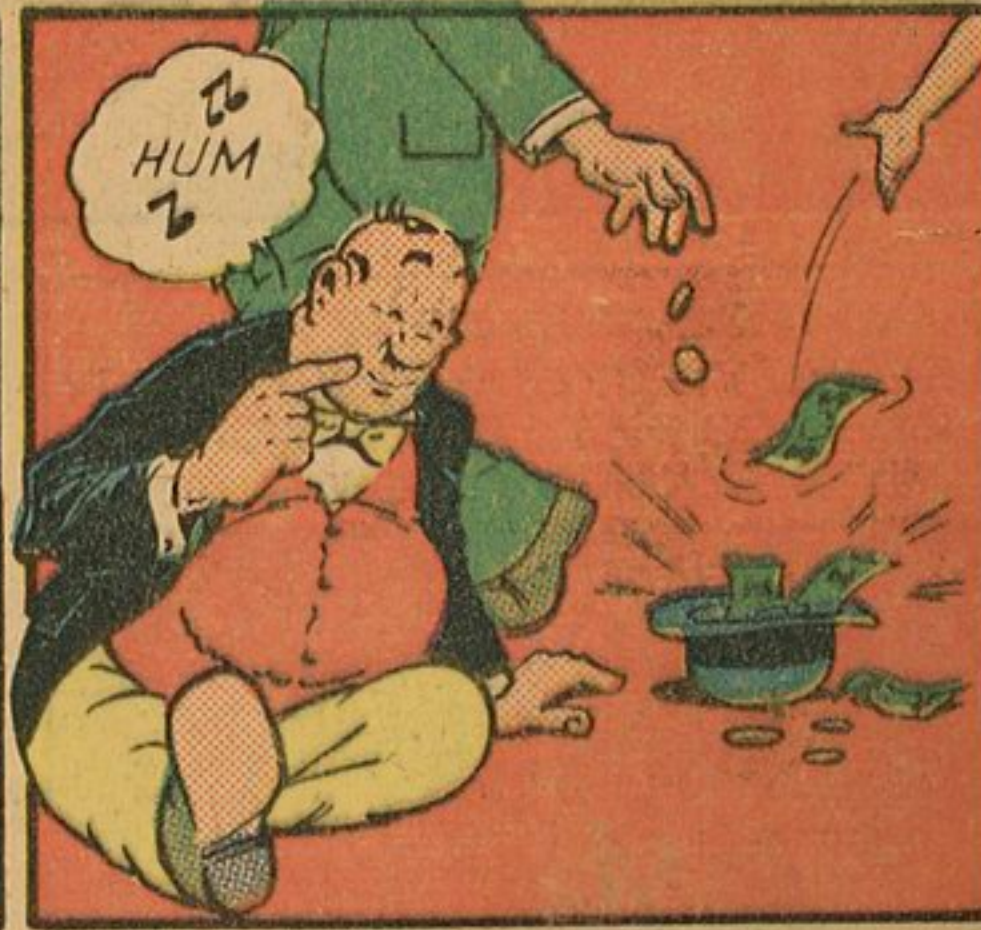
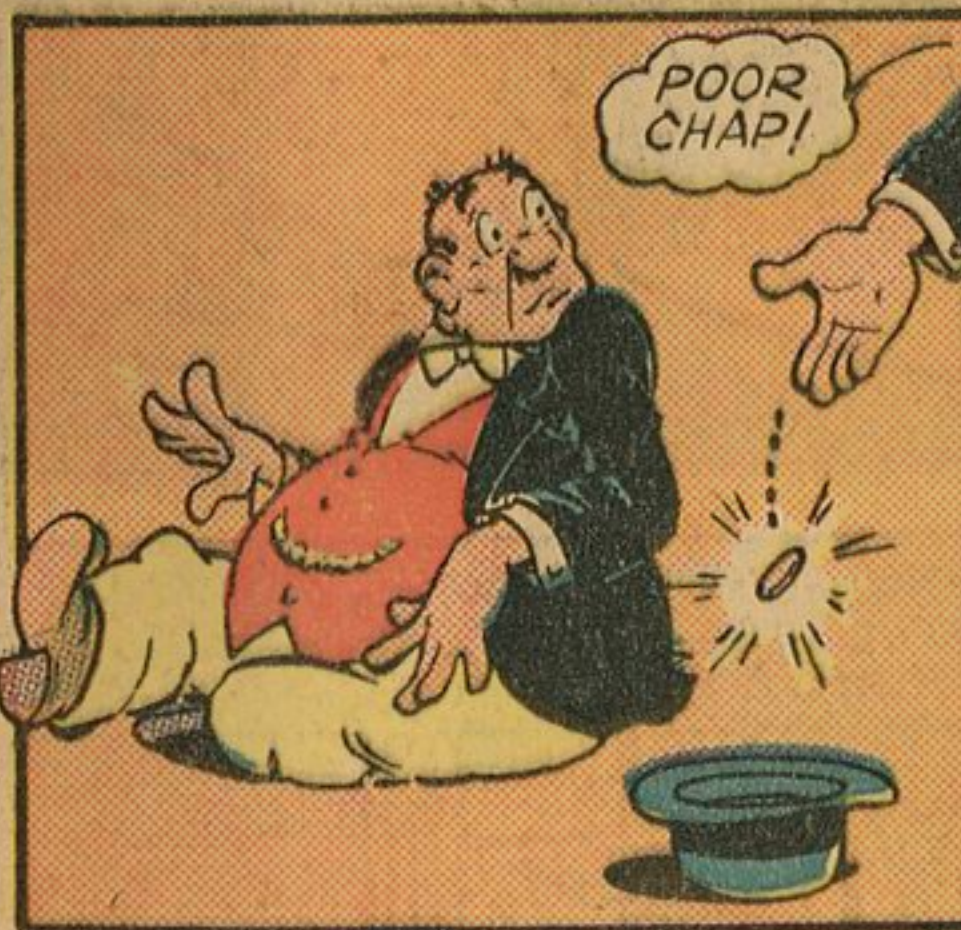
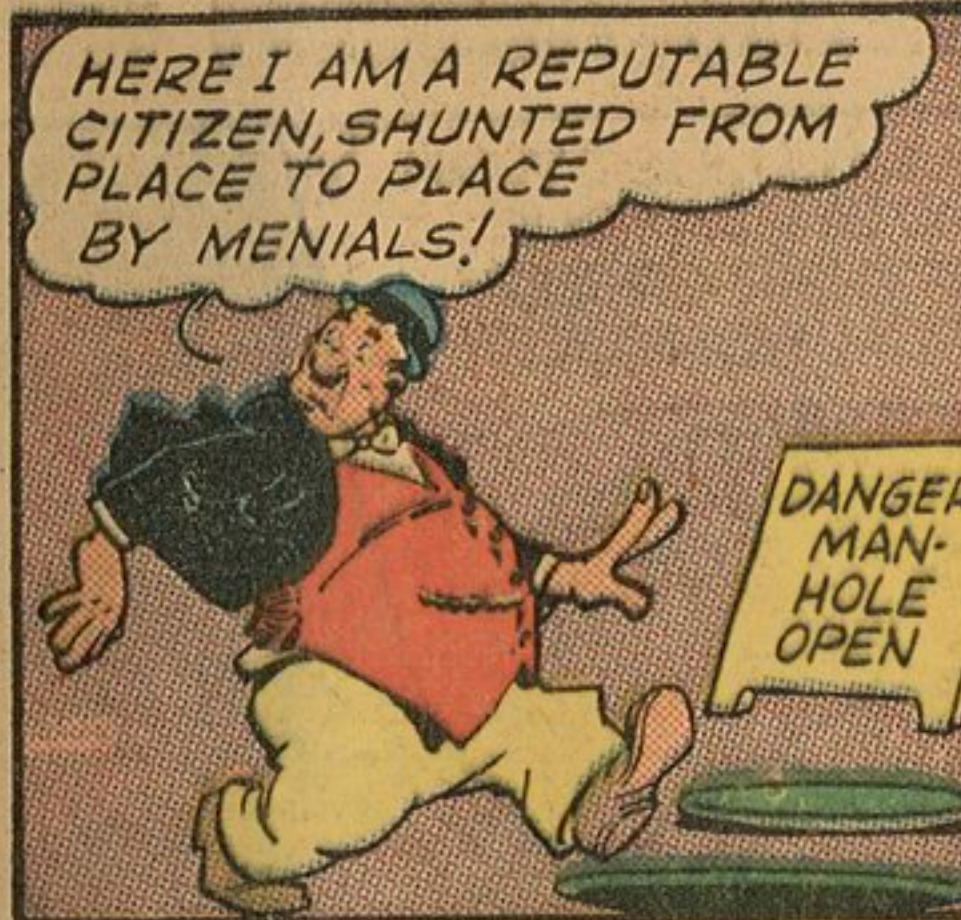
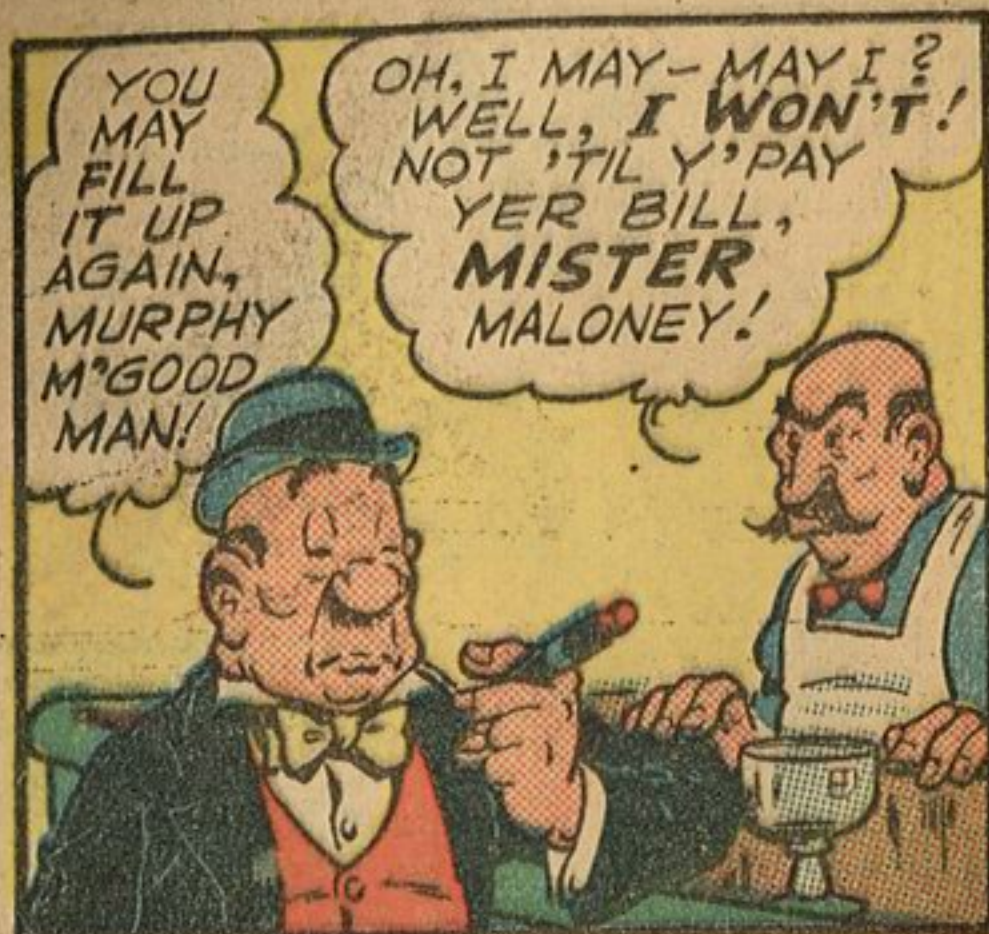


OH.. DID YOU READ OF WHAT THAT GLORIOUS CONDOR DID YESTERDAY?

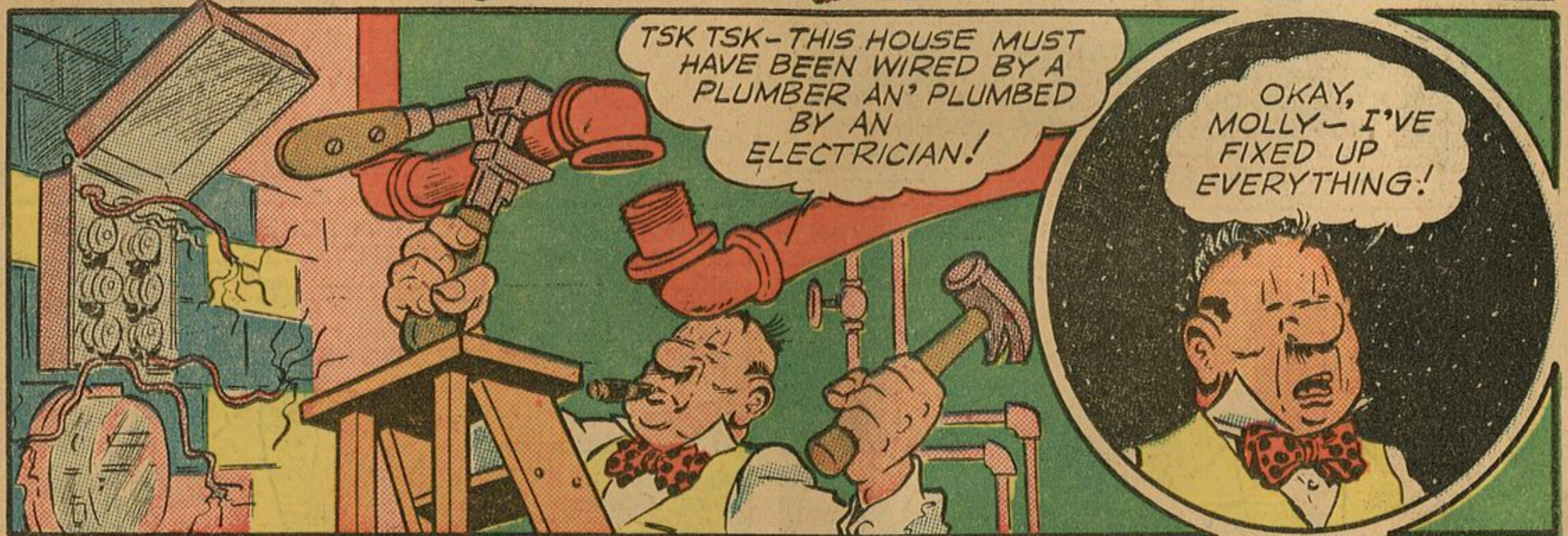
NO, DEAR.. I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO SEE ANY PAPERS!



# MOLLY THE MODEL







Follow Molly The Model in the August issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale June 13th.



# TOR

## THE MAGIC MASTER

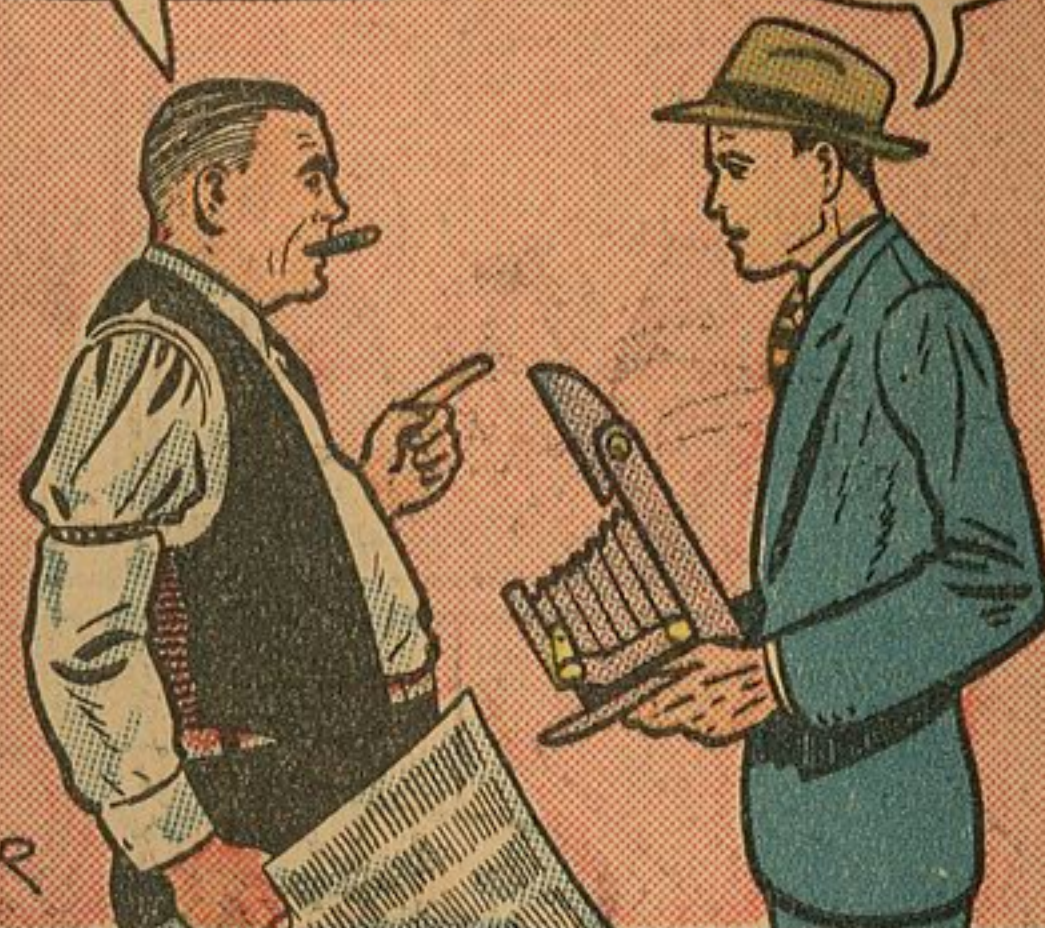


JIM SLADE, THE WELL KNOWN ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, SECRETLY BECOMES TOR THE FAMOUS MAGICIAN, AS HE WORKS ON HIS REGULAR NEWSPAPER ASSIGNMENTS.

BY  
FRED  
GUARDINER

... AND NOW, JIM, I WANT YOU TO GET SOME PICTURES OF BENITO VERMIN, THE INTERNATIONAL SPY. HE DIED MYSTERIOUSLY ONLY LAST NIGHT AS THEY WERE GOING TO TAKE HIM TO JAIL!

O.K., BOSS, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT GUY IS REALLY DEAD!



BENITO VERMIN IS SOLEMNLY BURIED AS JIM LOOKS ON...



I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT. HE WAS TOO CLOSE TO JAIL!

IN A SECRET HIDEOUT A FOREIGN LOOKING COUPLE TALK EARNESTLY.

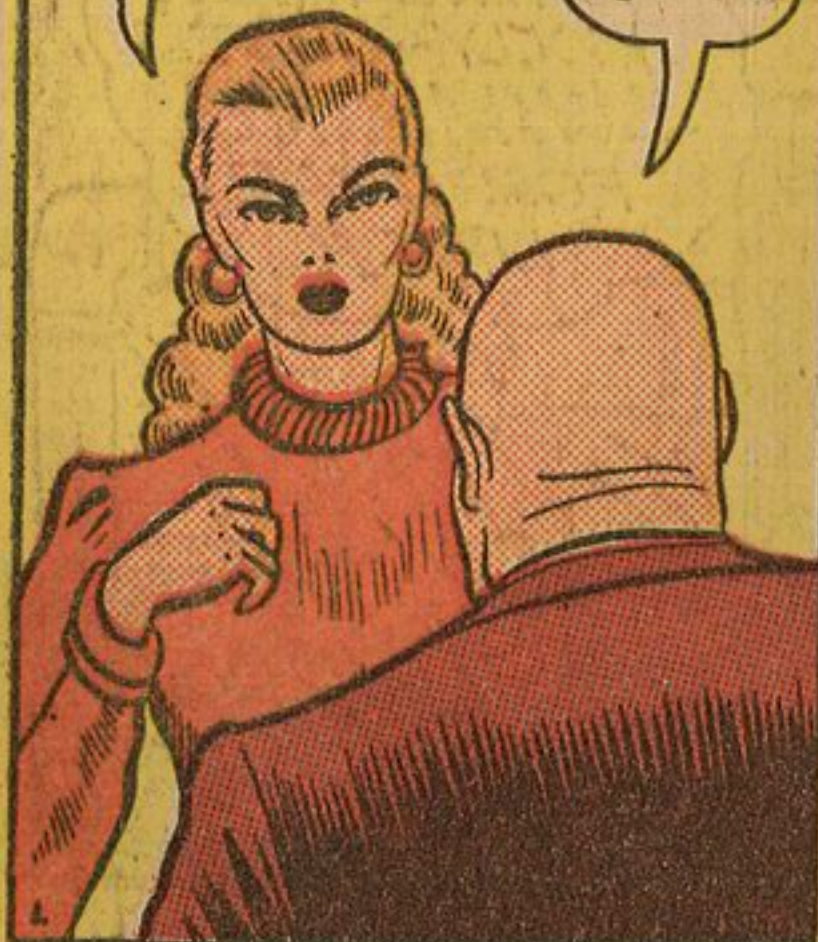


BENITO IS ALIVE, GASPAR. HE DRUGGED HIMSELF SO THEY WOULD THINK HE IS DEAD!

YOU MEAN THAT DRUG ACTUALLY MAKES HIM APPEAR DEAD, SIVA?

YES, AND TONIGHT YOU MUST DIG HIM UP AND SET HIM FREE!

WELL, GETTING BURIED IS CERTAINLY ONE WAY TO STAY OUT OF JAIL!



LATE THAT NIGHT

SOON YOU WILL HAVE VERMIN UNCOVERED!

I THOUGHT I WAS A SPY - NOT A GRAVEDIGGER!



THE FRESH AIR REVIVES VERMIN FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG.



LOOK - HE MOVES!

OOOH-HEIL, GASPAR... AND SIVA!



IN THE MEANTIME JIM SLADE, SUSPICIOUS OF THE FUNERAL, CHANGES TO TOR AND HURRIES TO THE CEMETERY!



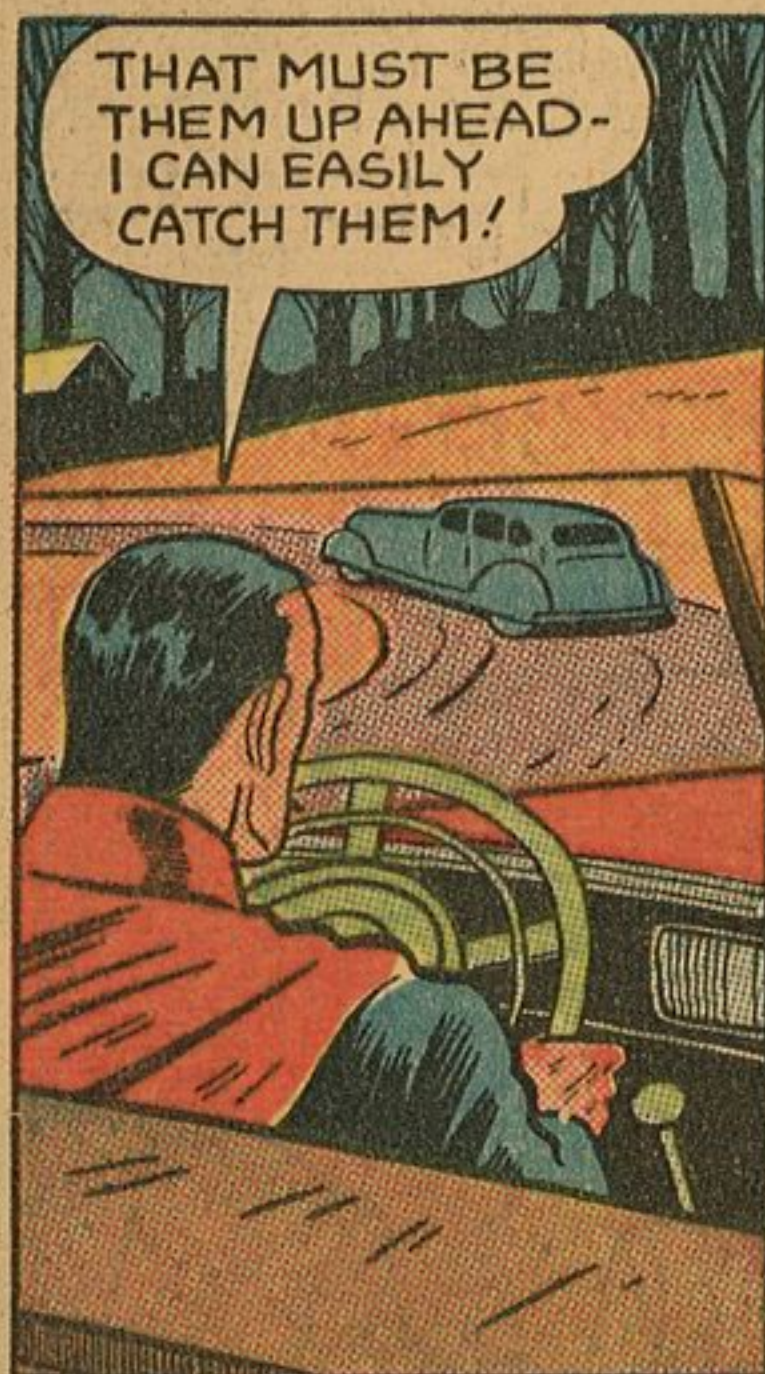
VERMIN WAS A PRETTY SLICK CHARACTER - I'M GOING TO HAVE ONE LAST LOOK AT THAT GRAVE!



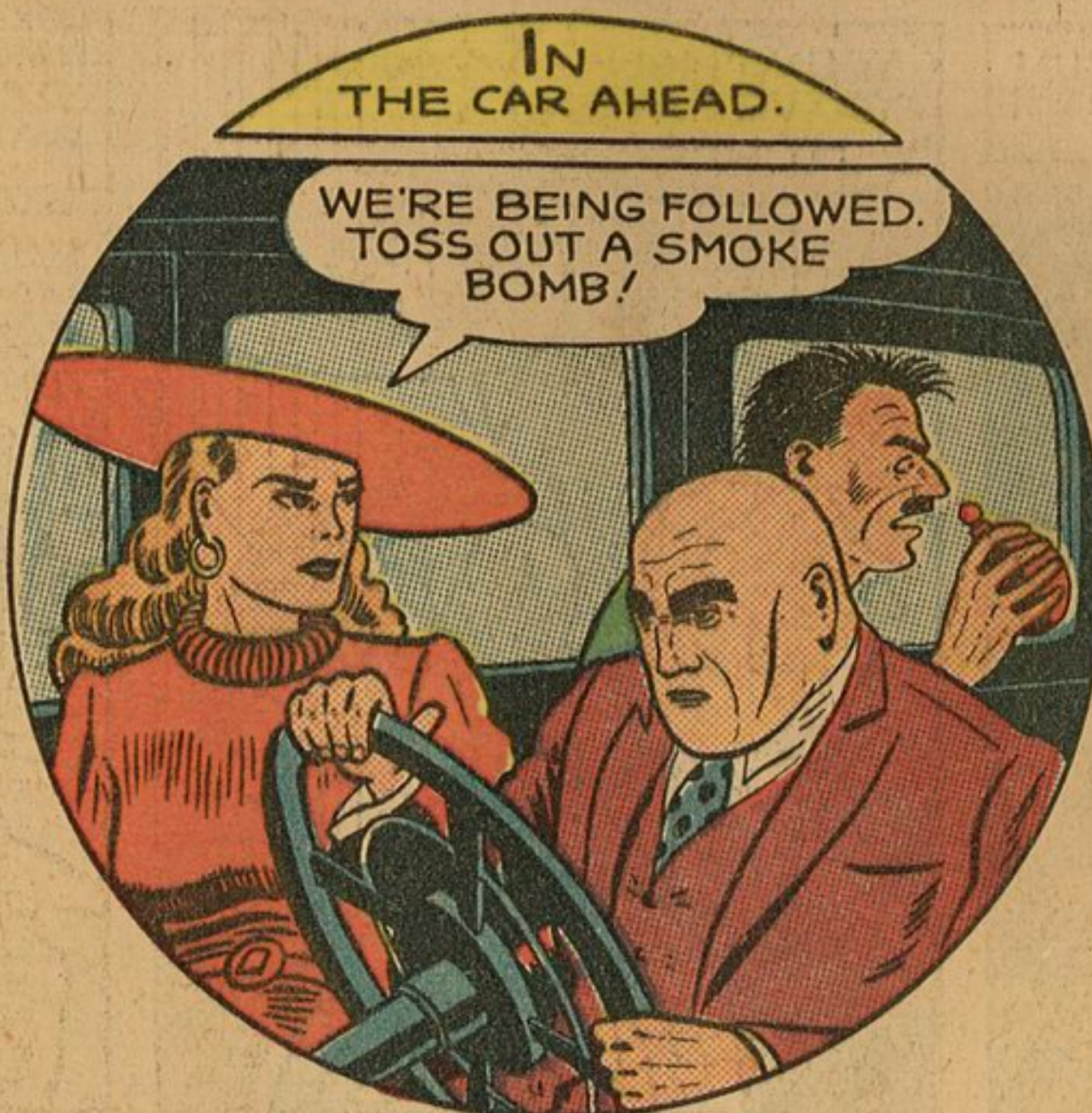
JUST AS I THOUGHT! VERMIN WASN'T REALLY DEAD - HE AND HIS GANG HAVE ESCAPED JAIL AGAIN!



THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE VERY FAR - MAYBE I CAN CATCH UP WITH THEM BEFORE THEY GET BACK TO THE CITY.



THAT MUST BE THEM UP AHEAD - I CAN EASILY CATCH THEM!



IN THE CAR AHEAD.

WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED. TOSS OUT A SMOKE BOMB!



HERE GOES!

THE BOMB EXPLODES, MAKING A CLOUD OF DENSE SMOKE!



WOW!  
I CAN'T SEE A THING!

UNABLE TO SEE THROUGH THE SMOKE SCREEN, TOR IS FORCED TO STOP.



BY THE TIME I GET THROUGH THIS, THEY'LL BE GONE!

THE BEST THING FOR ME TO DO IS KEEP MY EYE ON CONGRESSMAN DIZE - VERMIN IS OUT TO GET HIM!





NEXT DAY, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FOREIGN AGENTS!

OUR PURPOSE IS TO SYSTEMATICALLY ELIMINATE EVERY ENEMY OF OUR LEADER - STARTING WITH CONGRESSMAN DIZE - NOW!



FOLLOWING HIS HUNCH, TOR SHADOWS CONGRESSMAN DIZE

WONDER WHO THIS LITTLE GUY IS?



YOU DIE! HEIL TO OUR LEADER! HALT! RUOY NUG SI A ANANAB!



AT TOR'S GESTURE, THE GUN BECOMES A BANANA!

WHAT THE -



YOUNG MAN - YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



FROM AROUND THE CORNER VERMIN AND SIVA HAVE BEEN WATCHING.

LOOK AT THAT MAGICIAN - SHOOT HIM, VERMIN! HE SAVED DIZE'S LIFE - I'LL GET HIM!

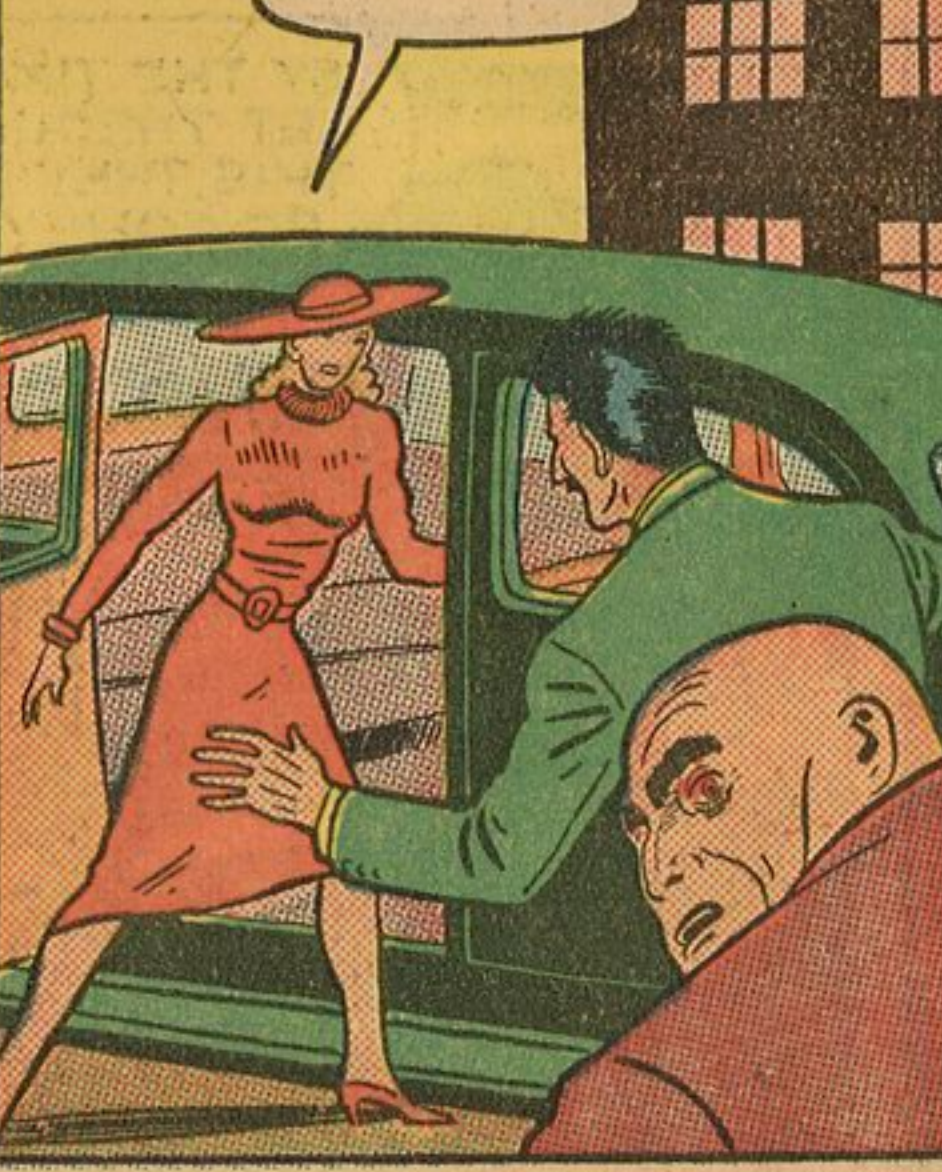


AGAIN TOR'S GENIUS FOR MAGIC FOILS THE SPIES!

MY GUN - IT'S NO GOOD!



GET IN THE CAR! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT IT!



HURRIEDLY HAILING A TAXI TOR FOLLOWS THE FLEEING SPIES!

FOLLOW THAT CAR - AND FAST!





THE SPIES RACE TO A WAITING AIR-PLANE IN WHICH THEY TRY TO MAKE A GETAWAY!

I'LL HOP THIS FENCE AND CATCH THEM!



HURRY—HERE COMES THAT CRAZY MAGICIAN!



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET A GRIP ON THAT AIRPLANE!

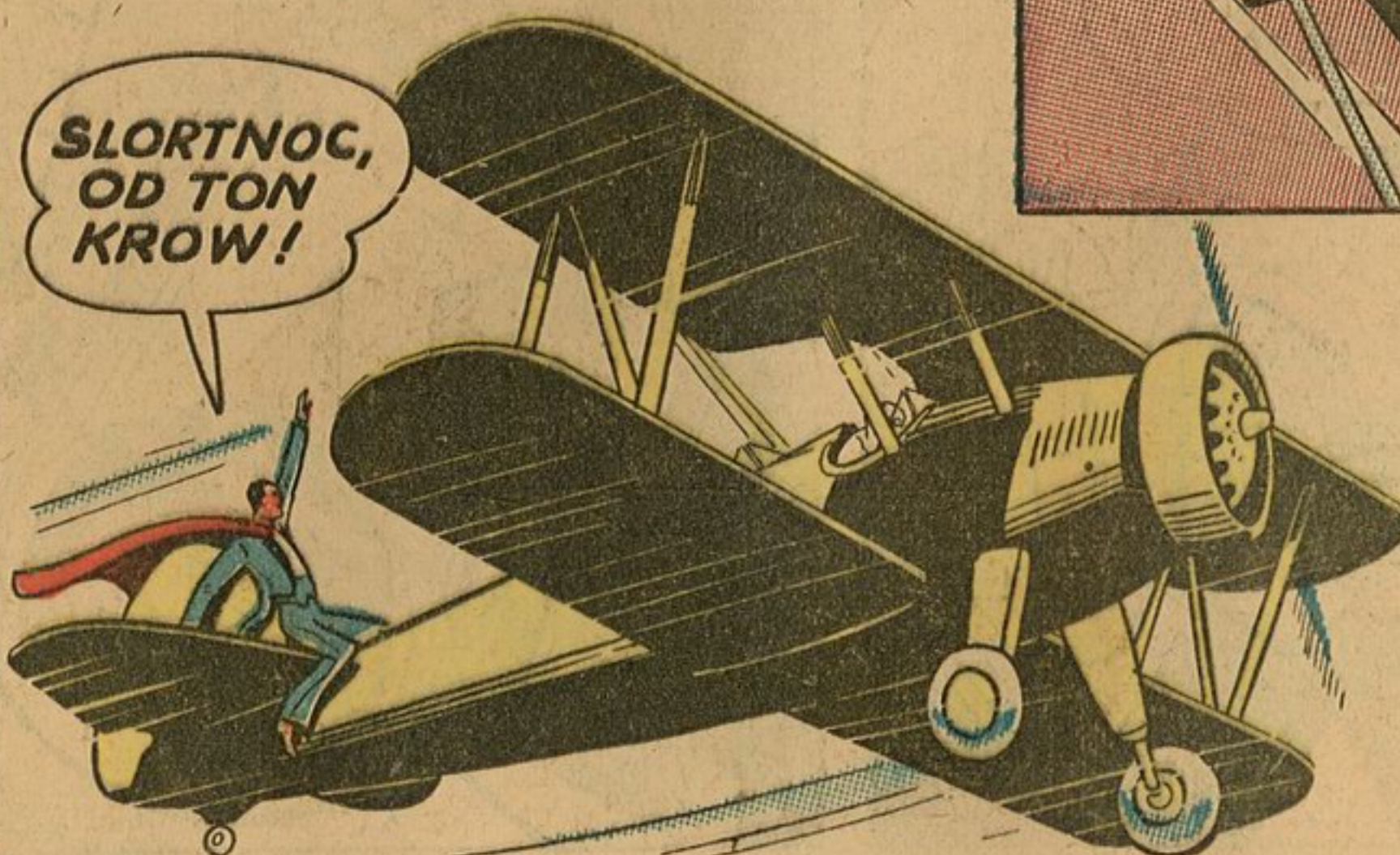


GRABBING THE RUDDER, TOR HANGS ON THE SHIP!

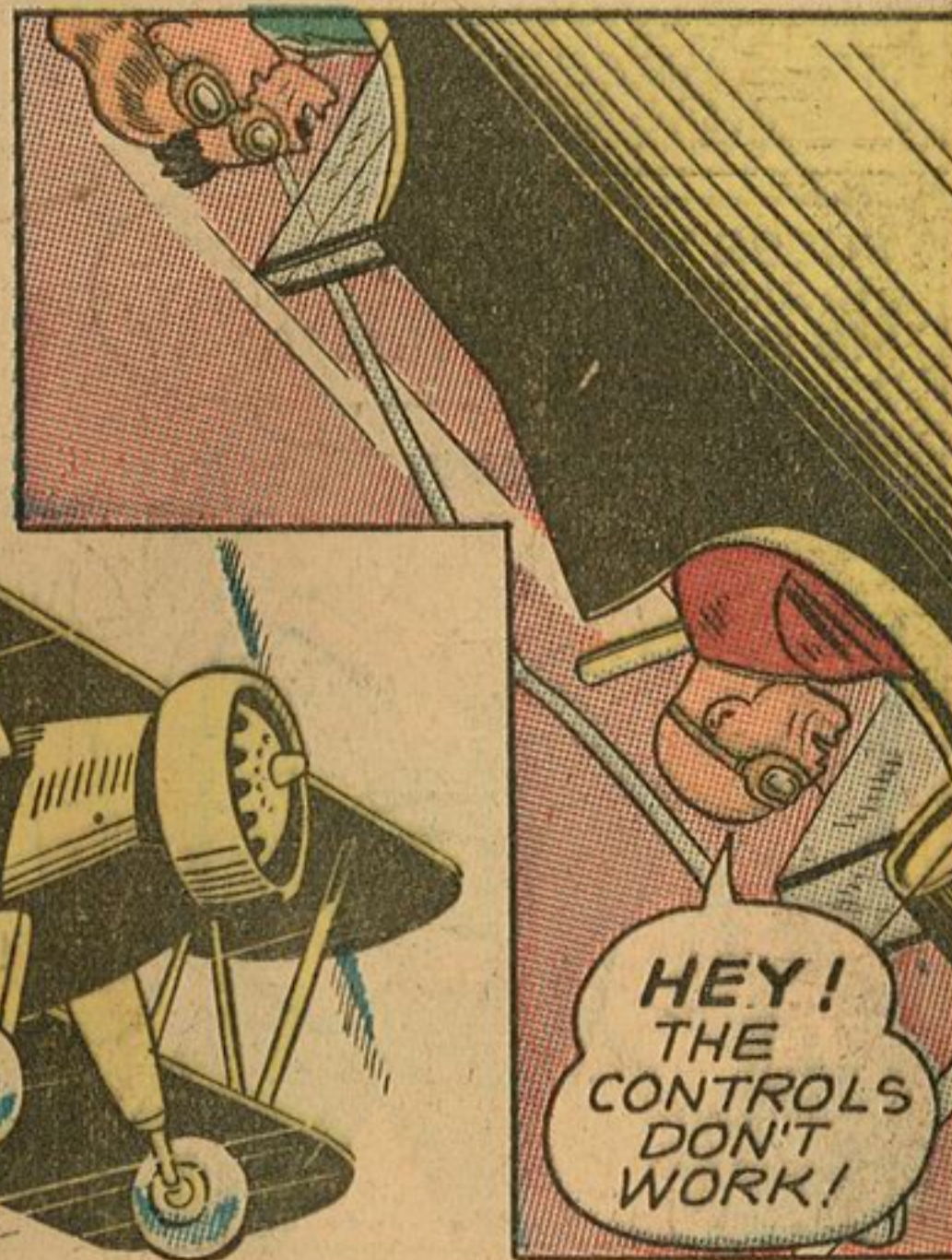


AND GETTING A SECURE GRIP, THE MAGICIAN IS ABLE TO STEADY HIMSELF AND GESTURE EFFECTIVELY.

SLORTNOC, OD TON KROW!



HEY! THE CONTROLS DON'T WORK!



IT'S THAT MAGICIAN—HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO THE INSTRUMENTS!

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!



OUT OF CONTROL, THE AIRPLANE PLUMMETS TO EARTH!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER FOR ME!



TOR LEAVES THE DISABLED PLANE!

RIA-NOHSUC, EVAS EM!





ABOUT THREE FEET FROM THE GROUND TOR STOPS FALLING!



WONDER IF ANY-ONE'S ALIVE IN THAT PLANE?



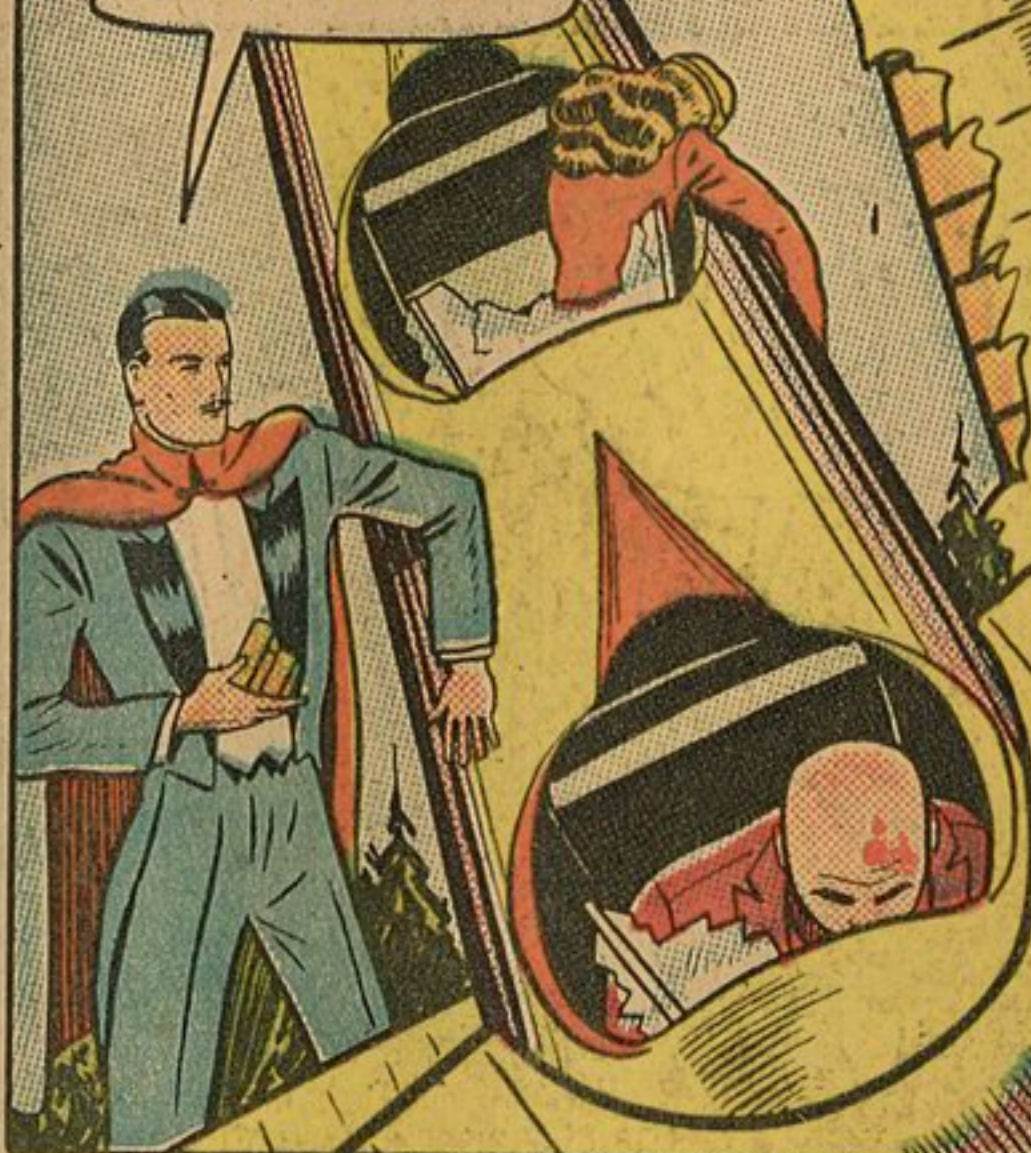
TOR TAKES SOME SNAP SHOTS OF THE CRACK-UP WITH HIS MINIATURE CAMERA.



IN THE WRECKED PLANE ONLY BENITO VERMIN IS STILL ALIVE.



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THIS SPY RING!



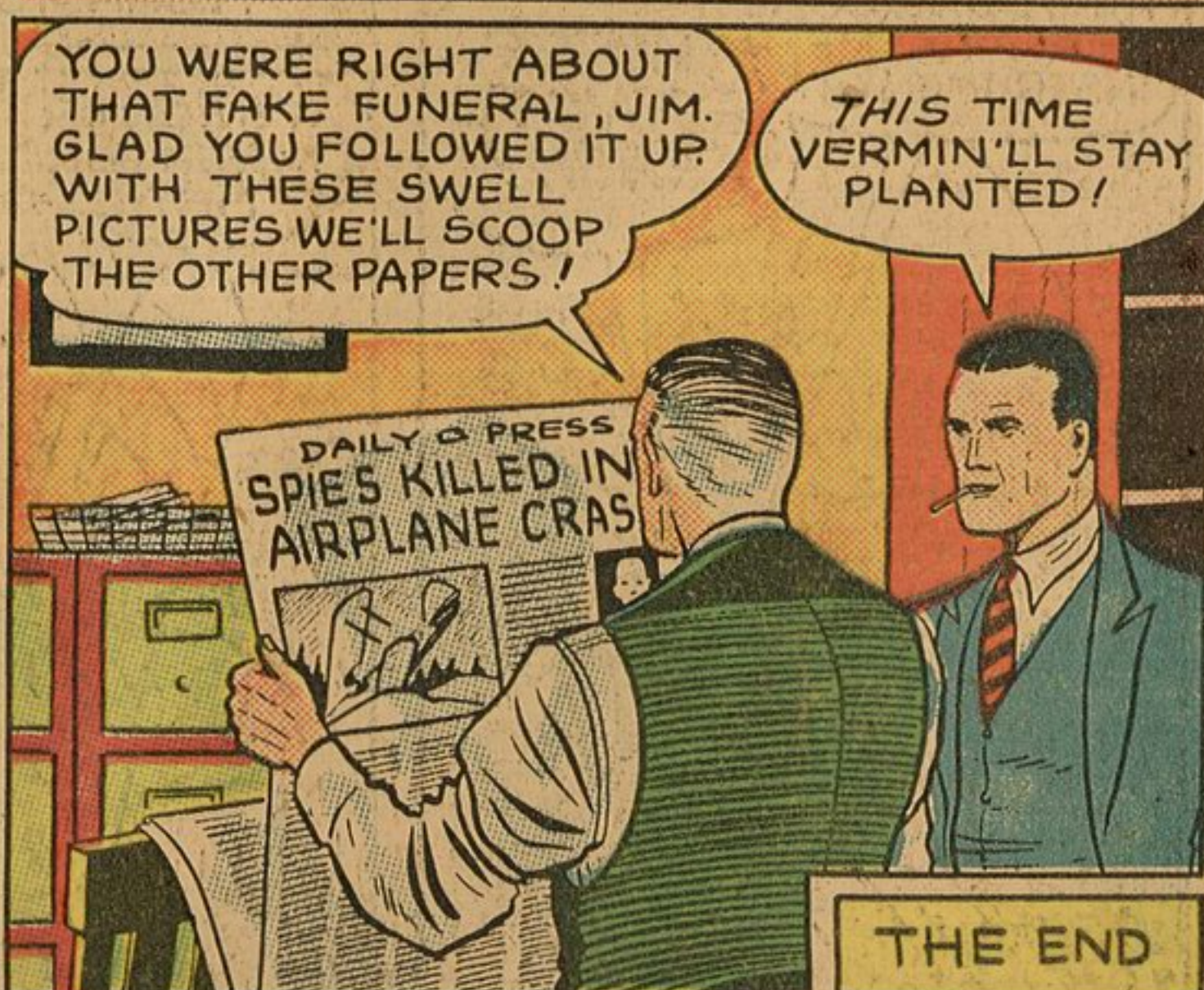
TAKING OFF HIS MOUSTACHE AND MAGICIAN'S GARB, TOR IS AGAIN JIM SLADE, THE NEWS-PAPER MAN!



IN A SHORT TIME THE POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.



BACK AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE -





# MADAM FATAL

by ART PINAJIAN

JED KIRK  
MUNITIONS  
HEAD

PHILIP WHITE  
PLANE  
MANUFACTURER



WITH AMERICA'S  
AERIAL DEFENSE  
JEOPARDIZED BY  
THE GREEDY,  
RICHARD STANTON  
AGAIN BECOMES  
MADAM FATAL, TO  
BRING A TRAITOR  
TO HIS KNEES....



GORDON REED  
GASOLINE  
REFINER

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT AS BOB JOHNSON, PLANE DESIGNER, SPEAKS TO THE AVIATION DEFENSE COMMITTEE.....

UNTIL THEN, THE UTMOST SECRECY MUST BE KEPT-- ONLY YOURSELVES, STANTON, AND MYSELF KNOW OF IT! I KNOW ALL OF US CAN BE TRUSTED....GOOD NIGHT!

SO! ONLY FIVE OF US KNOW ABOUT THIS NEW PLANE, EH? IT SHOULD BE SAFE, BOB!

SOMEHOW I'M SUSPICIOUS OF THOSE BIRDS!---- WELL--LET'S GET DOWN TO WORK!

GENTLEMEN--HERE IS A MODEL OF MY NEW SPECIAL BOMBER...IN A FEW DAYS I SHALL TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT!



SILENTLY THE TRANSM ABOVE THE DOOR OPENS...



THE HAND DROPS A TINY OBJECT INTO THE ROOM....



A MOMENT LATER A STRANGE FIGURE ENTERS THE ROOM....



BUT STANTON IS ONLY HALF UNCONSCIOUS.....



THE FOLLOWING MORNING STARTLING HEADLINES GREET THE PUBLIC.....



AT STANTON'S HOME.



GUESS I'LL RETURN THIS CARRIAGE I BORROWED LAST WEEK! IT SURE CAME IN HANDY - FIRST I'LL DROP IN ON McTAVISH FOR A TALK!



A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.....



AN EMPTY CARRIAGE - I'LL PARK IT HERE AND DUCK INTO AN ALLEY!





AS THE DETECTIVES REACH THE CARRIAGE, MADAM FATAL COMES OUT OF THE STORE...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE ALLEY.....



AS THE LONE DETECTIVE BATTLES THE THUGS, MADAM FATAL PITCHES INTO THE FRAY.....



PUT 'EM UP, LADY...IT'S ALL OVER — NOW GIT YOUR CARRIAGE AND KEEP MOVING WHERE I TELL YA!!

STRANGE! SO THE CARRIAGE ISN'T EMPTY!



THE THUG DIRECTS MADAM FATAL TO AN OLD DESERTED HOUSE.....



INSIDE...

HERE'S THE MODEL, BOSS! HADDA BRING THIS SNOOPIN' OLD HAG ALONG!

NICE WORK, ROXI! GET RID OF HER — OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO GET RID OF THE MODEL.... THAT'LL BE IN HALF AN HOUR!



SUDDENLY MADAM FATAL LEAPS AT THE HOODED FIGURE.....



THE 'OLD LADY' GOES INTO ACTION...







THE TRAITOR PUSHES A BUTTON...

YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME FROM CASHING IN ON THIS!!



IN THE CELLAR

GIVE ME YOUR GUN! -WHERE IS THAT RAT HEADED FOR? TELL ME QUICK OR I'LL BEAT YOUR BRAINS OUT!

F-FOR THE FREIGHT YARD! TAKE IT EASY, LADY!

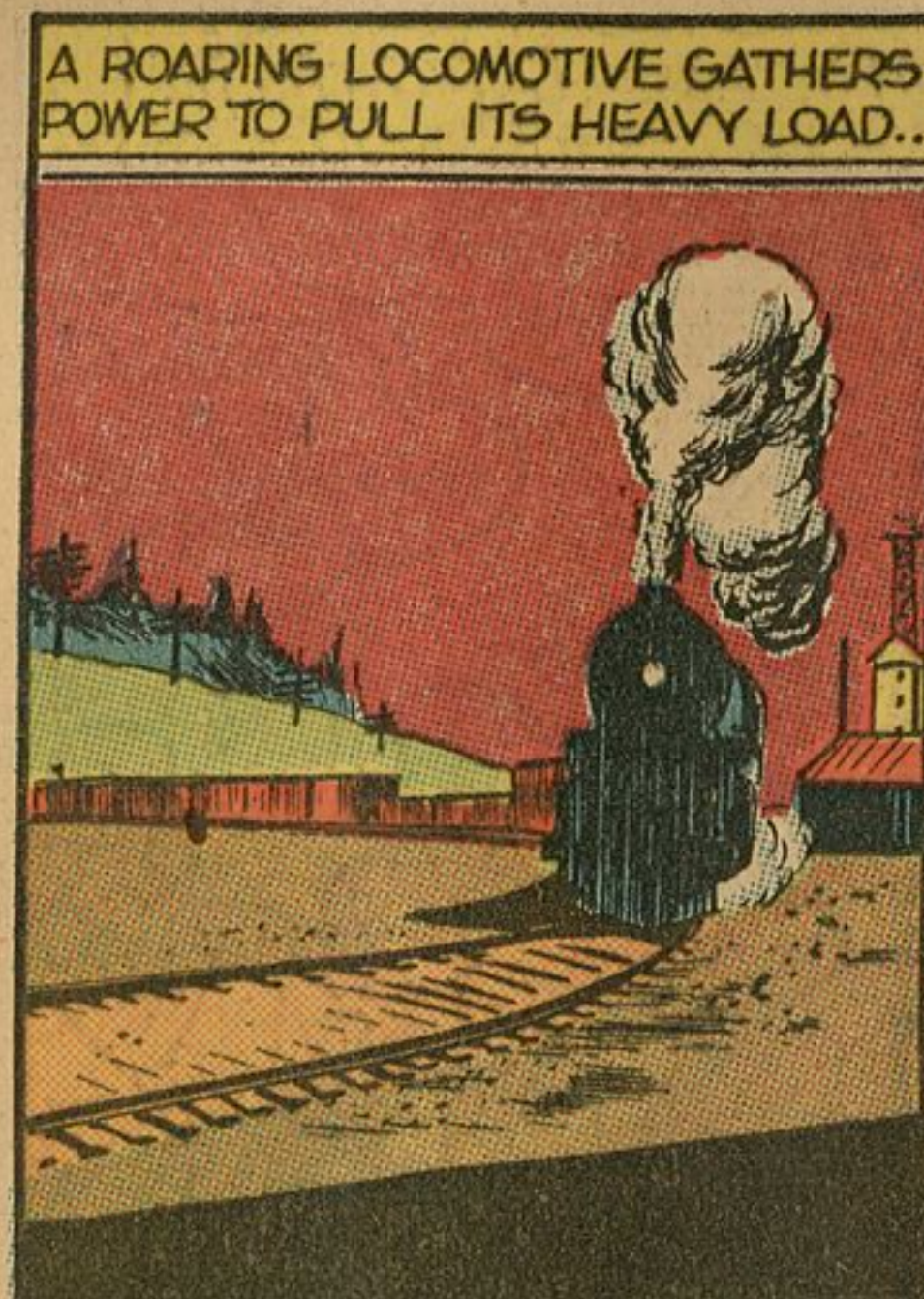


THAT DID THE TRICK! NOW TO GET A TAXI AND HEAD FOR THE FREIGHT YARD!!



AT THE FREIGHT YARD...

AH! JUST ON TIME...THERE'S THE FREIGHT PULLING OUT NOW!

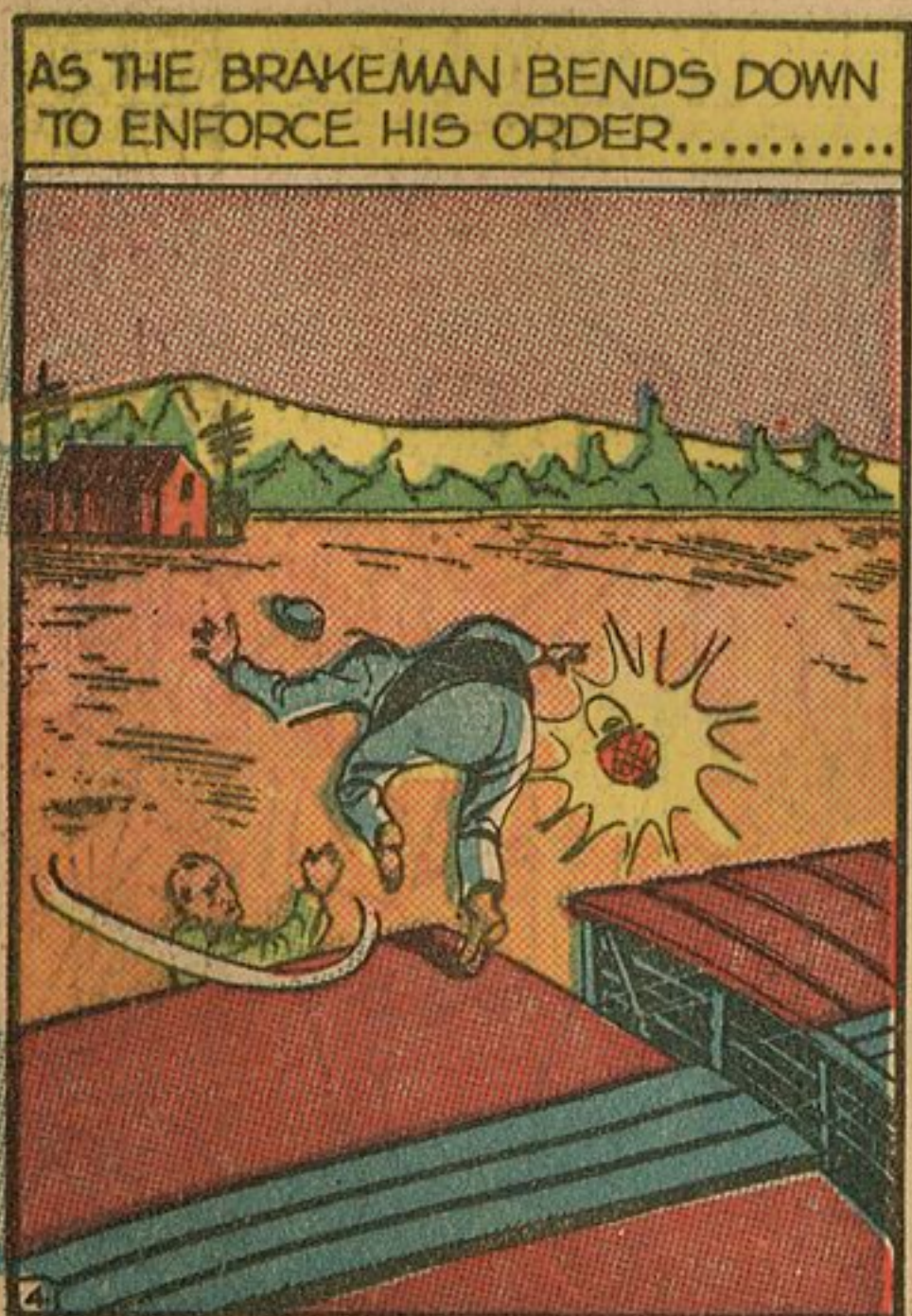


A ROARING LOCOMOTIVE GATHERS POWER TO PULL ITS HEAVY LOAD..



MADE IT! OH-OH-GOT TO GET RID OF THE BRAKEMAN-HERE HE COMES!

HEY, BUM!! ...OFF YA GO!



AS THE BRAKEMAN BENDS DOWN TO ENFORCE HIS ORDER.....



THE FREIGHT ROLLS INTO THE NIGHT....

THAT PLANE OUGHTA COME ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW!



BUT ANOTHER FIGURE ALSO HAS PLANS... IT'S MADAM FATAL! ---

GOT TO MAKE IT!!



# WIZARD WELLS

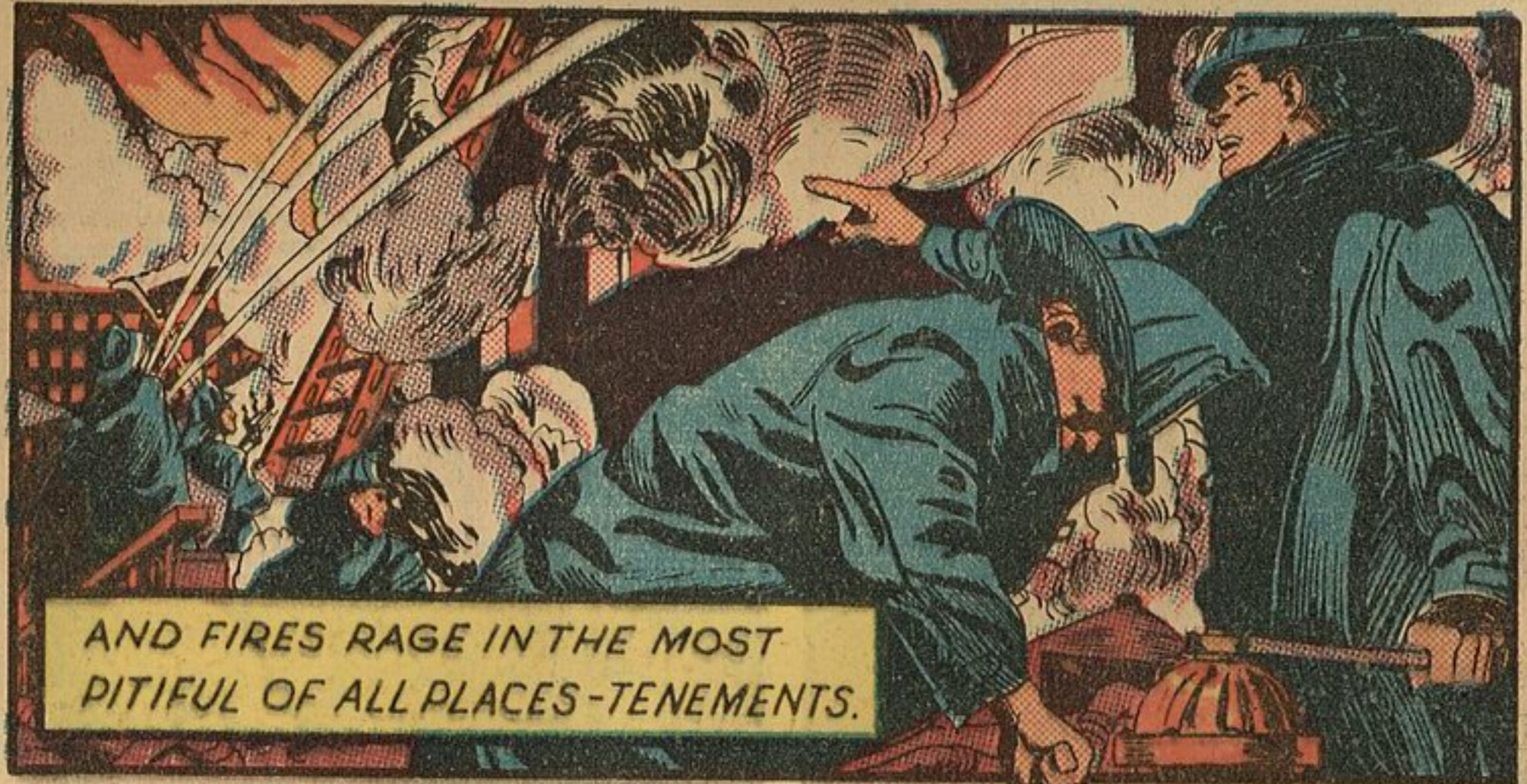
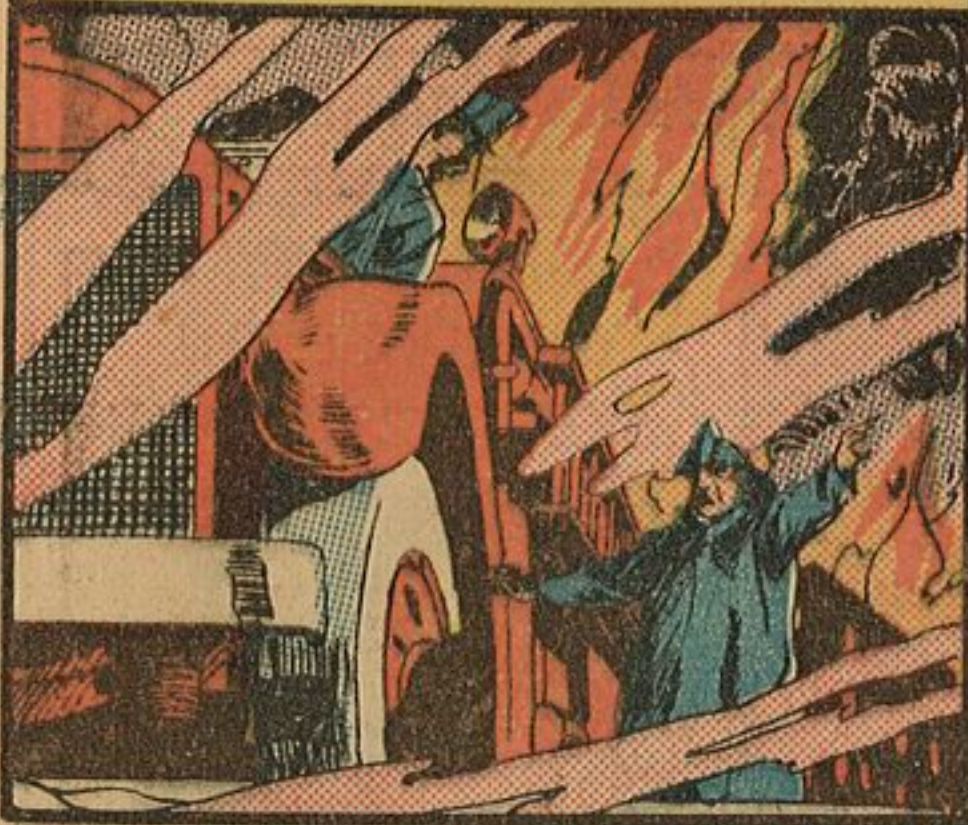
FIGHTING CRIME WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE, PLUS HIS COURAGE AND DARING, WIZARD WELLS HAS BECOME AS WELL KNOWN IN THE FIELD OF CRIMINOLOGY AS HE HAD BEEN IN SCIENCE.

*Miracle Man  
of Science*  
in  
**BEHIND LOCKED DOORS**  
by  
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL -



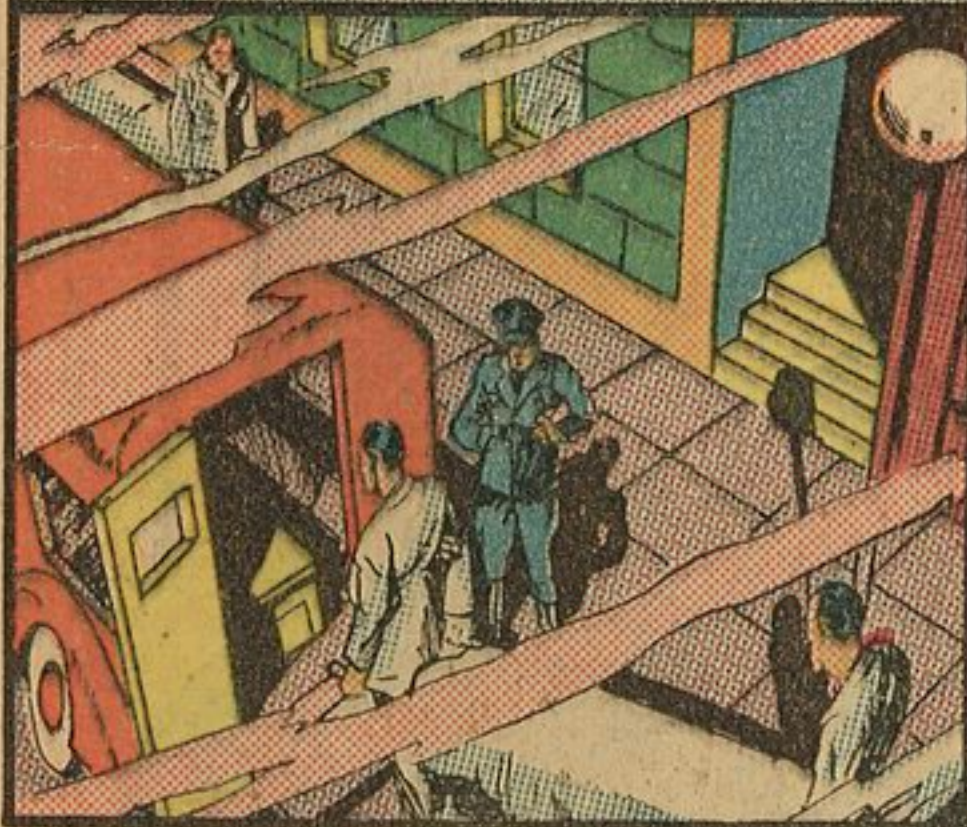
ARSON STALKS ABROAD.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENTS  
WORK OVERTIME —



AND FIRES RAGE IN THE MOST  
PITIFUL OF ALL PLACES—TENEMENTS.

LOSS OF LIFE RUNS HIGH—  
MUCH TOO HIGH.



CIVIC INDIGNATION MOUNTS...

IT'S A SHAME! SOMEONE  
SHOULD BE LYNCHED!



GHASTLY!

AND MOST VEHEMENT OF ALL  
WAS THE PHILANTHROPIST,  
SIMEON WEATHERBEE.

THIS GHASTLY THING MUST  
STOP!



AND IN WIZARD WELLS  
LABORATORY...

MR. WELLS, I'M ED JARVIS,  
HEAD OF ACME INDEMNITY  
COMPANY. WE  
WANT TO ENGAGE  
YOUR SERVICES.



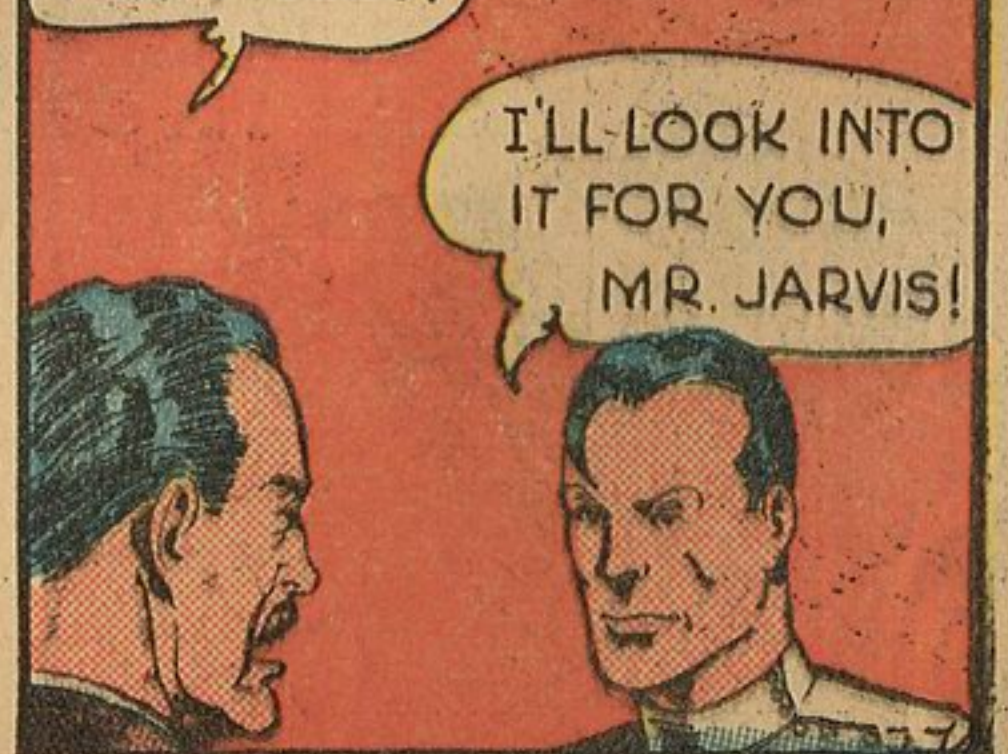
FOR  
WHAT?

TO INVESTIGATE THESE  
FIRES, WHICH **AREN'T**  
ACCIDENTAL. WE HAVE  
INSURED ALL OF THOSE  
**TENEMENTS** AND WE'RE  
LOSING OUR  
**SHIRTS!**



WHO OWNS  
THOSE DIVES?

ONE CORPORATION, CALLED  
**CONGENIAL HOMES INC.,**  
MR. WELLS!



I'LL LOOK INTO  
IT FOR YOU,  
MR. JARVIS!



NEXT MORNING, AT THE CITY HALL'S CORPORATE RECORDS ROOM.

WELL, I'LL **BE!** THE **MAIN OWNER** OF CONGENIAL HOMES, AND THOSE TENEMENTS IS — **SIMEON WEATHERBEE!**



AN HOUR LATER, AT SIMEON WEATHERBEE'S HOUSE!

WHAT CAN **I** DO FOR YOU, MR. WELLS?



ANSWER **ONE** QUESTION, **DID YOU OWN THOSE BURNED TENEMENTS?**

ER, **YES**, BUT I USED THE **INCOME** IN MY **VARIOUS CHARITABLE INTERESTS!**



INCLUDING **FUNERALS**, MR. WEATHERBEE?

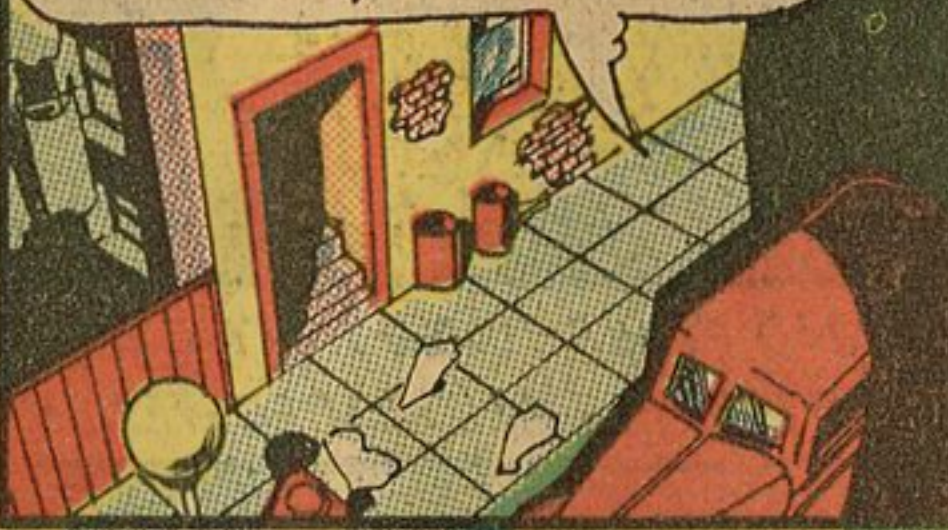
EVEN **THAT!** WHY, I'M **ALWAYS** HELPING THE UNFORTUNATES! EVEN **NOW** I'M LEAVING ON AN ERRAND OF **MERCY**. COME ON ALONG, WELLS! IT'S AT 361 JUKE ST!



I'LL DO **JUST THAT!**

AND 10 MINUTES LATER WEATHERBEE'S CAR STOPS BEFORE A TENEMENT.

OF COURSE **I** OWN THIS BUILDING, WELLS, BUT —



AS THEY CROSS THE SIDEWALK, A STRANGER —

SAY, MR. WEATHERBEE, **I WANT —**

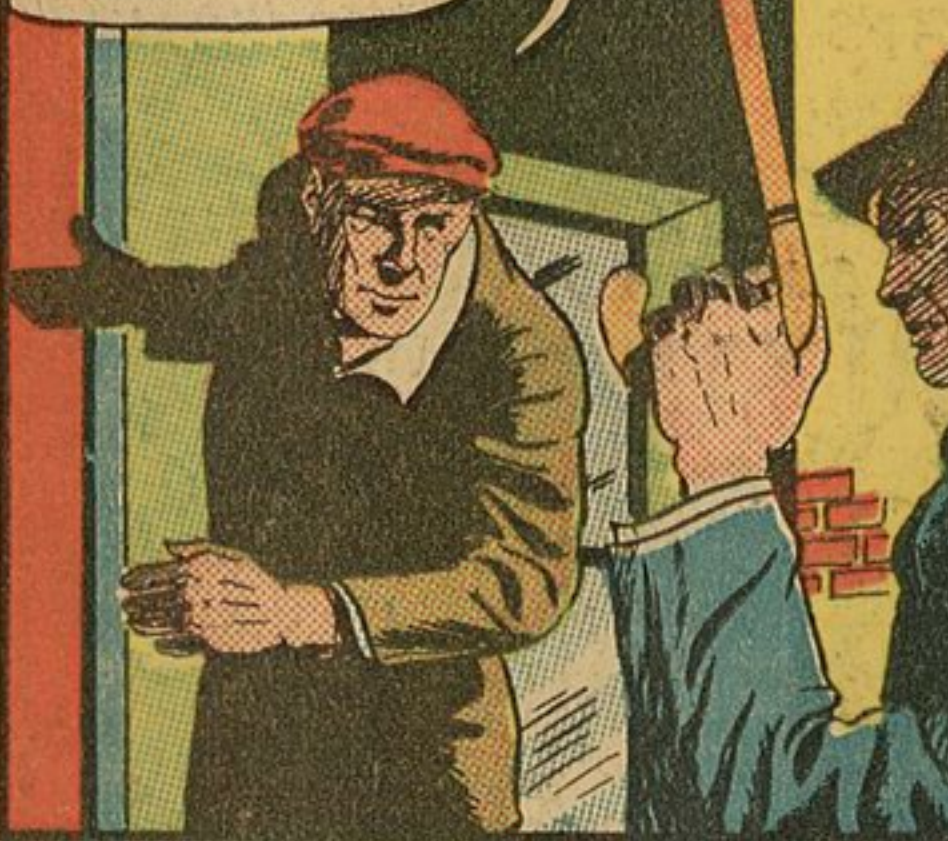


SOME **OTHER TIME**, WILKINS! YOU **SEE** WELLS, "I WANT!"

I'M A FRIEND OF **EVERYONE** DOWN HERE, WELLS!



**WELLS?** WIZARD WELLS! I WANT TO —



**I SAID SOME OTHER TIME**, WILKINS!



NOW, I'LL GET THESE GIFTS OUT OF MY CAR!



SANTA CLAUS I'LL BET!

AS WELLS FOLLOWS UP THE STAIRS BEHIND WEATHERBEE.



GOOD THING I LOOKED UP!





HEAVENS, WELLS! THAT  
SLIPPED! I'M SO SORRY!

I ALMOST  
WAS!



WELL, I HAVE ANOTHER  
GIFT LIKE IT! I'LL GET IT!

AN ACCIDENT  
MAYBE?



AND AT A SQUALID APART-  
MENT ON THE TOP FLOOR.

OH! MR. WEATHERBEE!  
COME IN!

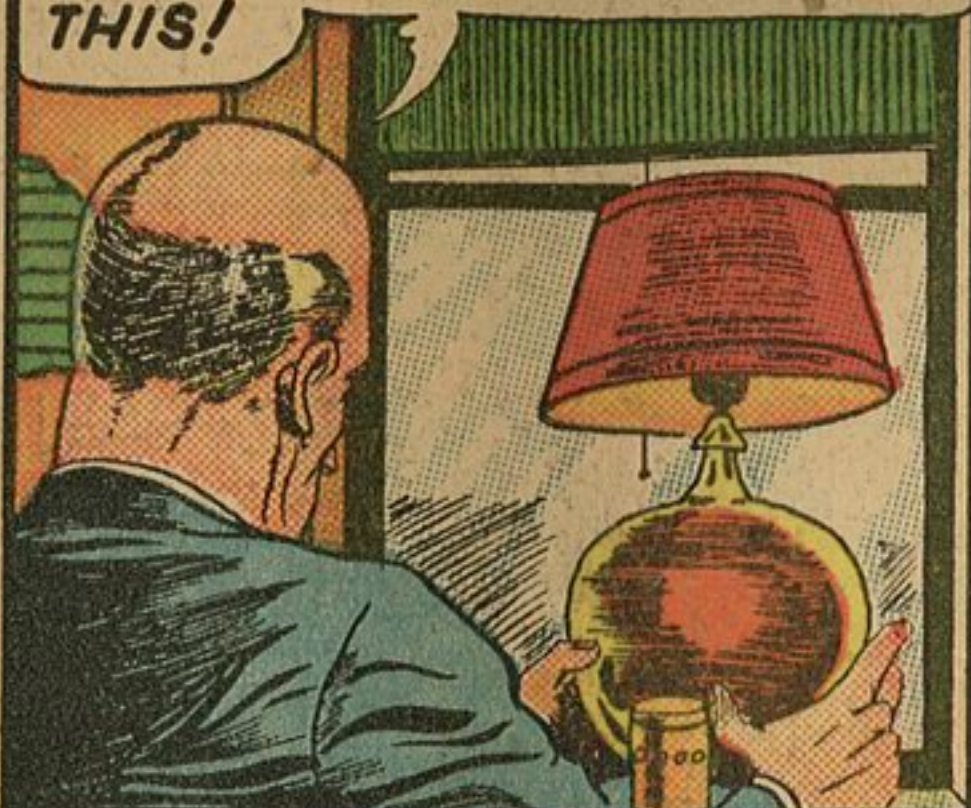


AH! MY **DEAR** MRS. JEANS!  
A **BEAUTIFUL TABLE LAMP!**  
AND A **CIGARETTE HUMIDOR!**

SO, NOT  
BAD! CLEAR  
GLASS BASE  
FILLED WITH  
TINTED  
WATER.



SEE! I'LL SET THEM UP FOR  
YOU BY THE **WINDOW, LIKE  
THIS!**



NOW, I WANT YOU TO  
COME WITH ME AND  
ALLOW ME TO BUY YOU  
NEW CLOTHES FOR YOUR  
CHILDREN. THEY'RE AT  
SCHOOL, AREN'T THEY?  
WELL, COME ALONG!

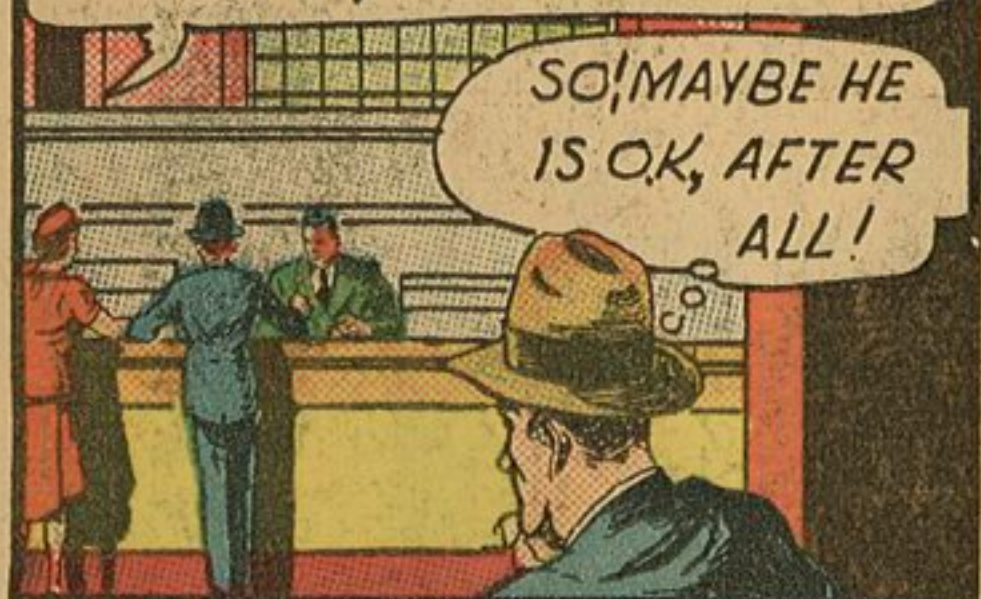
OH! THANK  
YOU!



15 MINUTES LATER IN A  
BIG DEPARTMENT STORE....

YOU SHOULDN'T BUY ME  
SO **MUCH**, MR. WEATHERBEE!

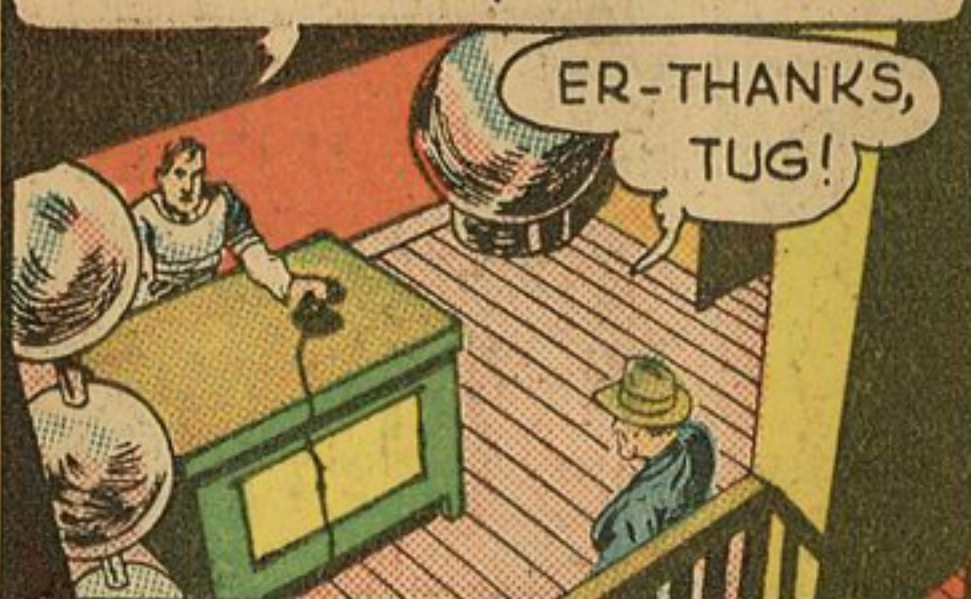
SO! MAYBE HE  
IS OK, AFTER  
ALL!



AS WIZ GETS BACK TO HIS  
LABORATORY....

HEY, WIZ! CALL ACME! JARVIS  
JUST PHONED, ALL **EXCITED!**

ER-THANKS,  
TUG!



SO THE TENEMENT AT  
**361 JUKE ST.** JUST BURNED!  
WHY I JUST **CAME** FROM  
THERE WITH **WEATHERBEE**,  
WHO **OWNS** THE DIVE, MR.  
JARVIS!



ONCE MORE A PHONE CALL  
TO WIZARD WELLS.

MR. WELLS, THIS IS **WILKINS!**  
I TRIED TO TALK TO YOU THIS  
MORNING AT 361 JUKE! WELL  
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU IN  
**SPITE OF WEATHERBEE'S  
TRYING TO BRIBE ME!**  
I WANT TO SEE YOU..  
COME TO 315 JUKE  
ST., 4TH FLOOR!



HERE'S THE PLACE!  
WHAT A DUMP! ONE  
OF WEATHERBEE'S, I'LL  
BET!

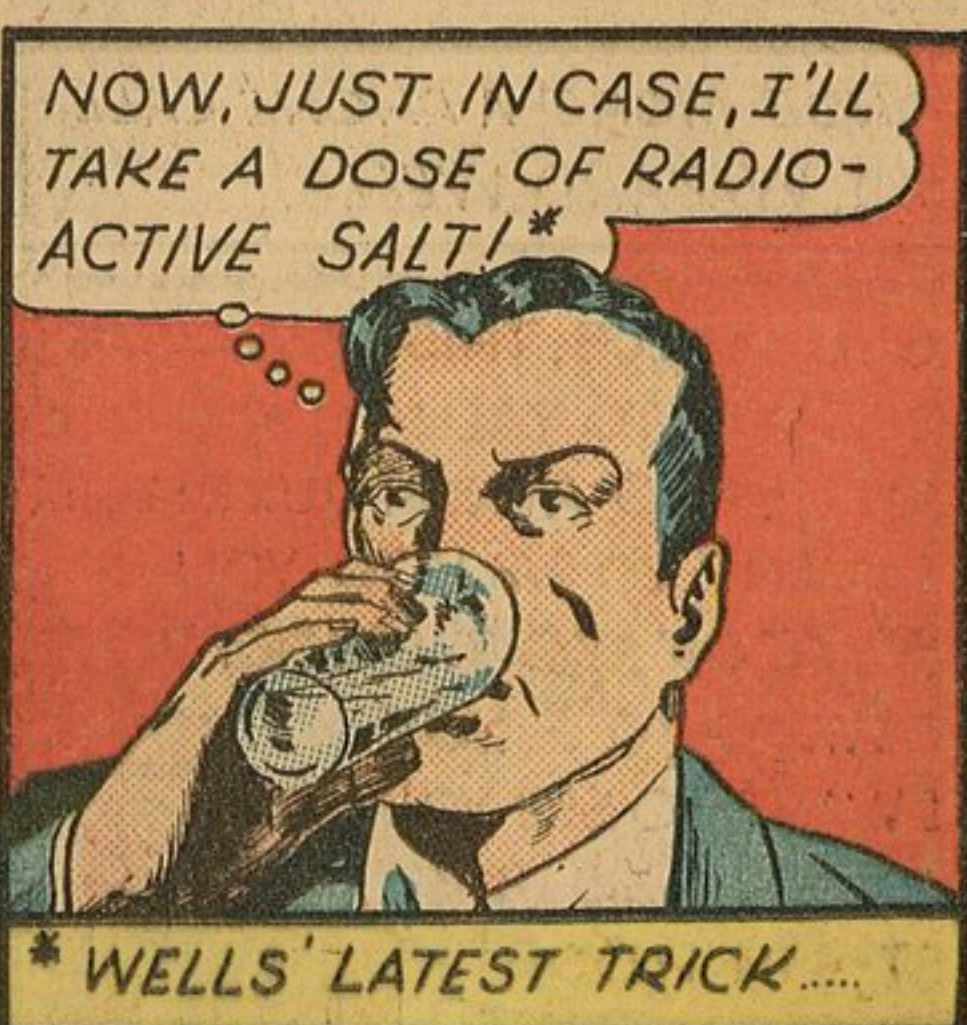


AT 315 JUKE ST.





AND AFTER THE POLICE ARRIVE —



\* WELLS' LATEST TRICK....





AH, MR. WEATHERBEE!  
SIT DOWN IN **THIS** CHAIR  
BY THE **WINDOW**,— BESIDE  
THAT **BEAUTIFUL** LAMP!

ER... OF **COURSE**,  
MR. WELLS! BUT  
MAKE THIS  
**FAST**, I'M IN A  
**HURRY!**

AS WEATHERBEE  
ARRIVES —



A LITTLE **PRESENT** YOU  
GAVE TO MR. WILKINS!  
REMEMBER THAT **LAMP!**

ER— **THIS**  
LAMP WAS  
THE **ONE** I  
GAVE  
WILKINS?



AND THE **HUMIDOR**,  
TOO! AND I KNOW THE  
**REAL** CAUSE OF **THOSE**  
**FIRES!**

SO!



THE **SUN'S** GETTING HOT  
HERE, WELLS, I THINK I'LL  
CHANGE MY SEAT!

YOU'LL **STAY**  
WHERE YOU  
**ARE!**



THE **SUN'S RAYS** ON THAT  
**BOTTLE** WORRY YOU, MR.  
WEATHERBEE! THEY SHOULD,  
BECAUSE **THE HUMIDOR'S**  
**LOADED!**

SO... YOU  
**KNOW!**



YOU WON'T **LIVE** TO  
**EXPOSE** ME!

NO?



WELL, WELL! SO **THAT'S** A  
**SWORD CANE!** HOW  
**DRAMATIC!**

I'VE PLANNED  
**EVERYTHING!**



NOBODY **KNEW** I WAS **GOING**  
**BROKE**, SO I **FIRED** THE  
TENEMENTS FOR THE  
**INSURANCE**. MY **INCENDIARY**  
HUMIDORS SET OFF BY THE  
**SUN'S HEAT** FOCUSED THRU  
THOSE **LAMP BASES** WAS  
FOOL PROOF!

**LIKE** THE  
WAY YOU **FIRED**  
THE **SHOT** FROM  
WILKINS' HUMIDOR!



NOW, **DIE!**

I THINK  
**NOT!**



PARALYZED BY WELLS' **ELEC-**  
**TRIC SHOCK**, WEATHERBEE  
DROPS UNCONSCIOUS.

YOU TWO CAN COME OUT  
NOW!



WE HEARD ENOUGH TO  
SEND **HIM** TO THE **CHAIR**,  
WELLS, BUT **HOW** DID YOU  
WORK THAT **ELECTRIC**  
**SHOCK?**

THAT'S  
MY  
**SECRET.**

\*THE **RADIO-ACTIVE** SALTS  
SUPPLIED THE **ELECTRICITY**.



# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Betty Smith

YOU DID A GRAND JOB, BREAKING UP THAT SPY RING, JANE..HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO TO MORDALGO ON A TRAMP STEAMER?

MORDALGO.. DOWN IN THE TROPICS.. WHAT FOR, JIM?

WE'RE SURE CAP MEACHEM IS USING HIS BOAT, THE NAUTILUS, TO SMUGGLE.. HE WOULDN'T GET SUSPICIOUS IF A GIRL INVESTIGATED THE CASE!

SO MY JOB IS TO FIND OUT WHAT IS GOING ON?

OUR JOB! MEACHEM IS A TOUGH ONE! I'M GOING ALONG AS YOUR INVALID FATHER AND THE TRIPS FOR MY HEALTH.. GET IT??

SO YOU'RE THE PASSENGERS, EH? WHY DID YOU PICK A FREIGHTER?

THIS IS THE ONLY SHIP GOING TO MORDALGO..WE WANT TO GO THERE!

WE THINK THE CLIMATE THERE WILL DO FATHER GOOD!

BUT PASSENGERS, CAPTAIN.. DO YOU THINK IT WISE!

JUST A GIRL AND HER SICK FATHER.. WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEM!

JUST THE SAME, I WONDER WHY THEY CHOSE THIS SHIP?

WE'RE NOT VERY WELCOME HERE, ARE WE?

WHEN A BROKE EX-RUM RUNNER IS IN THE MONEY, BUYS A SHIP, HAS A BIG BANK ACCOUNT ALL FROM NOWHERE..HE HAS REASON TO BE SUSPICIOUS!

AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM!

SHH.. JIM!

LENA, WE DECIDED TAIN'T RIGHT'N PROPER FER YO' T'BE WIF' OUT A HUSBAND!

NOPE! YO' NEED A HUSBAND!

WHEN I WUZ POOR, I COULDN'T GET HELP NOW THAT I'M RICH, I DON'T NEED HELP!

YEAH, BUT FOLKS MAY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A LONE GAL!

OH, WOULD THEY?

SURE, DAN'L'S RIGHT..IT'S TIME YO' WERE MARRIED UP!

AN' DAN'L IS WILLIN' T'MAKE THE SACRIFICE!

RIGHT!

OWOOO HALP!!

SACRIFICE! WHY YOU..

POOR DAN'L.. HE'S A SACRIFICIN' ALREADY!!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell Ross

JIM! SOMEONE'S LISTENING OUTSIDE THE DOOR, KEEP ON TALKING..

THIS IS GOING TO BE A DELIGHTFUL TRIP, MY DEAR!

AND THE DOCTOR SAYS THE TROPICAL CLIMATE WILL BE JUST THE THING..

IF I REACH THE CORRIDOR FROM MY CABIN, I'LL BE BEHIND HIM!

FIRST THEY TALKED OF MEACHEM, NOW THEY TALK NONSENSE!

QUICK, JIM!

IN HERE MY FRIEND!

NOT A SOUND.. IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

I TOLD MEACHEM THAT YOU TWO WERE PHONEYS!

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH HIM?

I DON'T LIKE THIS, JANE.. DISCOVERED BEFORE WE LEAVE PORT, I'M GOING TO GET YOU OFF THIS SHIP!

FIRST I'LL MAKE SURE THIS GUY DON'T BETRAY US!

HE'S RIGHT.. WE CAN'T GET OFF NOW!

IT'S TOO LATE TO GET OFF, THE SHIP IS MOVING!

LISTEN.. SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!

KNOCK KNOCK

IT SETS MY BLOOD ABOILIN'!!

SHE WUZ A GOOD GAL, TOO!

GOSH, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

LIL' PEACHES DONE BEEN JILTED!

JILTED? WHO DONE IT?

THE RAT!

IT WUZ JEM SNAGGLE, 'ATS WHO!

WHY THE MEAN THING!

JEM, EH?

I WUZ JUST A CRAVIN' FER A FEUD!

WAIT DAN'L.. WE'LL FIND OUT WHY LIL' PEACHES WAS JILTED!

THAR SHE BE!

AN UP-STANDIN' GAL, TOO!

SHE'S AS STRONG AS TEN MEN!

I HOPE T'TELL YA!

SAKES ALIVE!

HOWDY?

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russ E. Ross

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!

SOMEONE'S AT THAT DOOR, JANE. STALL FOR TIME UNTIL I HIDE THIS GUY!

KNOCK KNOCK

I SENT PEDRO DOWN T'SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTIN' ON. DID YOU SEE HIM?

PEDRO? I HAVEN'T MET HIM!

THIS OUGHT TO QUIET YOU!

OW!

SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT T'DO THIS!

CRACK

THUD!

WHAT WAS THAT?

?

WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE

I GOT DIZZY AN' FELL, CAPTAIN

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME NOW... I THINK I'D BETTER TURN IN!

I'VE GOT T'FIND PEDRO!

I'D LIKE T'KNOW WHERE HE IS MYSELF!

THAT WAS CLOSE.. WHERE IS PEDRO?

LOCKED IN MY CLOSET! THEY SURE ARE BEING PRE-CAUTIOUS!

THAT SMUGGLED STUFF MUST BE ABOARD NOW!

WHY DID JEM JILT YOU, PEACHES?

IT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND..

HE'S BEEN ASETTIN' ON OUR PORCH EVENINGS FER SOME TIME, NOW!

YEP, I SAW HIM TOTE A WATER BUCKET FOR PEACHES, ONCE

AN HE SMILED AT 'ER LAST SPRING!

THAT SETTLES IT.. HE WOODED HER!

HE WHAT?

WOODED MEANS HE PAID YOU SO MUCH ATTENTION HE'S GOT T'MARRY YA!

WHERE'S JEM? WE'LL TELL HIM WHAT T'DO!

HE'S WIF' TH' WIDOW O' SKUNK HOLLOW!

COME ON, PEACHES.. I'LL SETTLE THIS!

HE'LL LARN YA CAN'T WOO 'ROUND HERE FER FUN!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

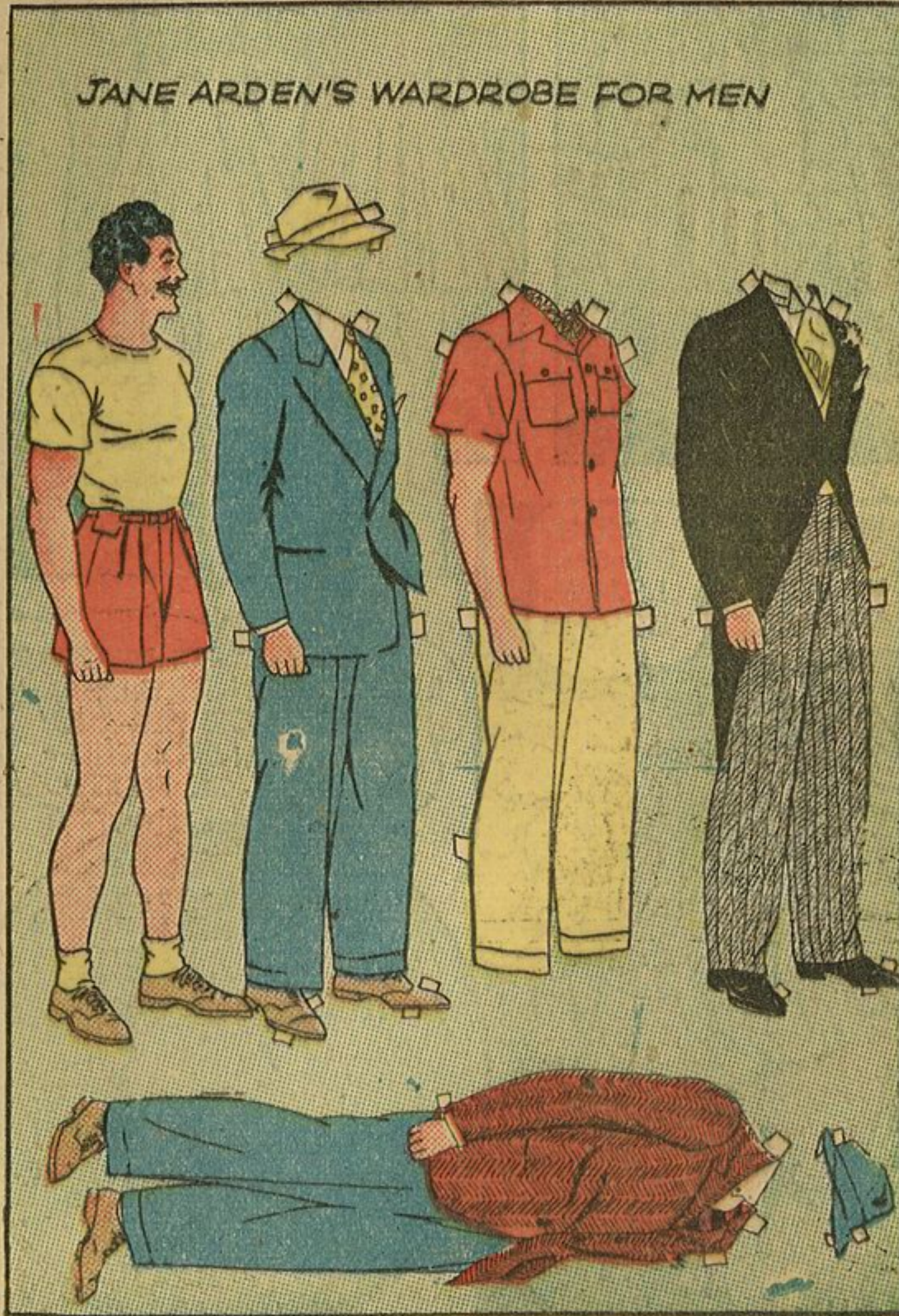
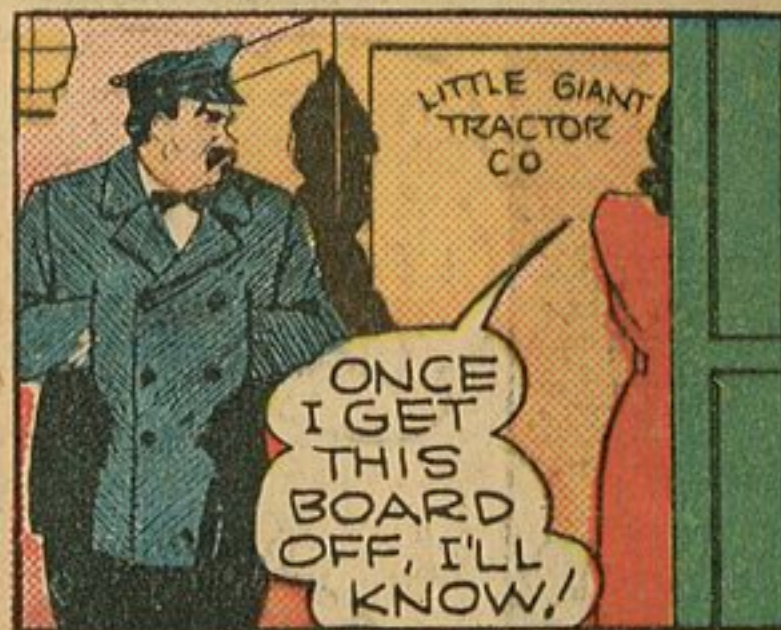




# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett

WITH PEDRO LOCKED IN JIM'S CLOSET, JIM AND JANE DISCUSS THEIR NEXT MOVE





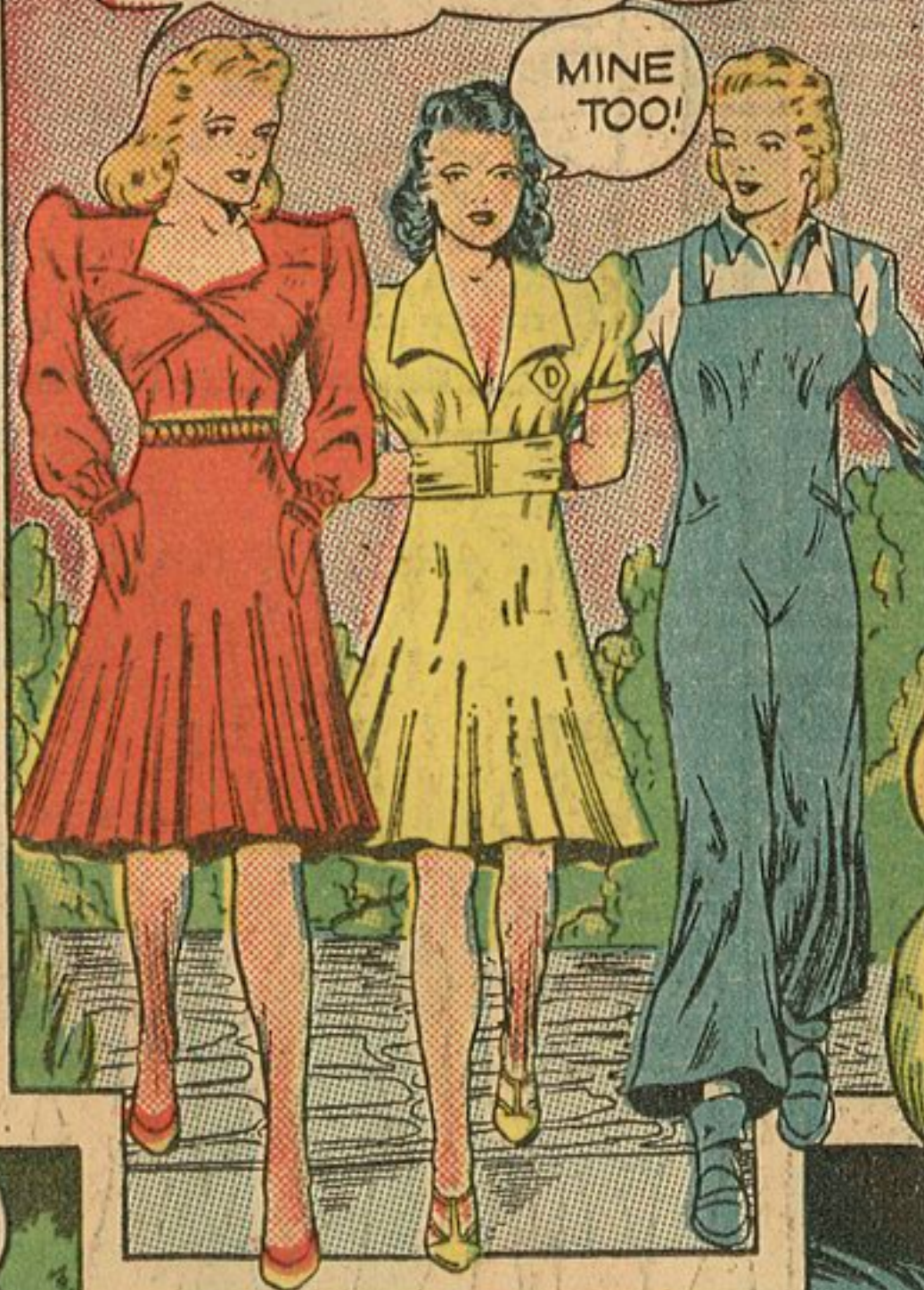
# ALIAS- THE SPIDER

by  
Paul  
Gustafson

AT DEVONSHIRE,  
EXCLUSIVE  
GIRLS' SCHOOL...  
THREE STUDENTS  
WALK THE LONELY  
PATH FROM THE  
LIBRARY TO  
THE DORMITORY...



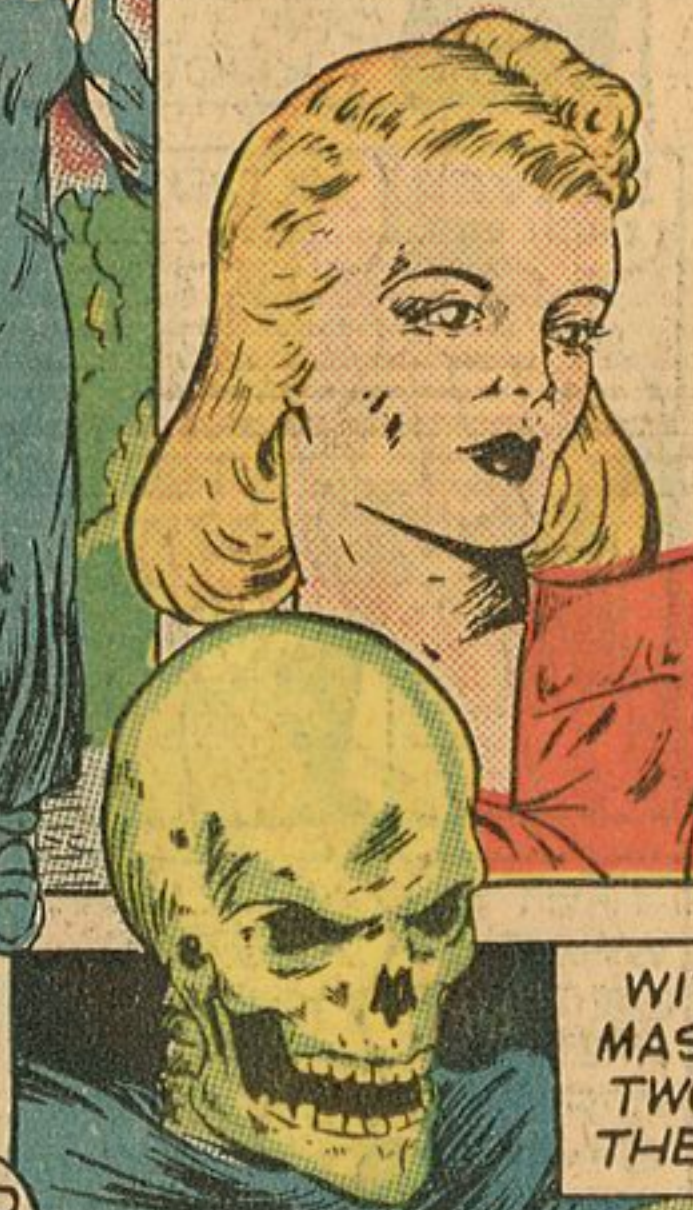
WELL, THIS IS MY LAST NIGHT  
HERE!



MINE  
TOO!

WE'RE NOT THE  
ONLY ONES...HALF  
THE SCHOOL IS  
LEAVING SINCE  
THOSE FOUR GIRLS  
DISAPPEARED!

DAD CALLED ME THIS  
MORNING AND SAID  
I WAS TO TAKE THE  
FIRST TRAIN OUT.  
WHEN ARE YOU  
LEAVING, MARY?



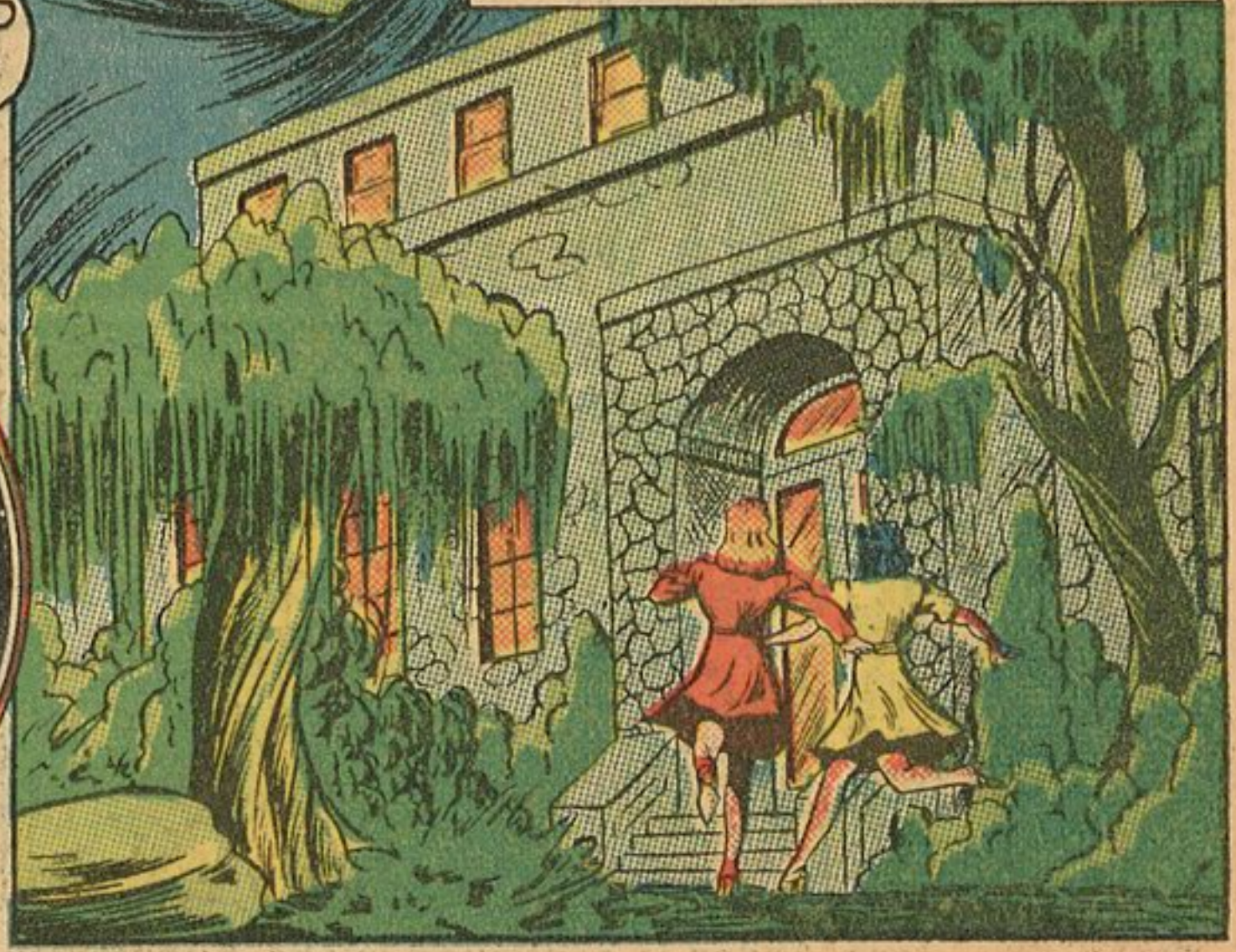
WHY! MARY!  
MARY!!  
WHERE  
ARE YOU!? WHEN  
DID SHE  
LEAVE  
US! OHH  
!!



SH...SHE'S DISAPPEARED  
LIKE THE OTHERS, LEAVING  
NO TRACE BEHIND!  
BETTY! I'M SCARED—  
WE MAY BE NEXT!!

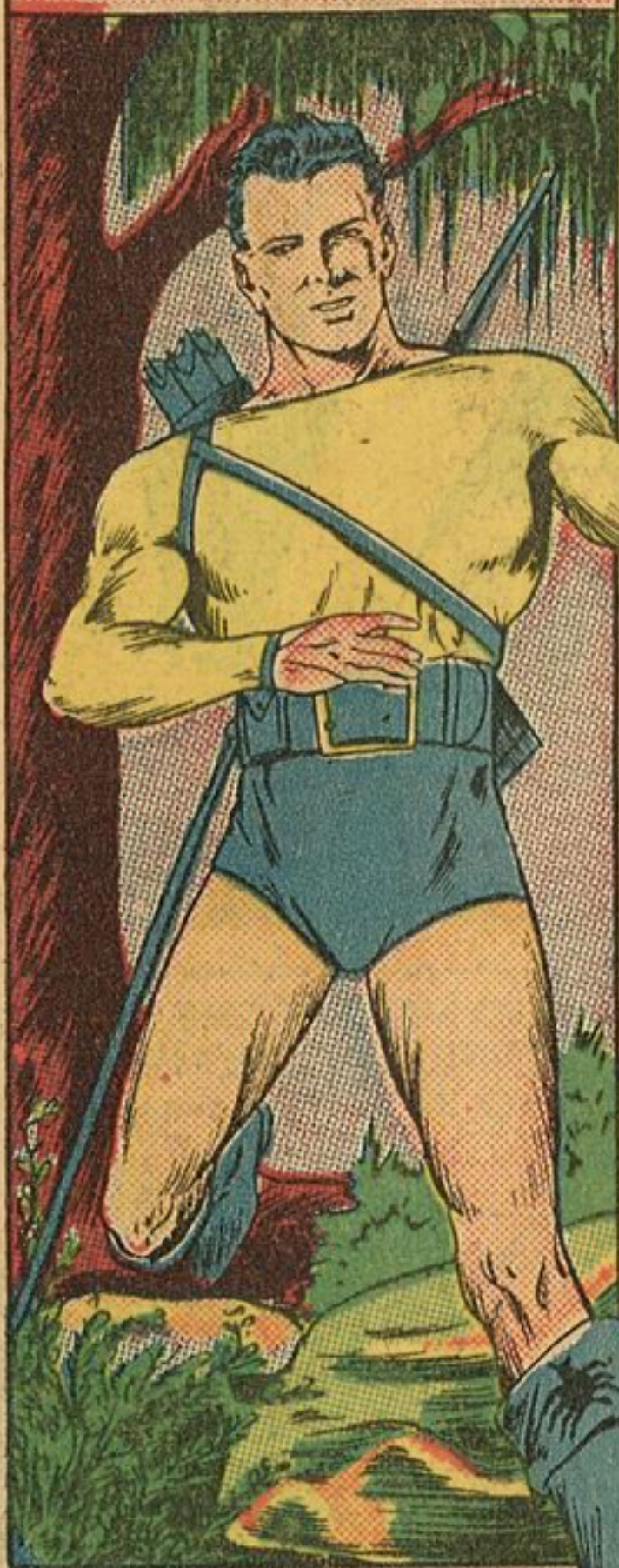


WITH THE UNKNOWN THE  
MASTER OF MARY'S FATE, HER  
TWO FRIENDS RUN MADLY TO  
THE SAFETY OF THE DORMITORY





HARDLY DO THE GIRLS ENTER THE DORMITORY, WHEN A RUSTLE OF FOLIAGE AND A DULL THUD ANNOUNCE THE SURPRISE PRESENCE OF THAT DEVASTATING FIGURE OF JUSTICE.....  
**THE SPIDER**



HERE'S THE SPOT WHERE HER FOOTPRINTS ON THE DAMP STONES END SHARPLY...



AFTER COMBING THE AREA AROUND THE SPOT WHERE MARY DISAPPEARED

NOT A SINGLE CLUE ANYWHERE! LOOKS LIKE I'M LICKED EVEN BEFORE I BEGIN.



WAIT A MINUTE - I HAVEN'T TRIED WALKING IN THE GIRL'S OWN FOOTSTEPS!



BUT AS THE SPIDER TOUCHES THE LAST OF THE GIRL'S FOOTPRINTS...



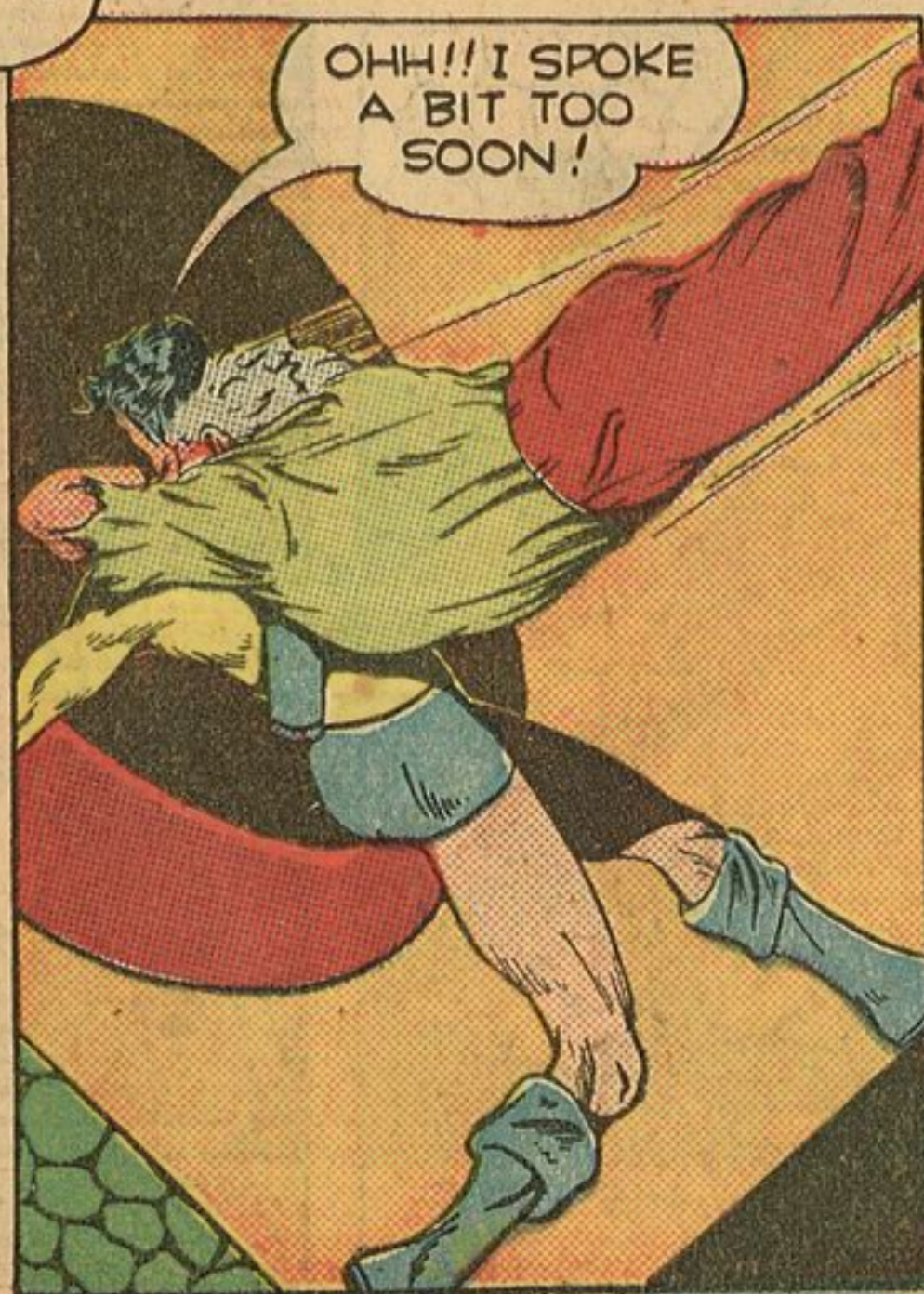
DOWN THROUGH THE DARKNESS HE FALLS... FINALLY LANDING IN A NET, FAR BELOW IN THE EARTH'S DEPTHS...



WELL I'LL BE...!! A SUB-CELLAR OF THE OLD DEVONSHIRE SCHOOL... THAT BURNED DOWN ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO!



WHAT?? NO GREETERS PRESENT?



OHH!! I SPOKE A BIT TOO SOON!



WE'LL DO THIS WALTZ ON YOUR HEAD CHUM!!



THE SPIDER'S ATTACKER  
TAKES A BAD BUFFETING

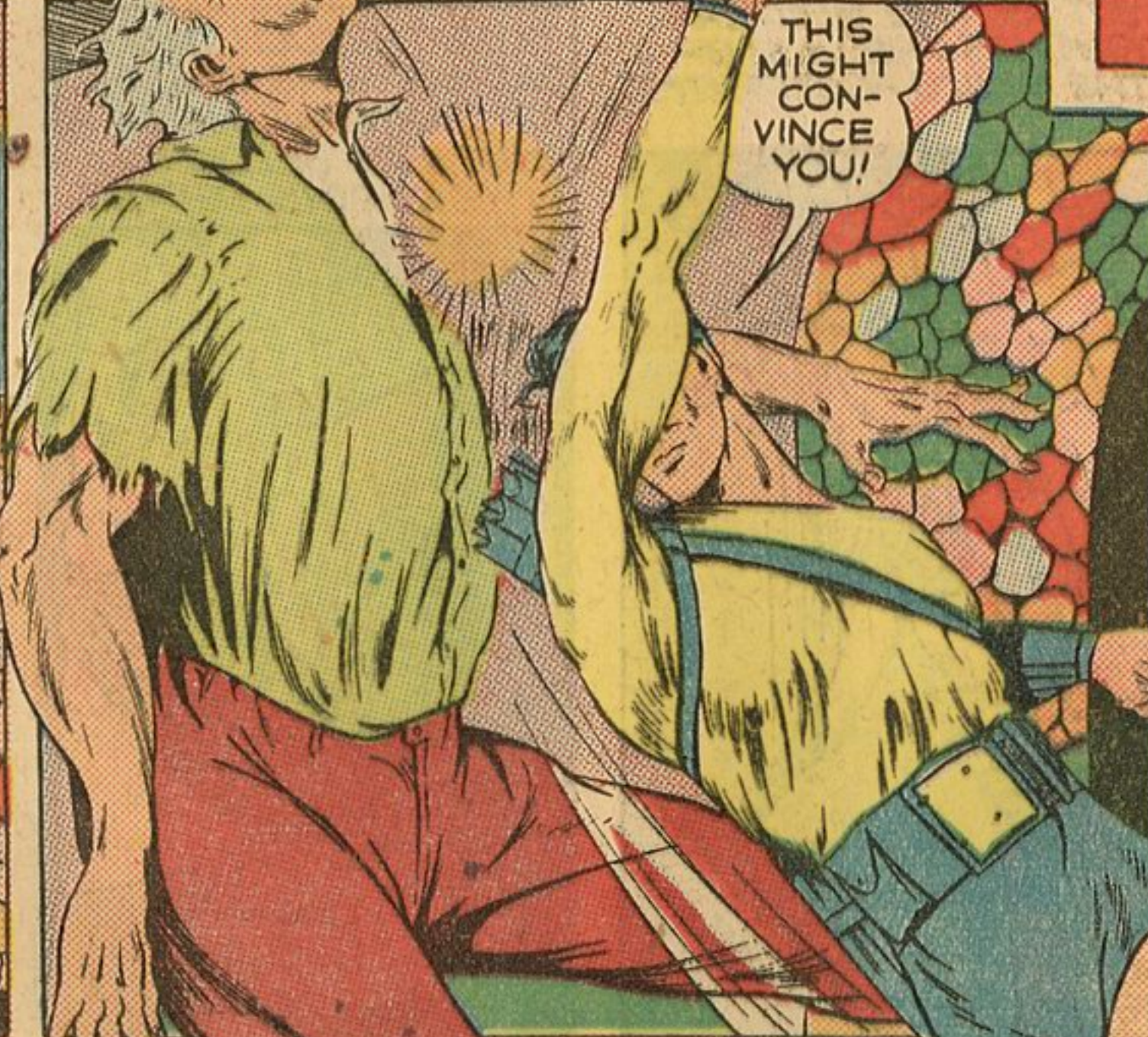


THERE, YOU BIG  
LUG!! WHY DON'T  
YOU BLOW YOUR  
HORN BEFORE  
YOU RUN OVER  
A PERSON?

BUT THE BURLY GIANT  
RISES TO HIS FEET  
AND AGAIN LEAPS AT  
THE SPIDER

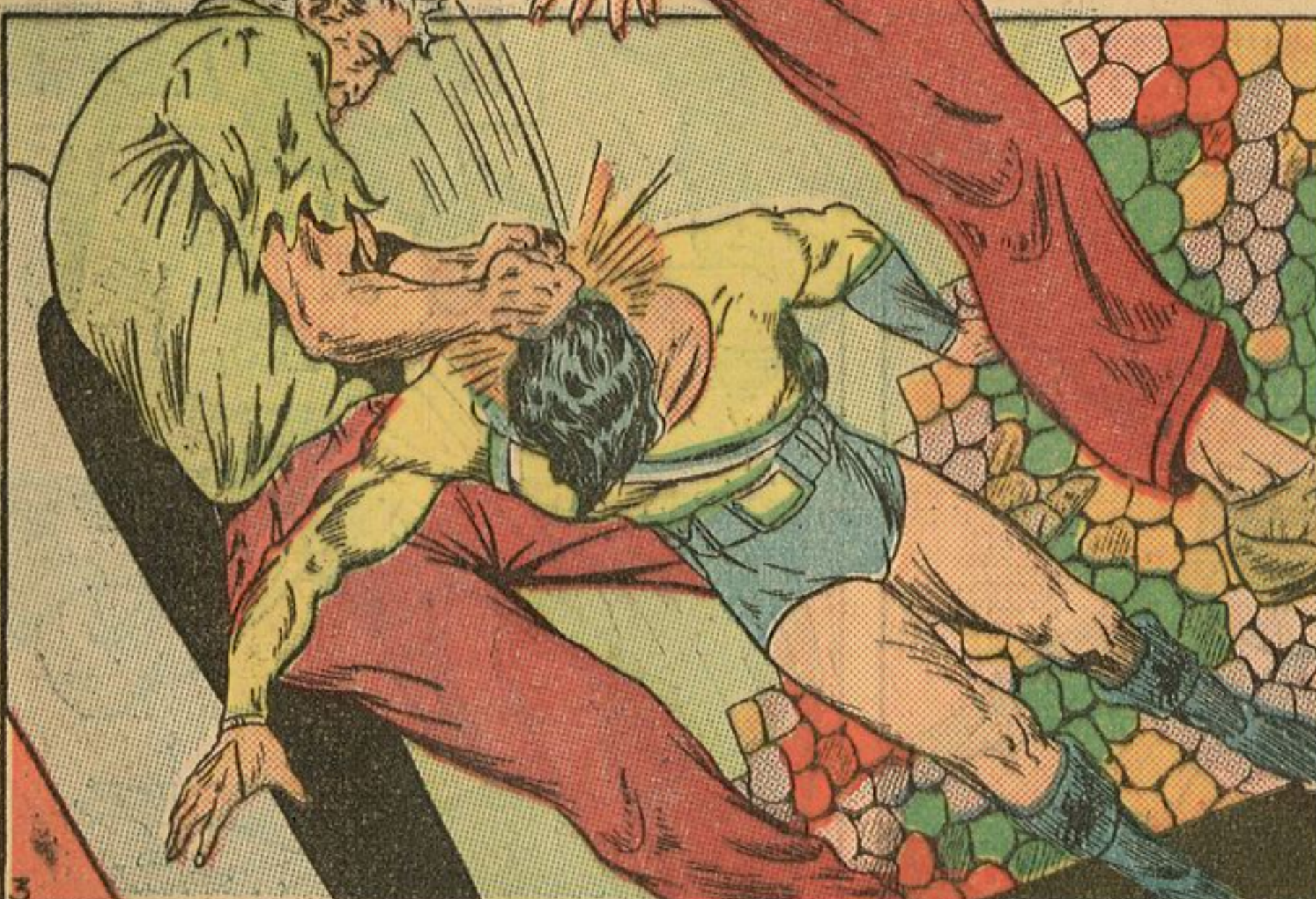


HIS DRIVING BLOW FINDS  
NOTHING BUT THE AIR...

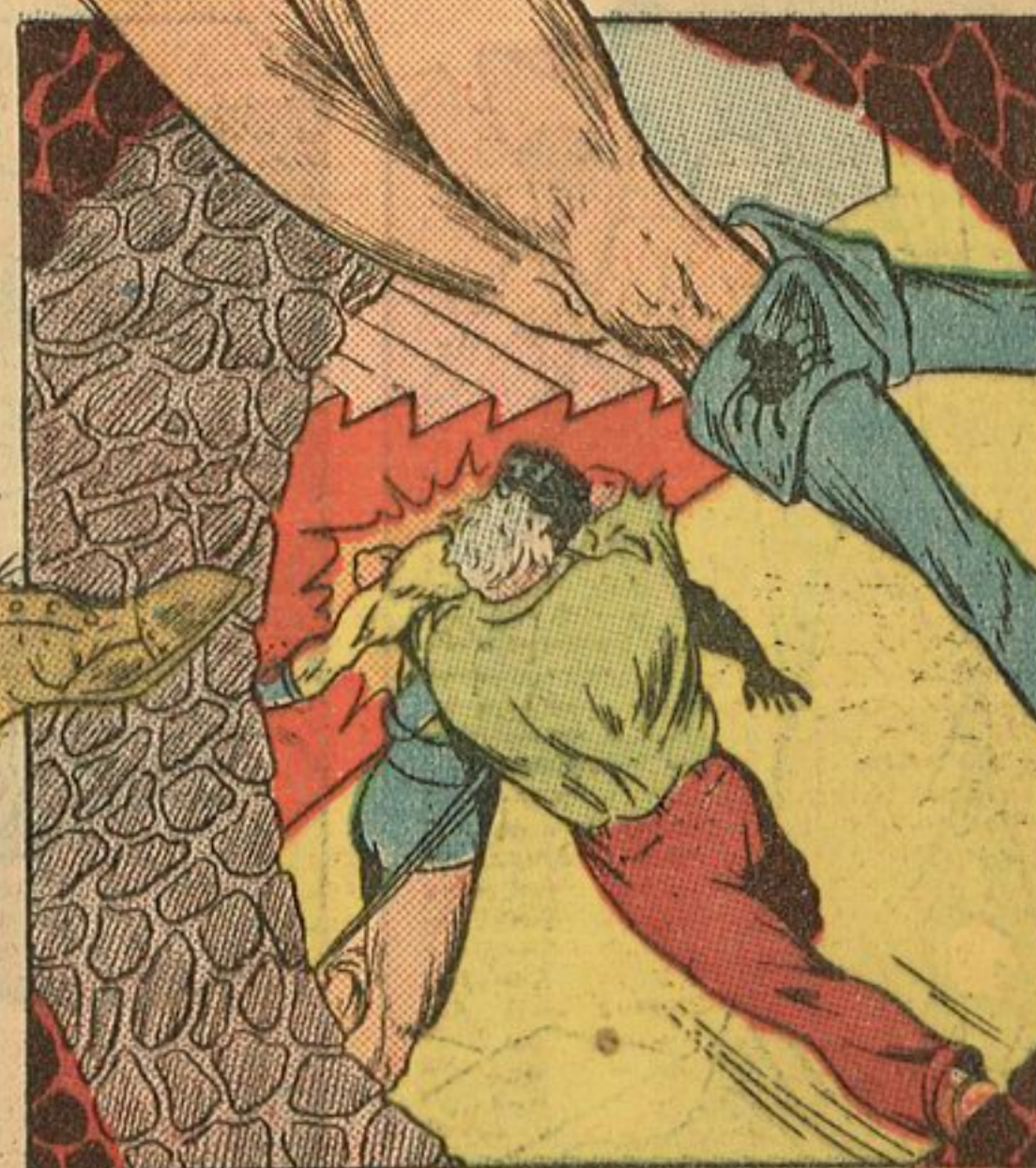


THIS  
MIGHT  
CONVINCE  
YOU!

AND HERE'S ONE TO  
DISPEL ANY IDEAS OF  
YOUR  
GETTING UP!!



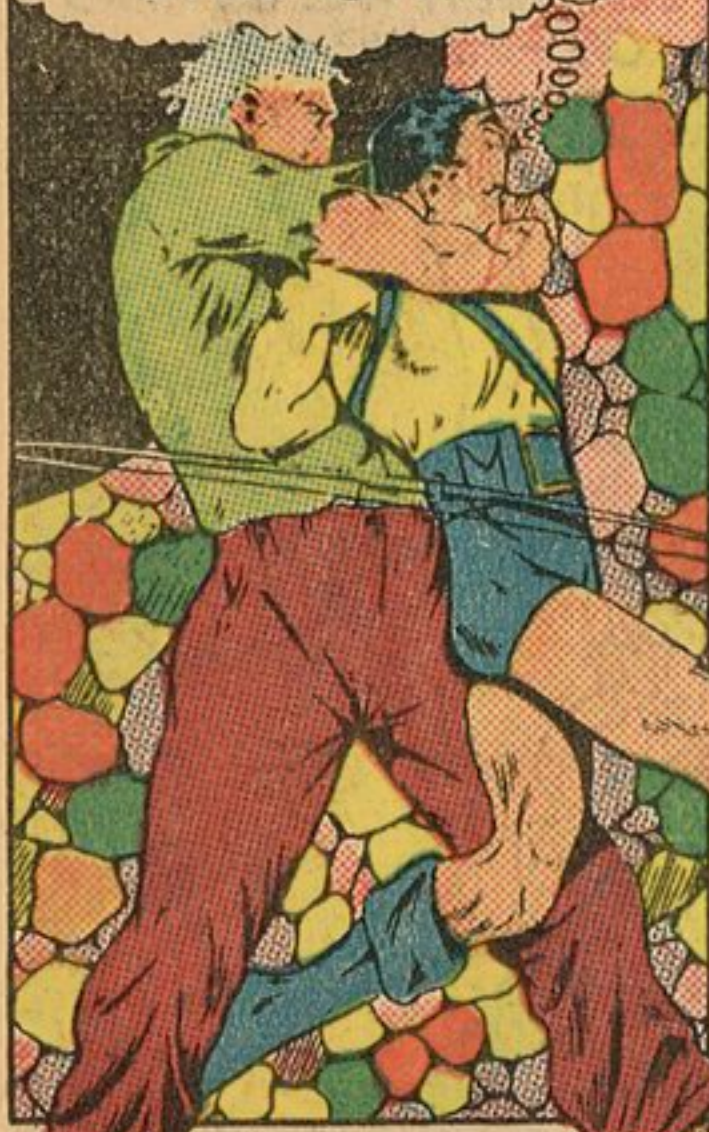
BUT THE BRUTE IS POSSESSED OF UNUSUAL STAMINA... HIS FISTS  
NOW CRASH DOWN UPON THE SPIDER'S HEAD...



... AND THE HELPLESS CRUSADER FALLS  
INTO THE MIGHTY ARMS...



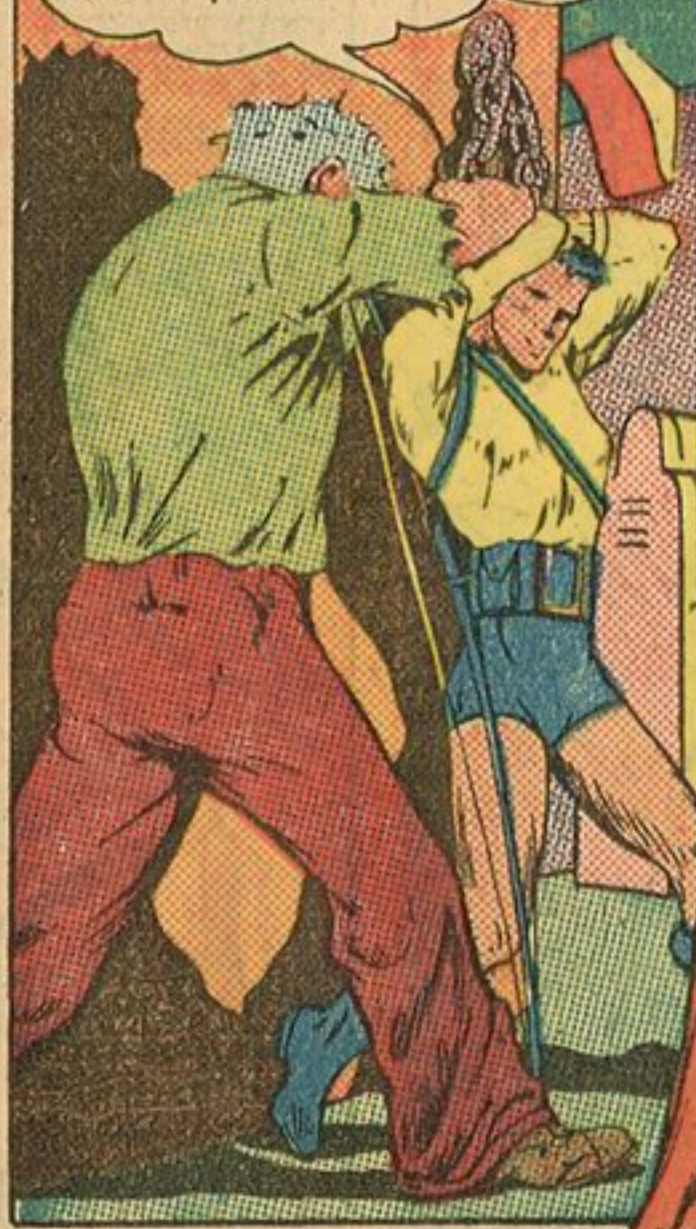
BOY! THIS GUY HAS A GRIP LIKE A GORILLA... I'D BETTER SAVE MY STRENGTH....



THROUGH DARK DISMAL CORRIDORS, THE SPIDER IS DRAGGED... THEN INTO A LARGE OPEN FURNACE ROOM..



THANKS FOR THE RIDE, BUD!



HEH-HEH-HEH! THERE'S NO USE TALKING TO TOTO - HE'S DEAF AND DUMB!



WELL, GRANDMA! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THIS?

DON'T MOCK ME!! MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO BE LOCKED IN A TOMB FOR ABOUT FIFTY YEARS!



WHY THE 50 YEARS??



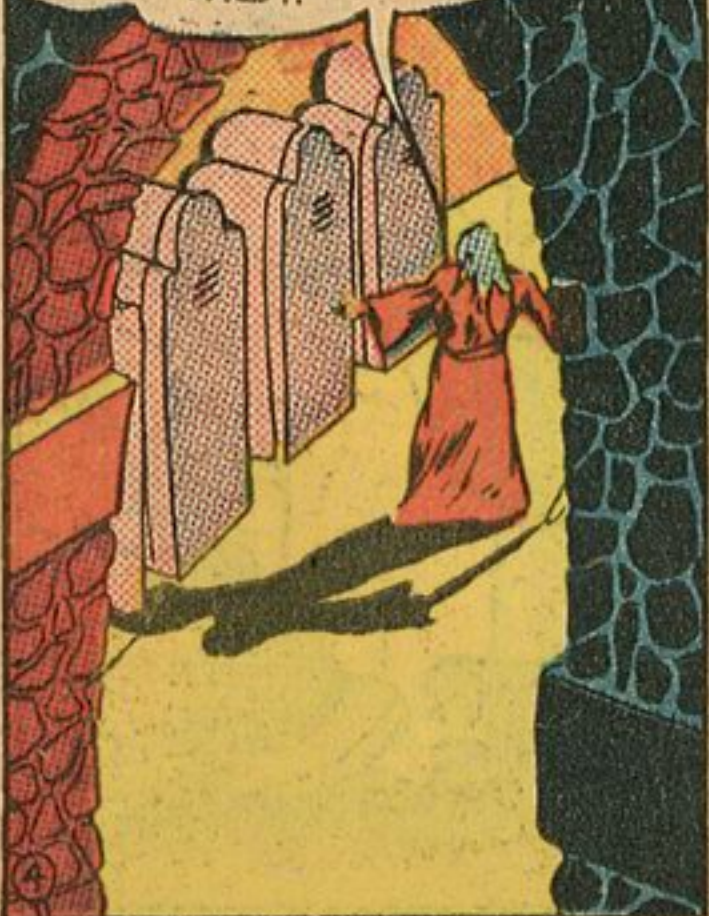
BECAUSE... 50 YEARS AGO I SAW DEVONSHIRE BURNED TO THE GROUND... AND BECAUSE OF THE FIRE, SIX OF ITS TRUSTEES BECAME WEALTHY!



I, A SCRUB WOMAN THEN, SAW IT ALL, AND WAS HORSE-WHIPPED INTO THIS SUB-CELLAR, WHERE I'VE BECOME RAVING MAD!!



BUT REVENGE IS MINE! HEH HEH, SEE THESE CASKETS?... I MADE THEM... FOR THE GIRLS THAT DISAPPEARED FROM DEVONSHIRE, GRAND-CHILDREN OF THE MEN WHO PERSECUTED ME!!



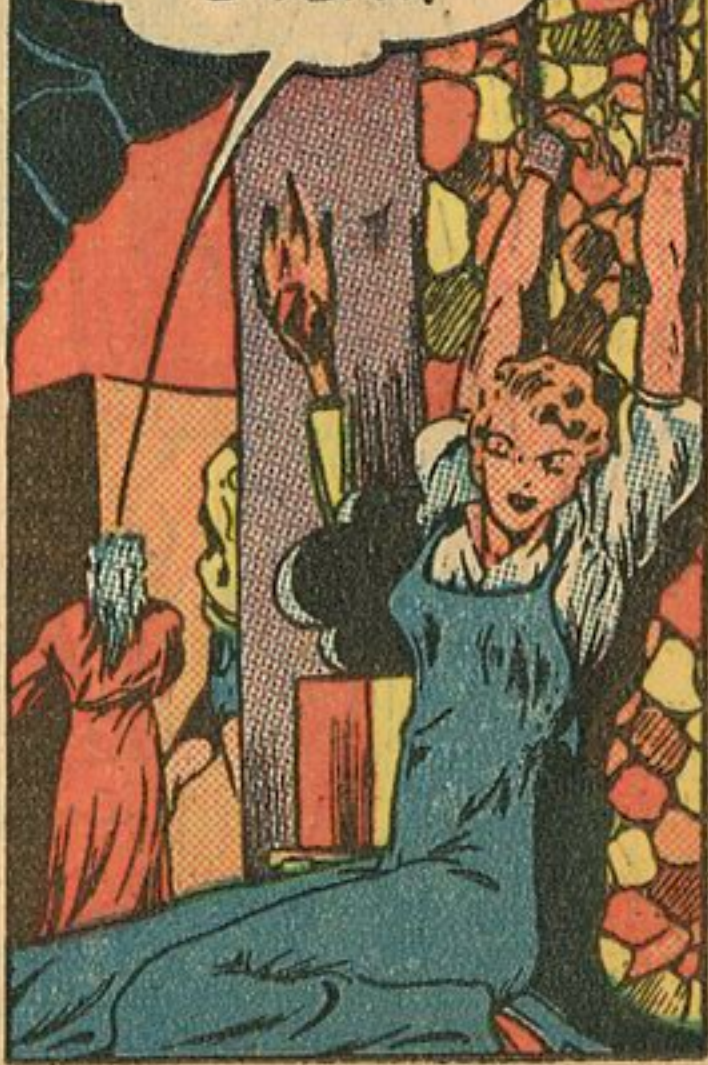
YES-S-S!! CASKETS FOR LIVING CORPSES... HEAR THEM MOAN AS THEY ENJOY MY LIVING DEATH!!



HEAVENS!! THESE GIRLS DID NOTHING TO YOU! YOU CAN'T TAKE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR GRAND-PARENTS' DEEDS!



IS THAT SO!! HEH HEH!! NOW YOU'LL SEE ME WORK ON NUMBER FIVE... THE GIRL WHO DISAPPEARED TONIGHT!





SCREAM WELL, MY DEAR! I DID ONCE... BUT IT WAS NO USE!

DESPERATELY THE SPIDER TRIES TO SNAP THE CHAINS THAT HOLD HIM.

NO USE! BUT... THESE CLAMPS AROUND MY WRISTS ARE SOLDERED, NOT WELDED TO THE CHAIN!

DRAWING ONE OF HIS MAGNESIUM ARROWS, THE SPIDER RUBS IT BETWEEN THE CLAMPS ON HIS WRISTS..

IT WORKED... THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE BURNING MAGNESIUM MELTED THE SOLDER!

CACKLING CRAZILY, THE OLD HAG ORDERS TOTO TO RECAPTURE THE SPIDER

HELLO! DIM-WIT! IS THIS ACT 2??

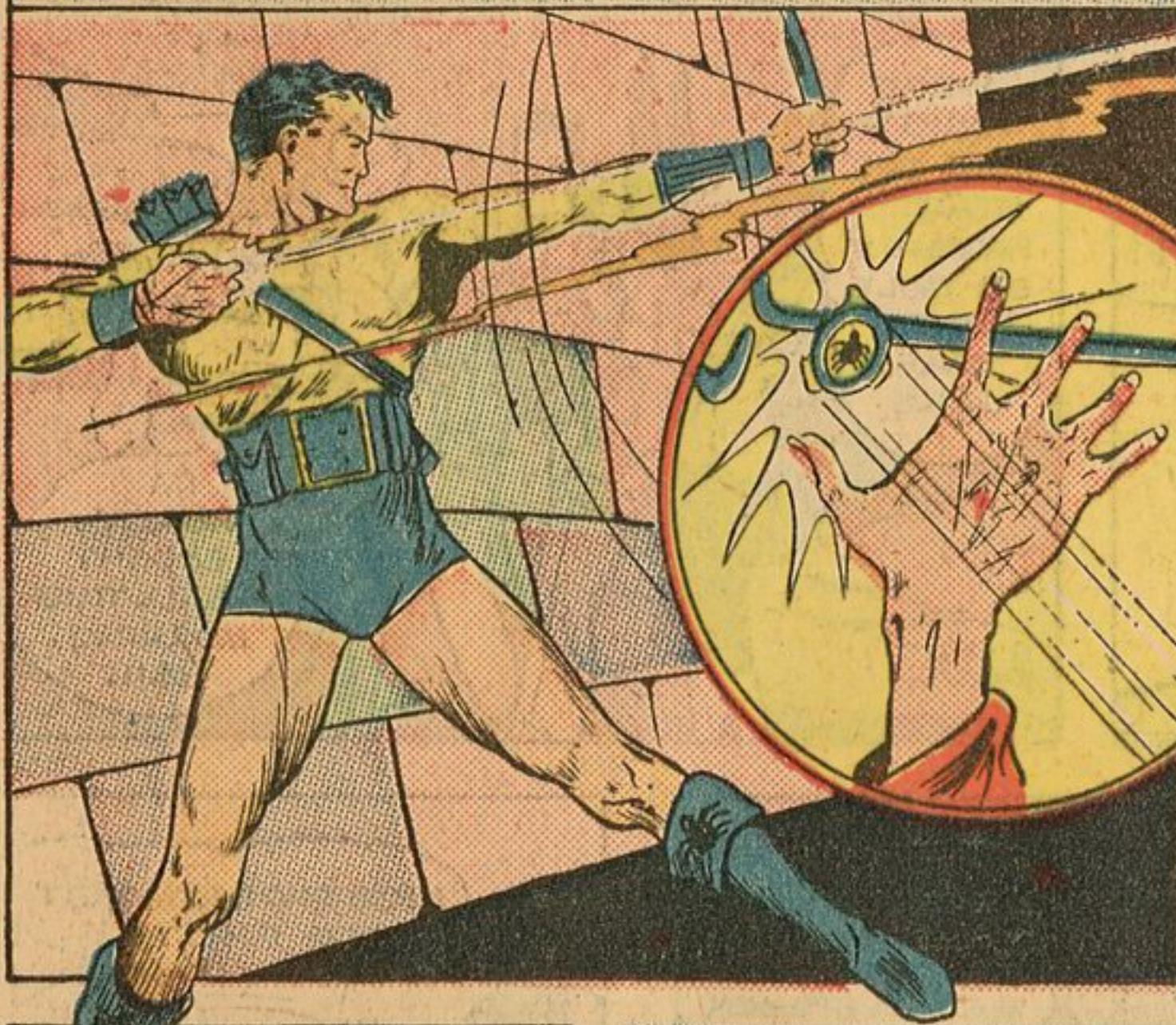
FORCED TO BOUNCE YOU ONCE AGAIN!

OH!! YOU'VE KILLED TOTO... BUT IT WON'T HELP YOU STOP ME!

IN A FLASH THE OLD WOMAN GRASPS AN IRON FROM THE FIREPLACE AND MENACES THE TREMBLING GIRL.



BUT THE SPIDER'S BOW SINGS OUT, KNOCKING THE IRON CLEANLY FROM THE OLD CRONE'S HAND.



HEH-HEH!  
D'YOU THINK THAT  
WILL STOP ME?



NOT WHILE I HAVE THIS  
TORCH!

THE OLD VULTURE  
HAS A TRENCH  
OF OIL AROUND THE  
GIRL!



THEN...THE TORCH  
TOUCHES THE OIL.

WELL, I'VE GOTTA  
GET THROUGH  
THOSE FLAMES!



YOU??!



HYSTERICAL, THE  
HAG DROPS THE  
IRON AND  
PLUNGES INTO  
THE ROARING  
FLAMES...



THERE'S A SHRILL  
AGONIZING SCREAM...  
S-SHE NEVER GOT  
THROUGH THE FIRE...  
GUESS  
WE'VE  
SEEN  
THE  
LAST  
OF  
HER!

HOW AWFUL!  
WELL, LET'S  
GET THE  
OTHER GIRLS  
OUT OF THOSE  
COFFINS  
BEFORE THEY  
DIE!



LATER... IN THE  
HOSPITAL QUARTERS  
OF THE SCHOOL

THANK GOODNESS THEY  
HAVE NO BODILY INJURIES  
...ALL THESE GIRLS NEED  
IS REST AND QUIET!



AND IN THE OFFICE OF  
THE SCHOOL'S PRESIDENT

BUT, DR. HILLARY.. HOW DO  
WE KNOW OUR DAUGHTERS'  
LIVES WON'T BE  
ENDANGERED LIKE  
THIS AGAIN?



BECAUSE THE MAN WHO  
PUT A STOP TO IT SAYS  
THAT IT SHALL NEVER  
HAPPEN AGAIN, UH...  
WAIT!! AND BY THIS HE  
SHOWS THAT HE MEANS  
WHAT HE SAYS!





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

THIS BEING YOUR FIRST GAME OF GOLF, I BETTER TELL YOU THIS IS A GOLF CLUB!

HUH? AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY USED THEM TO MASH POTATOES!

WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU STARTED PROPERLY ON GOLF THIS YEAR, JAKE

I'M READY—I BOUGHT A BALL THIS MORNING, GAIL

AND THEN YOU ADDRESS THE BALL

SOUNDS SCREWY, BUT I'LL DO IT, BUD

MY DEAR BALL—IT IS SWELL KNOWING YOU

JAKE, WHEN BUD SAID TO ADDRESS THE BALL HE DIDN'T MEAN MAKE A SPEECH TO IT!

NICE SHOT, POTROAST—NICE SHOT!

LITTLE HOOK ON IT, BUT I THINK IT'S STILL ON THE COURSE

KNOW WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT THIS GAME, FOLKS?

YES, I DO, JAKE—THE SWING IS SUPPOSED TO BE FREE!

LET IT GO, JAKE—I'LL LEND YOU A NEW BALL

NOPE—I JUST PAID A QUARTER FOR THE THING, AND I'M STAYING HERE TILL I FIND IT!

GETS A LITTLE CHILLY AROUND EVENING, JAKE—BUD AND I BROUGHT YOU SOME FIREWOOD

SET IT DOWN AND DON'T BOTHER ME!

I BROUGHT YOU A LANTERN, JAKE—WE'RE KEEPING YOUR DINNER WARM

I THOUGHT I HAD IT, BUT SOME CARELESS MEN HAD DROPPED AN EGG!

AH!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

BUD,  
IF YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
KEEP  
PACING  
THE FLOOR,  
YOU'D BETTER  
FIND OUT  
THE PRICE  
OF THE  
RUG

WHAT A GIRL!  
I MET HER YESTERDAY—  
NAME'S DORIS DREAM—  
NED, I'M IN  
LOVE!

GAIL? LISTEN—I WANT TO GET  
EVEN WITH BUD—CALL HIM AND  
DISGUISE YOUR VOICE—TELL  
HIM YOU'RE  
DORIS DREAM

AND  
TELL HIM  
HE CAN MEET  
ME AT THE  
ADDRESS  
YOU GAVE ME?  
RIGHT  
AWAY,  
NED

OH BUD—  
BUD SHEKELS—  
TELEPHONE!

HELLO—YES,  
THIS IS—WHO—  
WH—WHOM  
DID YOU SAY?  
DORIS DREAM!  
WOW!!! I MEAN  
— I'LL SAY  
I'LL COME!

OUT OF MY WAY! WHERE'S MY  
PASSIONATE SHIRT—MAY I  
WEAR THAT NEW  
TIE OF  
YOURS?

SAY, WHAT'S  
THE MATTER WITH  
YOU? I'D BETTER  
TAKE YOUR  
TEMPERATURE!

RIGHT NOW MY TEMPERATURE  
IS 163—DO I  
LOOK ALL  
RIGHT?

LIKE A  
VALENTINE, PAL—  
LIKE A  
VALENTINE!

TAXI—  
TAXI!

AND GO  
LIKE THE WIND,  
DRIVER!

BREEZE  
OR  
CYCLONE?

THIS IS  
THE ADDRESS  
YOU GAVE ME

IT'S BEAUTIFUL HERE!  
ISN'T IT, DRIVER? NOW,  
GO BACK AND GET NED BRANT  
WHILE I ORDER A LOAD  
OF TIN CANS!

CITY  
DUMP



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

HOW COME LATELY YOU WATCH FOR THE POSTMAN SO CLOSELY, JAKE?

THAT'S WHAT I SAY, NED—THE ONLY MAIL HE EVER GETS ARE TOMATO SEEDS FROM HIS CONGRESSMAN

IF NED AND BUD KNEW I REGISTERED AT THE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU AS "HOPEFUL," THEY'D KID ME RIGHT OUT OF MY SHOES

THING I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS, WHY DOES HANNAH DROP HER POTS AND PANS WHEN IT'S TIME FOR THE MAIL

HANNAH—GIVE ME THOSE LETTERS!

HERE'S THE ONE I WANT, RIGHT ON TOP!

AH, IT'S FROM ONE WHO SIGNS HERSELF "SIMPLE AND SWEET"—SHE PROMISED TO SEND A PHOTOGRAPH THIS TIME!

CRIPES! IT'S HANNAH!

IT'S FROM "HOPEFUL" AND THAT MUST BE HIS PICTURE!

I'D KNOW THAT HALLOWE'EN MASK THAT JAKE CALLS A FACE ANYWHERE!

"HOPEFUL," HE CALLS HIMSELF! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM, HE WON'T EVEN BE HOPEFUL OF BREATHING AGAIN!

YOU'RE NOT SO SWEET, BUT YOU'RE PLENTY SIMPLE!

AND I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU IF YOU HAD 47 MILLION DOLLARS AND WERE HANGING BY A WORN ROPE FROM A 2000 FOOT CLIFF!

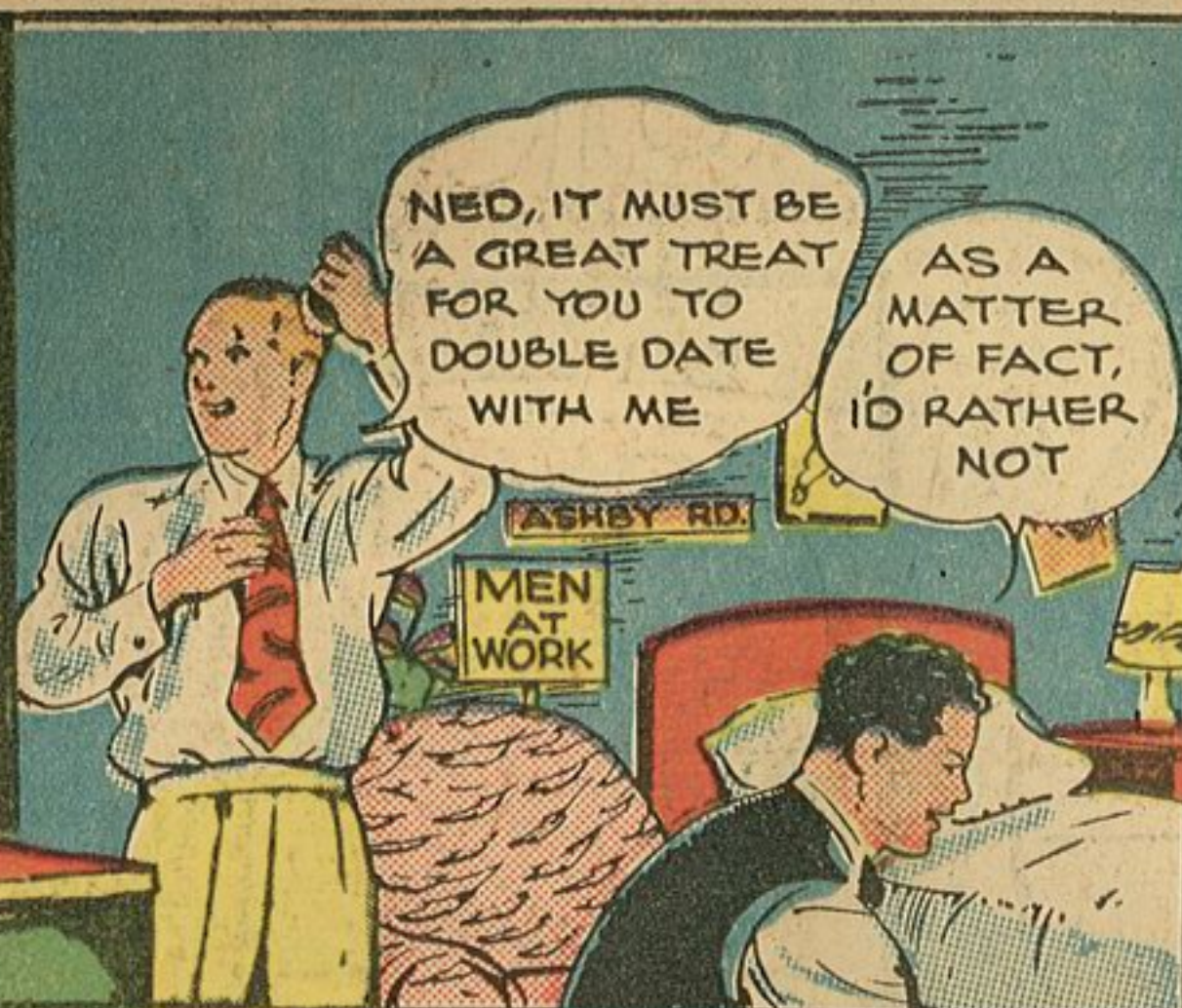
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT, BUT I'LL REFEREE!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW





# OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*

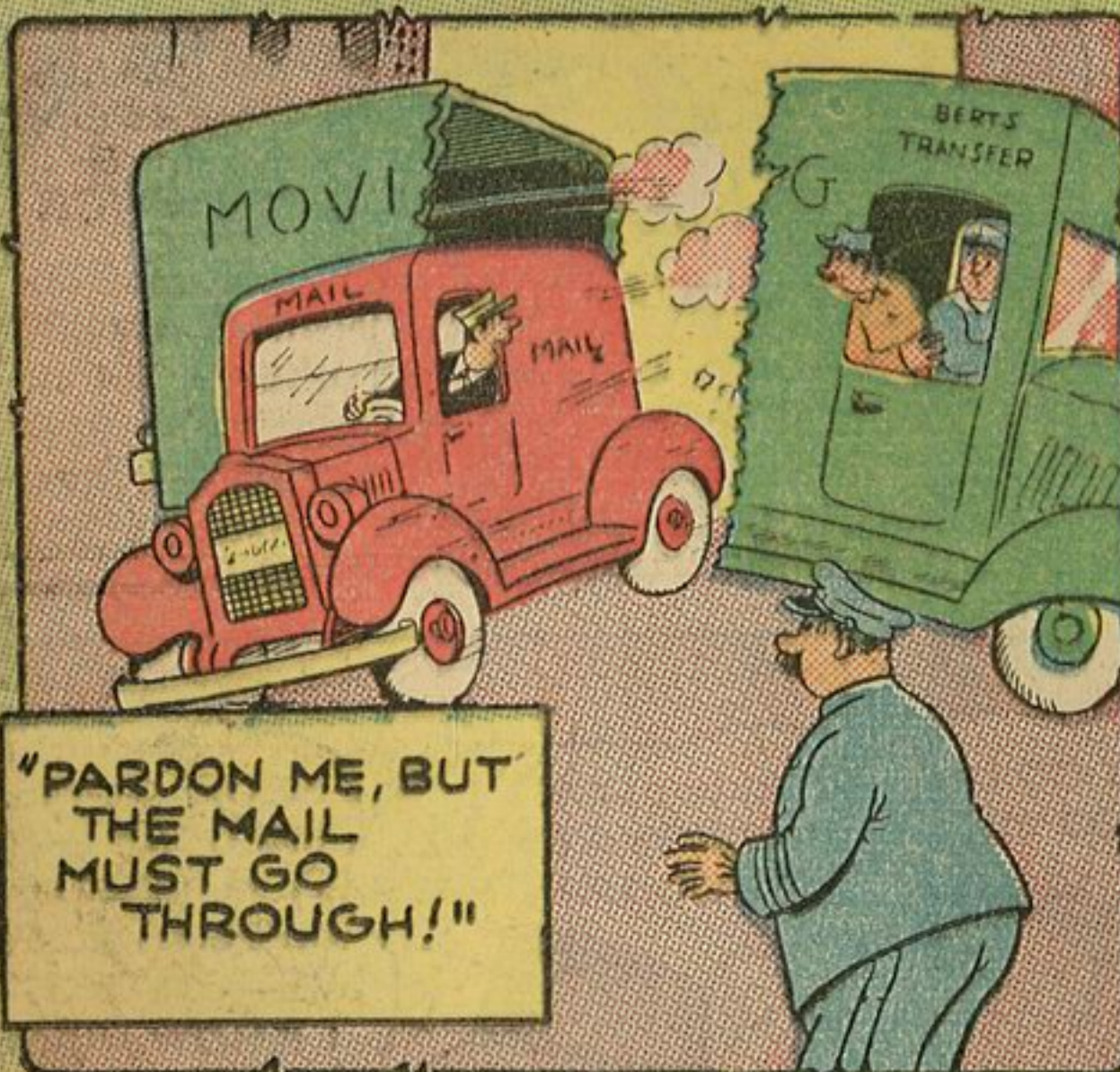
"PAY THE MAN THE FULL FARE, MAMA... I'D RATHER KEEP MY AGE A SECRET!"



"I CAN'T GO OUT WITH YOU TONIGHT, WILBUR... I'VE GOT A SPLITTING HEADACHE!"



"PARDON ME, BUT THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!"



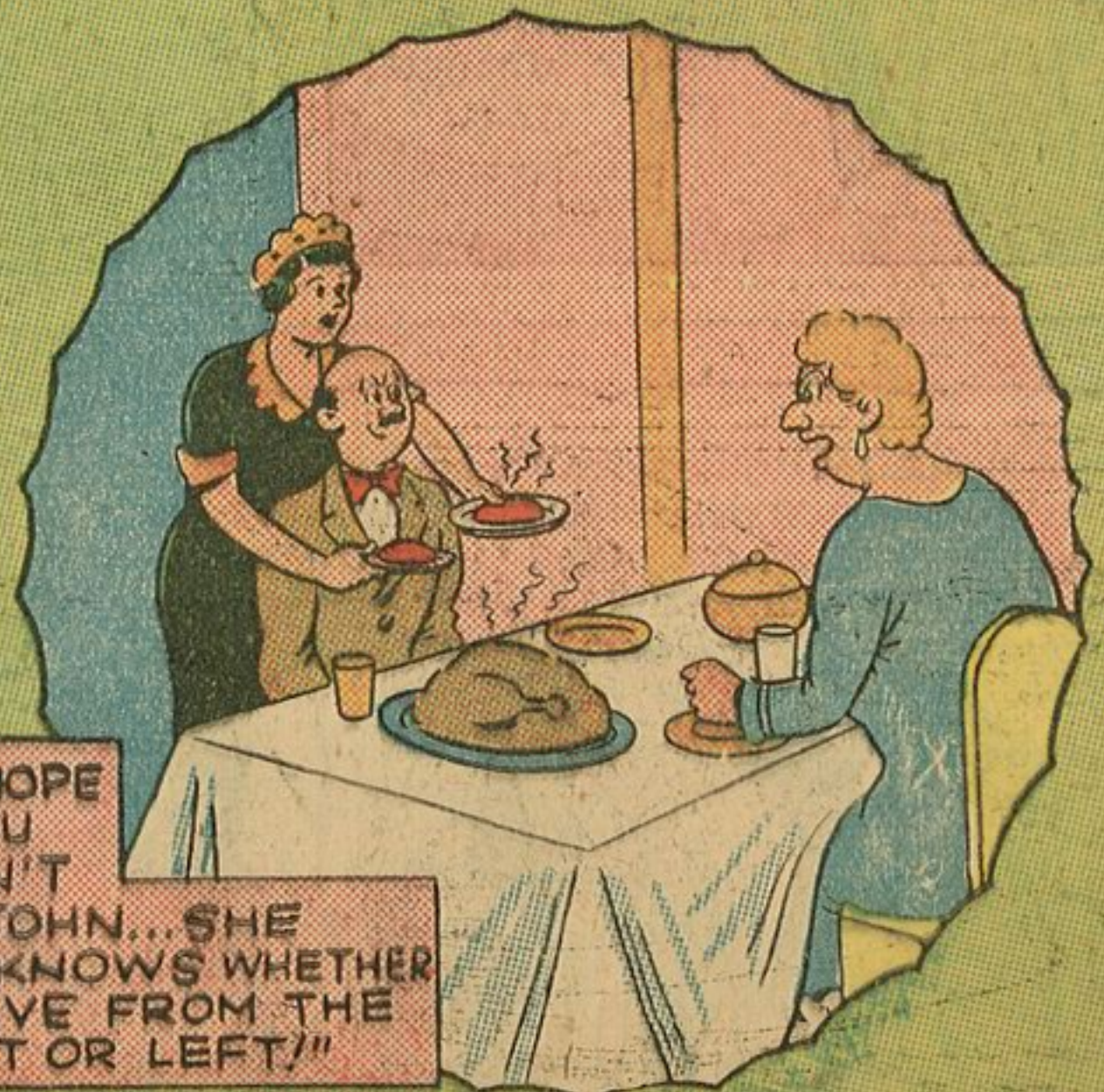
"HE MUST'VE HAD ANOTHER ARGUMENT WITH HIS WIFE... HE'S ADVISING EVERYONE TO GET A DIVORCE!"



"I ALWAYS THINK OF THE RIGHT THING TO SAY AFTERWARDS, I JUST THOUGHT OF A PERFECT ALIBI!"



"I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, JOHN... SHE NEVER KNOWS WHETHER TO SERVE FROM THE RIGHT OR LEFT!"





# The RED TORPEDO

T34  
Drew Allen



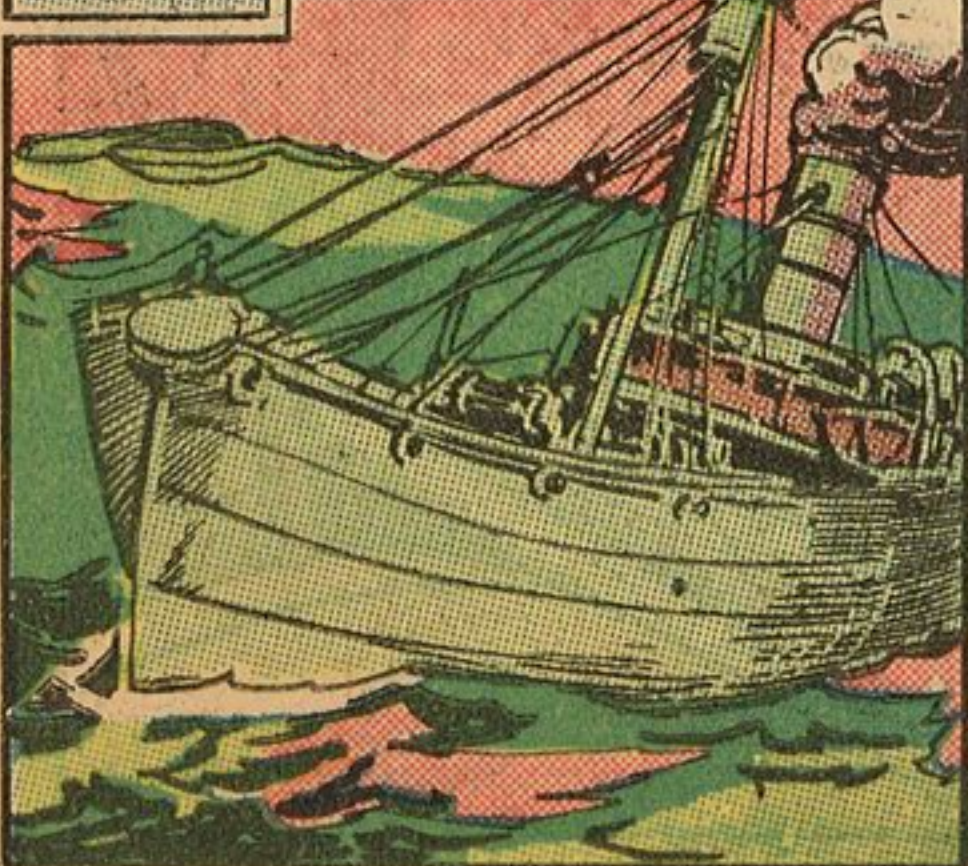
**F**ORMER CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY, THE RED TORPEDO HAS BUILT A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO THAT FLIES AS WELL AS SAILS. THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT.. MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE USES THIS DEVICE TO AID THE DEMOCRATIC POWERS AGAINST THEIR ATTACKERS... CHIEF OF HIS FOES IS THE BLACK SHARK, WHO HAS SWORN UNDYING VENGEANCE UPON HIM.

EXCELLENCY, MY NEW DESTROYER WILL FOOL EVERYONE! IT LOOKS LIKE A WHALE.. NO VESSEL WILL TAKE ME TO BE A RAIDER!

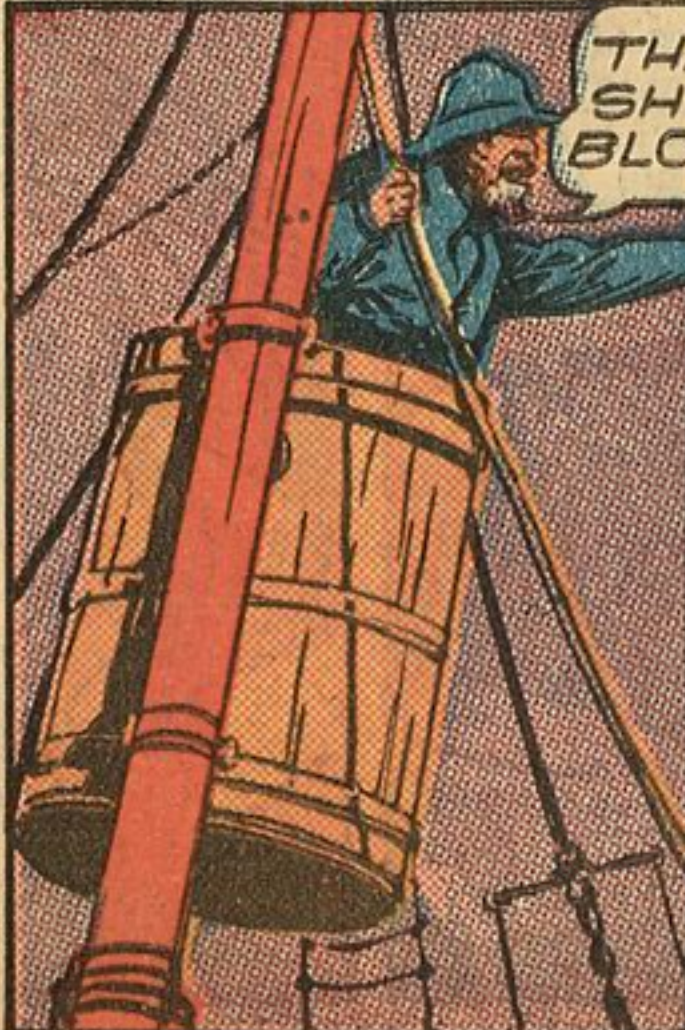
GOOD! YOU WILL CLEAR THE CHINA SEAS OF NEUTRAL SHIPPING!

AND WHAT'S MORE, MY WHALE RAIDER WILL FOOL EVEN THE RED TORPEDO!

A WHALER OUT OF NEW ZEALAND SIGHTS THE TREACHEROUS CRAFT.



THAR SHE BLOWS!



AND HOPING TO MAKE A GOOD HAUL, HEADS RIGHT FOR IT.

THAT'S THE BIGGEST WHALE I EVER SAW!





FROM FAR AWAY THE CRUISING RED TORPEDO SPOTS THE TWO SHIPS.

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT WHALE..IT'S GOING FOR THE WHALER INSTEAD OF FLEEING FROM IT!



I'LL GET A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THIS THING!



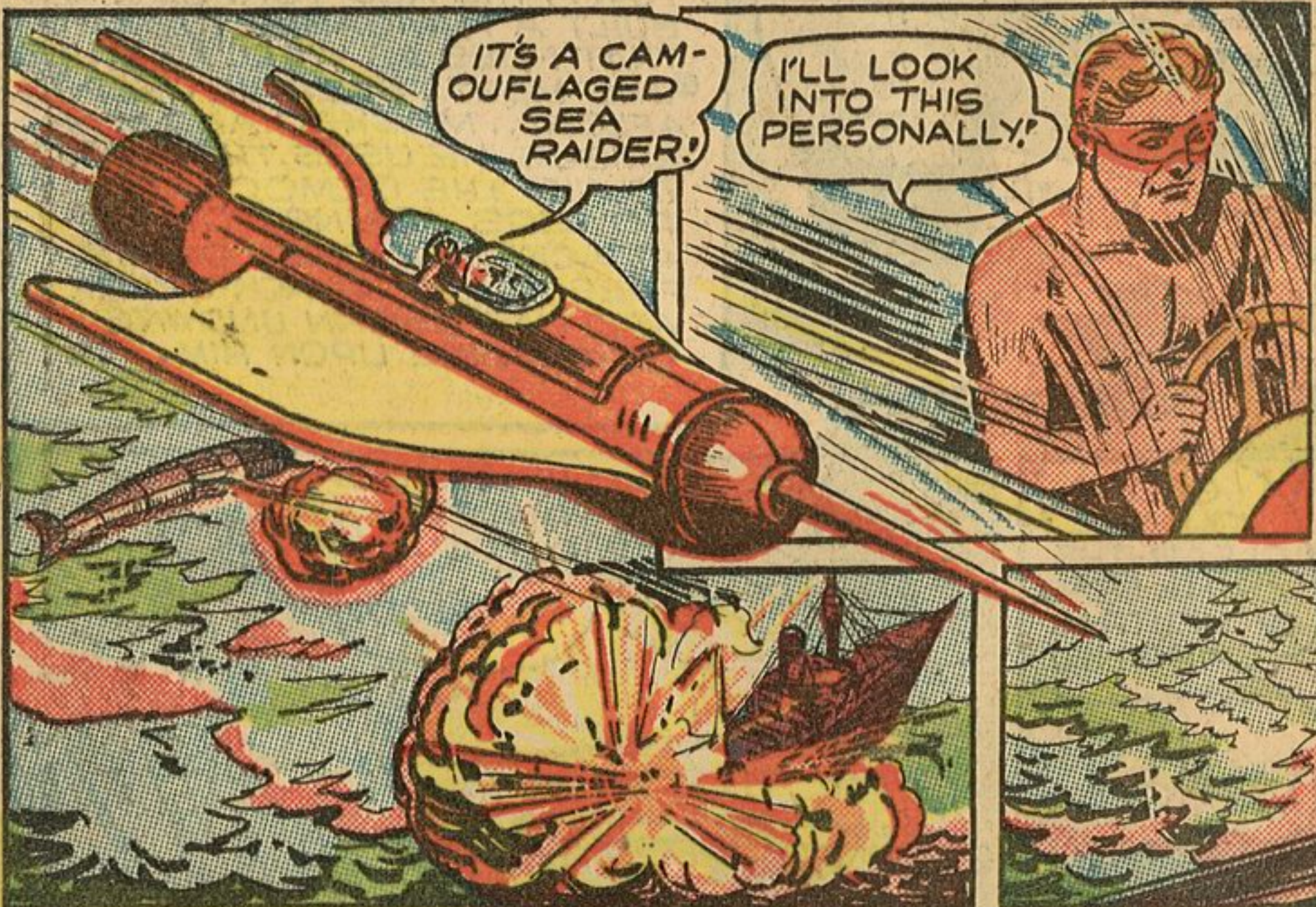
SUDDENLY THE WHALE DROPS A FALSE BULKHEAD AND A CANNON SWINGS OUT.



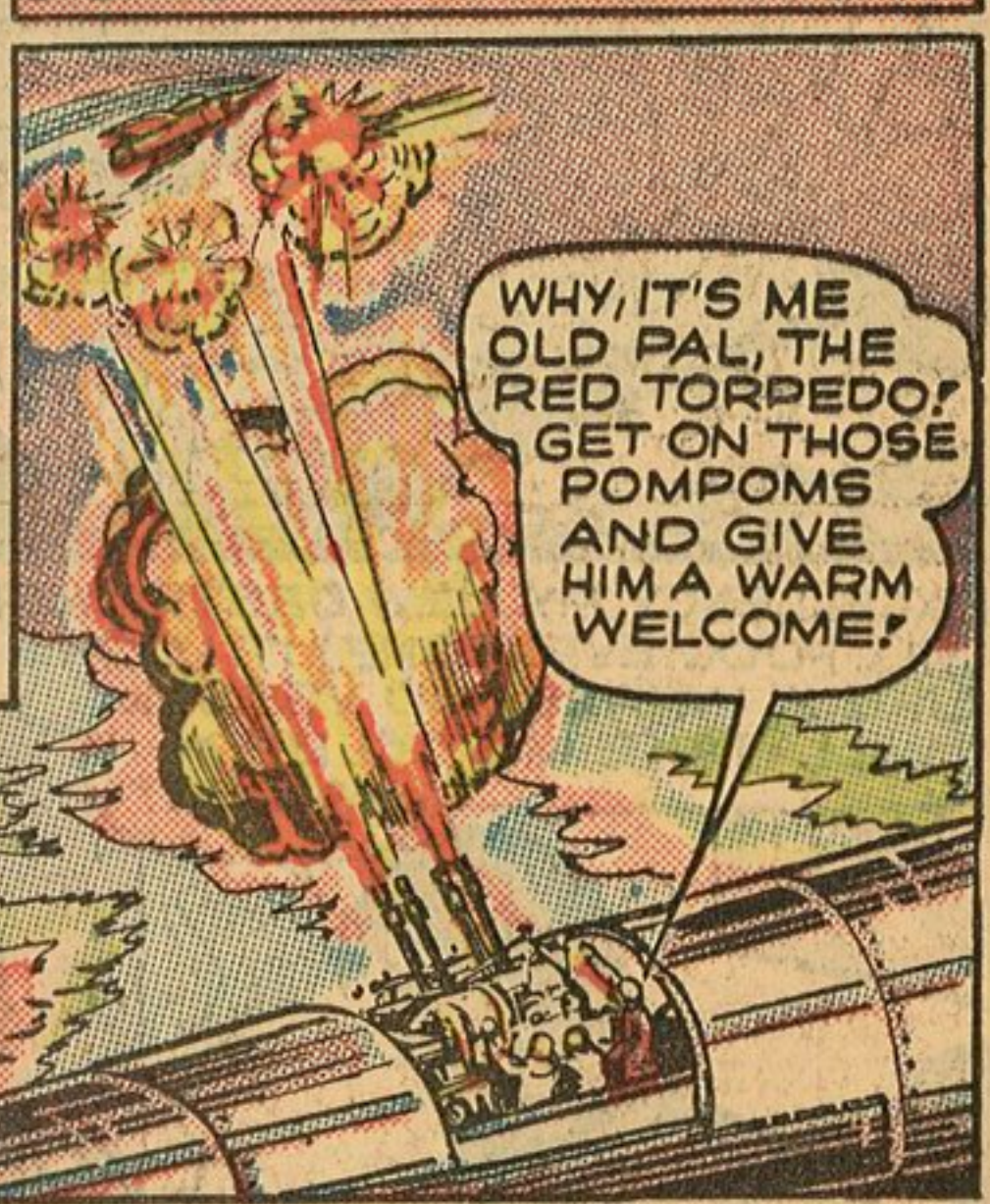
SHE'S NO GOOD AS A PRIZE BUT WE'LL SINK HER ANYWAY!

IT'S A CAM-OUFLAGED SEA RAIDER!

I'LL LOOK INTO THIS PERSONALLY!

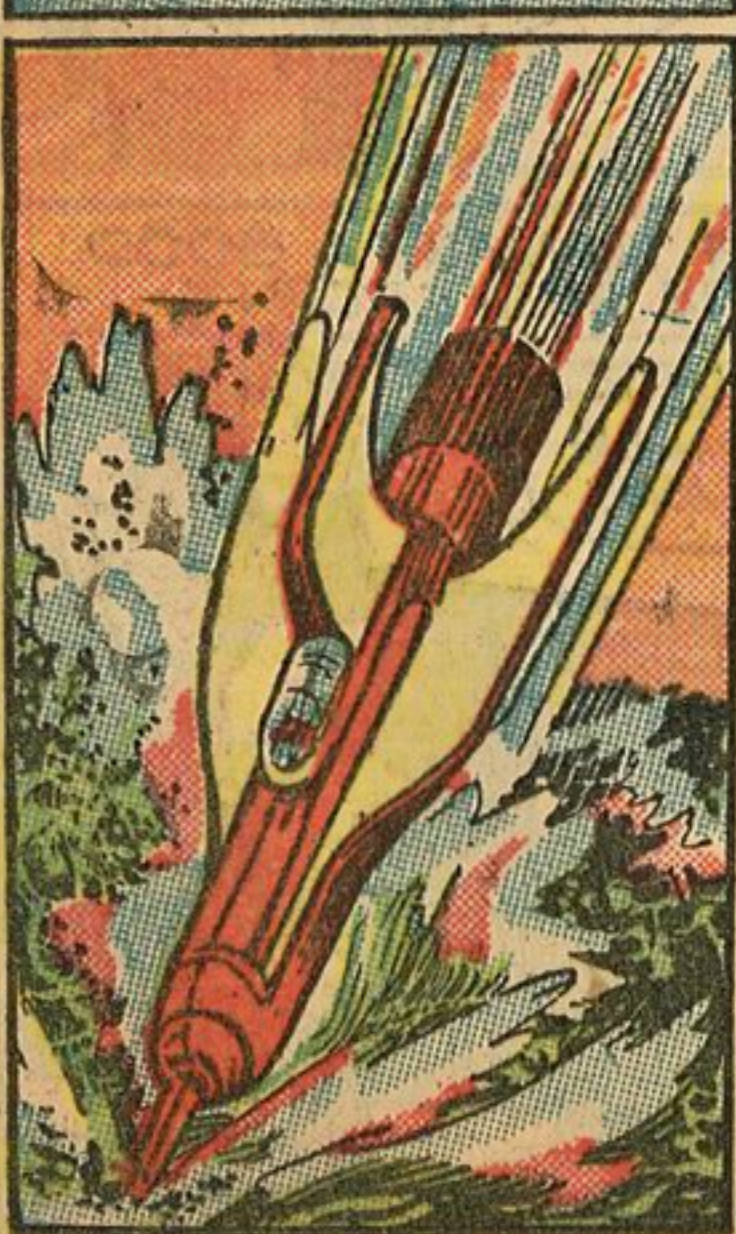


SUDDENLY THE BLACK SHARK SIGHTS THE RED TORPEDO.



WHY, IT'S ME OLD PAL, THE RED TORPEDO! GET ON THOSE POMPOMS AND GIVE HIM A WARM WELCOME!

THE RED TORPEDO PLUNGES INTO THE SEA.



WE HIT HIM.. SHOVE OFF, MEN AND WE'LL GO GATHER HIM IN!



YEP! HE'S KNOCKED OUT! GET HIM ABOARD THE WHALE AND TOW HIS CRAFT ALONG!





BUT THE RED TORPEDO IS FAR FROM UNCONSCIOUS.



THOUGHT YOU'D TRICK ME, DID YOU, RED? WELL, THIS TIME I GOT YOU!



YEP RED. THIS IS YOUR FINISH, SO I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YOU I'M BUILDIN' A FLEET OF THESE WHALES TO SWEEP THE SEAS!



FIRST BACK TO PORT, MISTER.. WE'LL COLLECT THE REWARD ON RED THEN.

WHERE NOW, CAP'N?



AYE AYE, SIR, BUT WE'LL SOON HIT THE MINE FIELDS!

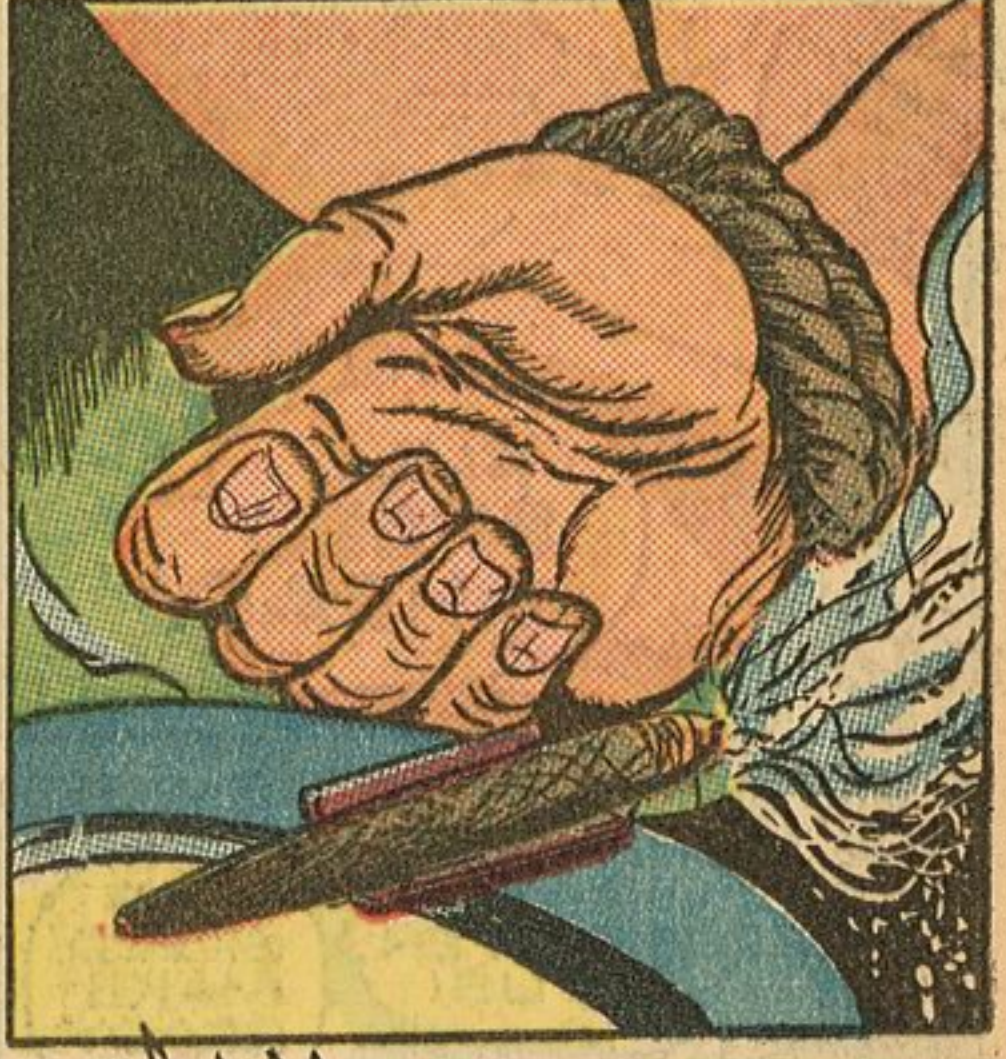
O.K., GET THE CHARTS. I'LL TAKE US THROUGH!



RED SEES HIS CHANCE.



IF I CAN BURN THROUGH ONE OF THE ROPE STRANDS...

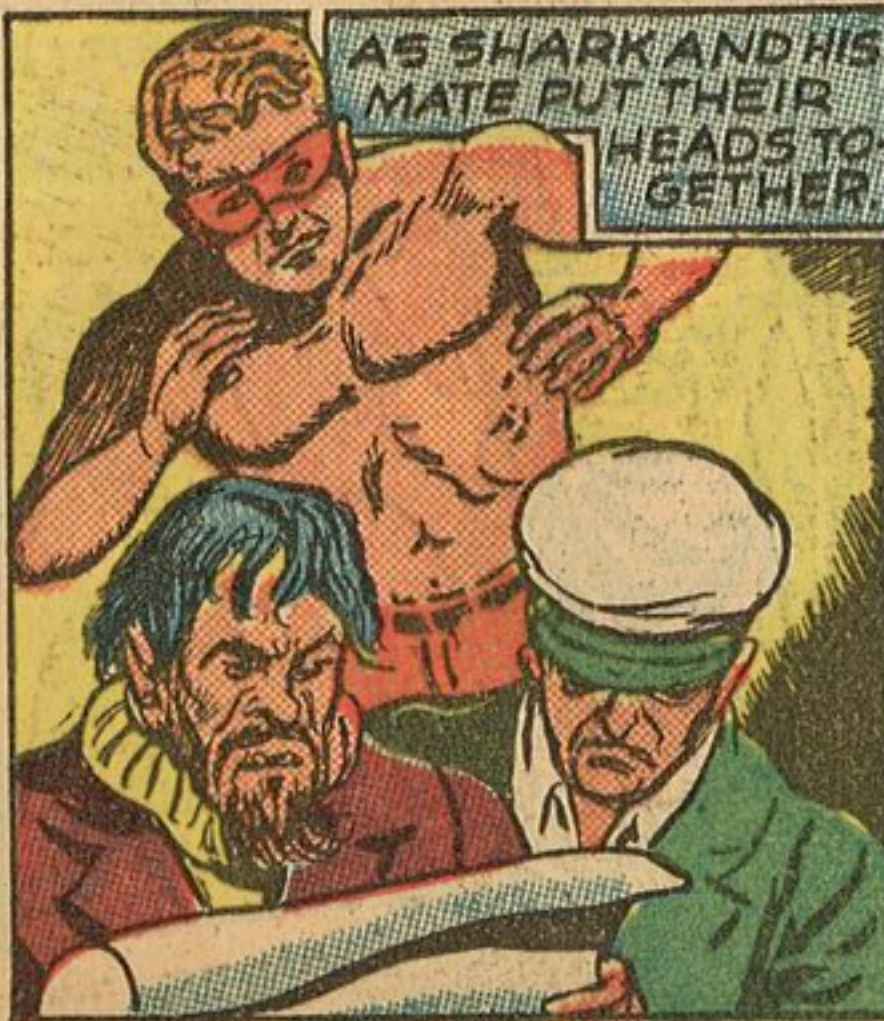


WHEW! AWFUL CIGARS YOU SMOKE, SHARK!

QUIET! I'M BUSY.



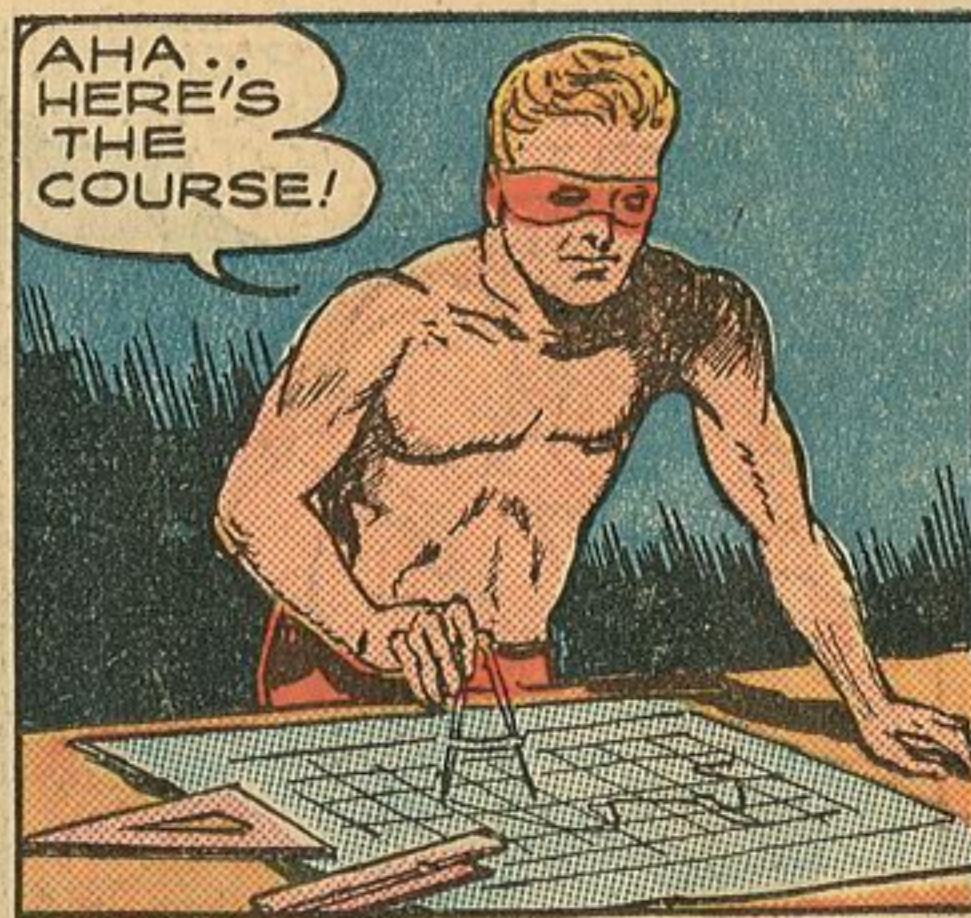
AS SHARK AND HIS MATE PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER







IF ONLY I CAN GET THROUGH THESE MINES AND FIND THAT SUBMARINE BASE, I CAN SMASH THIS SCHEME IN THE BUD!



AHA.. HERE'S THE COURSE!

MEANWHILE, ON A CRUISING BRITISH DESTROYER NEARBY...



I SAY! THAT'S A QUEER CRAFT! I TOOK IT FOR A WHALE!

LET'S LOOK IT OVER!

THE LOOKOUT ON THE WHALE HAS SEEN THE DESTROYER..



CAPTAIN SHARK, A BRITISH DESTROYER IS ON OUR PORT BOW!

FULL SPEED AHEAD!



A DESTROYER! JUST THE THING TO BOMB THAT BASE.. I'LL GUIDE HER THROUGH THE MINE FIELDS IN SAFETY!



THAT'S A WILD COURSE HE'S TAKING! BUT WE'LL FOLLOW!



WE'RE PAST THE MINE ZONE! NOW I'LL LET THAT DESTROYER OVERTAKE US!

HALF SPEED! MAKE READY TO HEAVE TO!



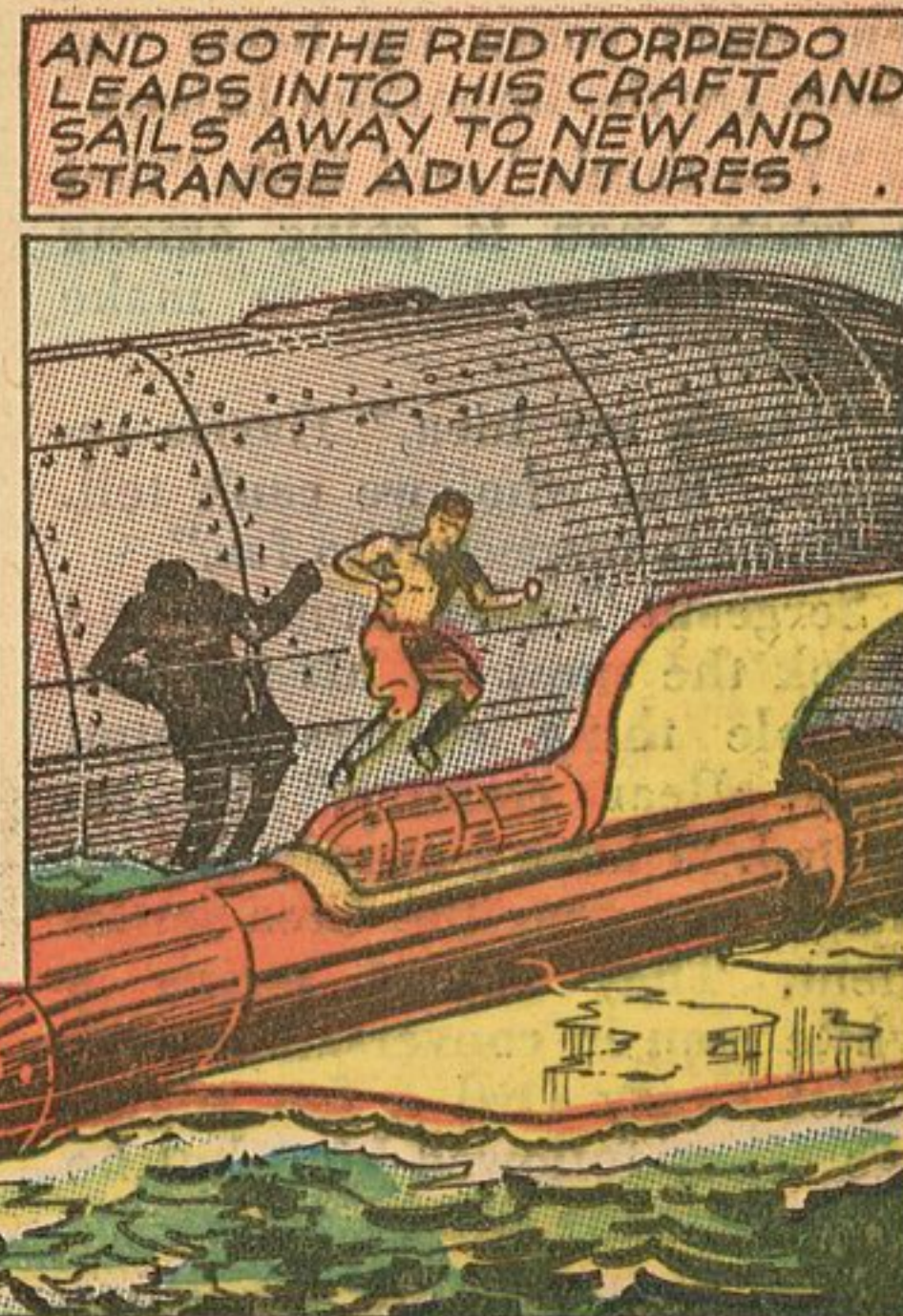
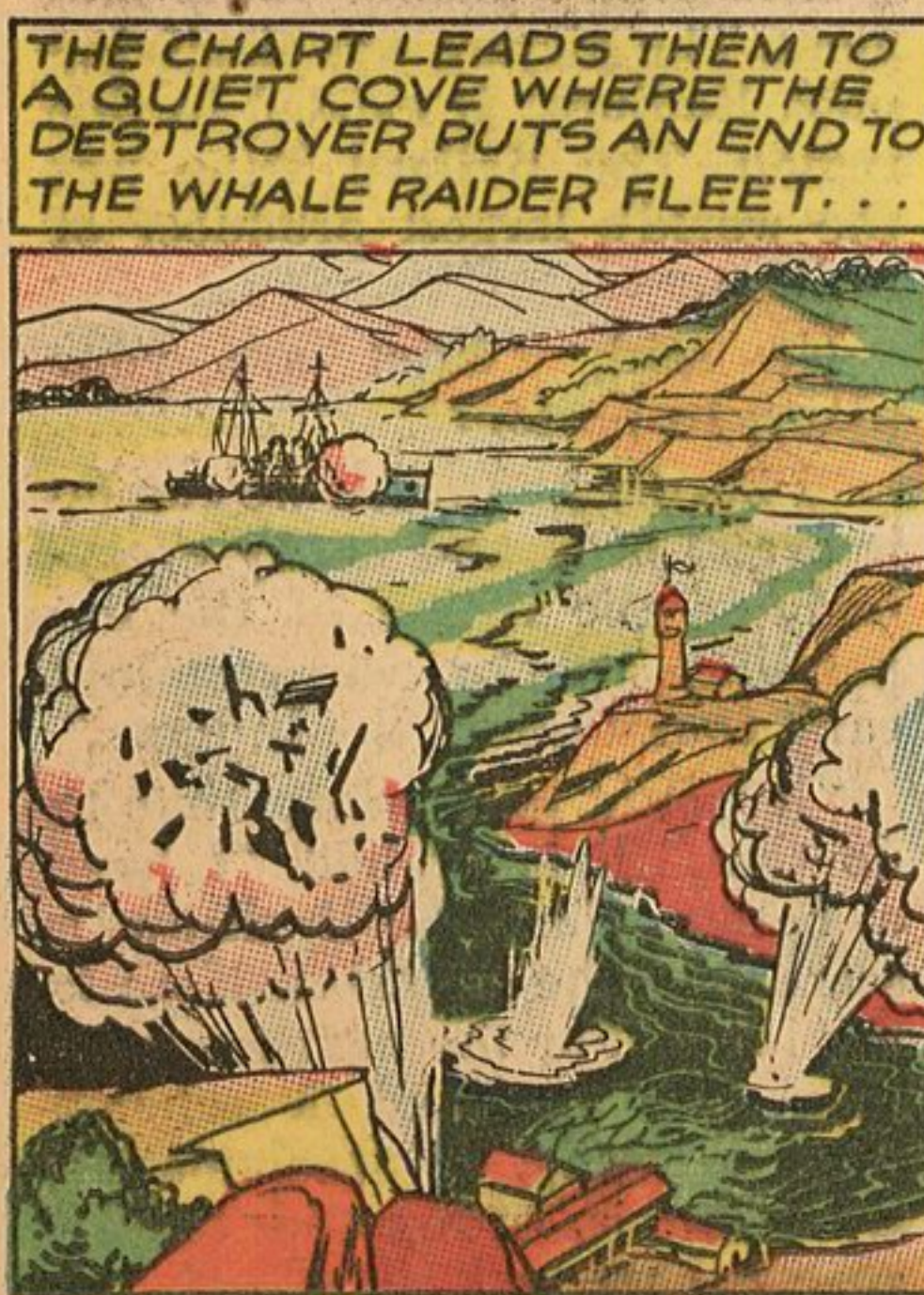
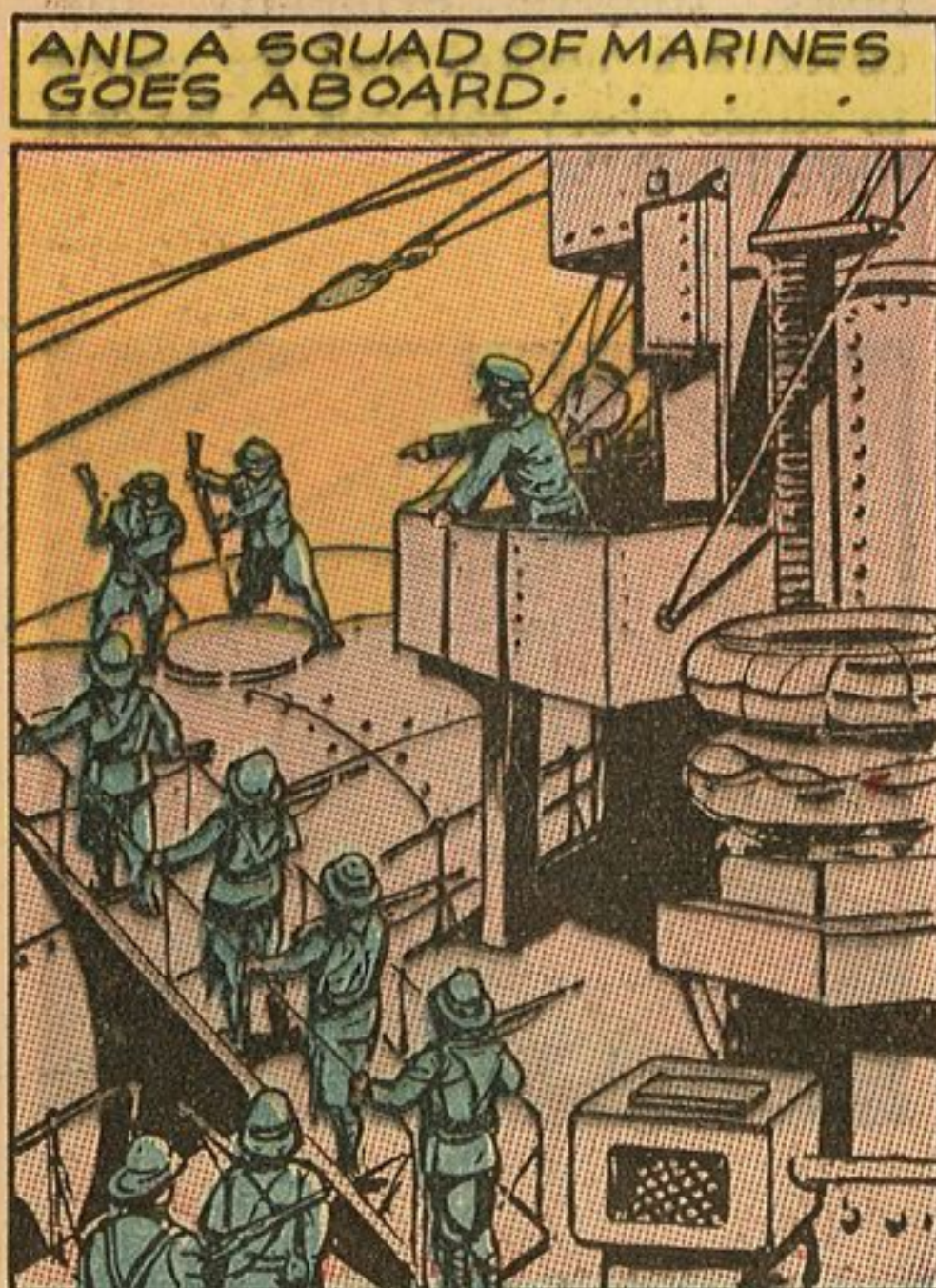
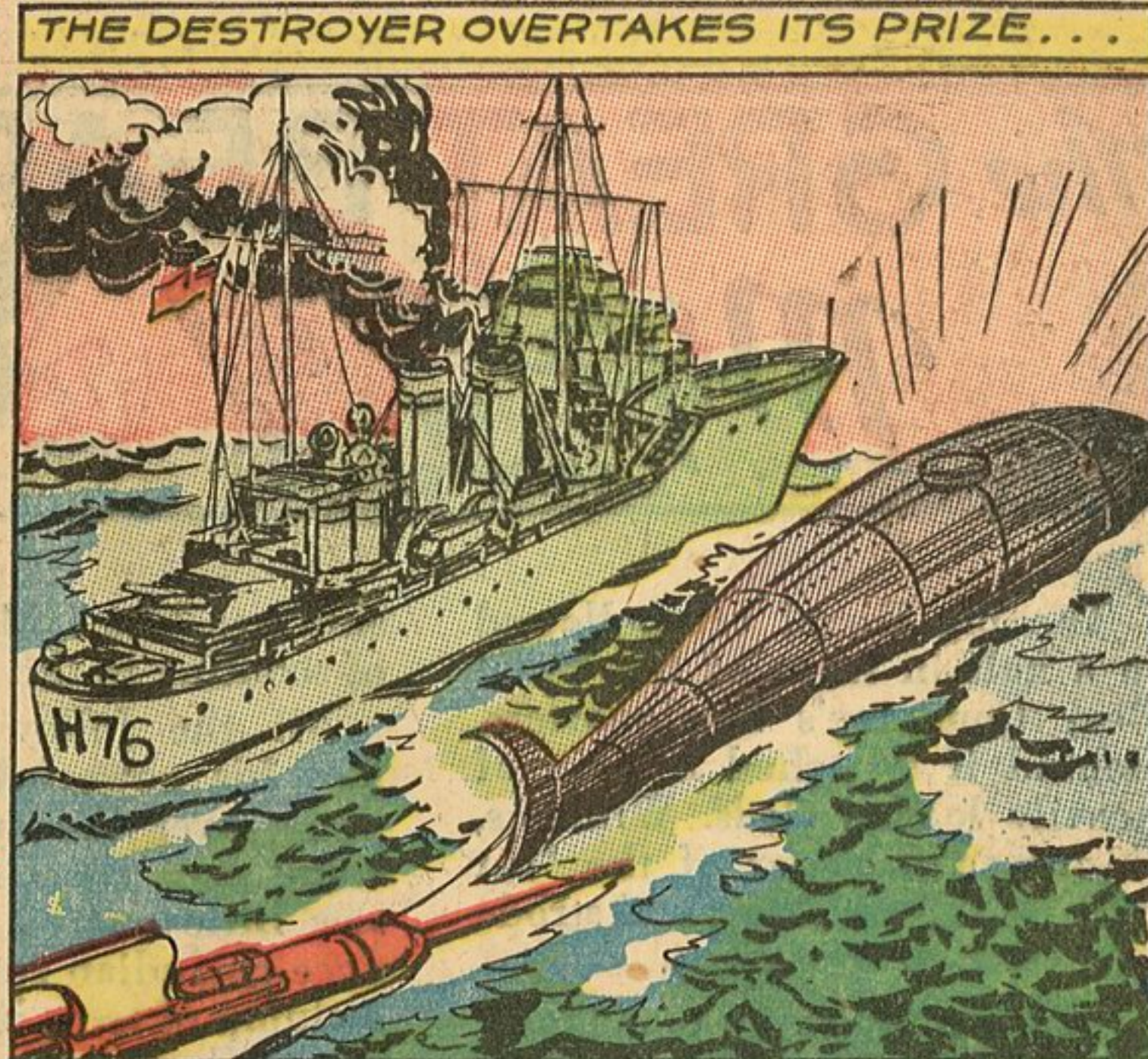
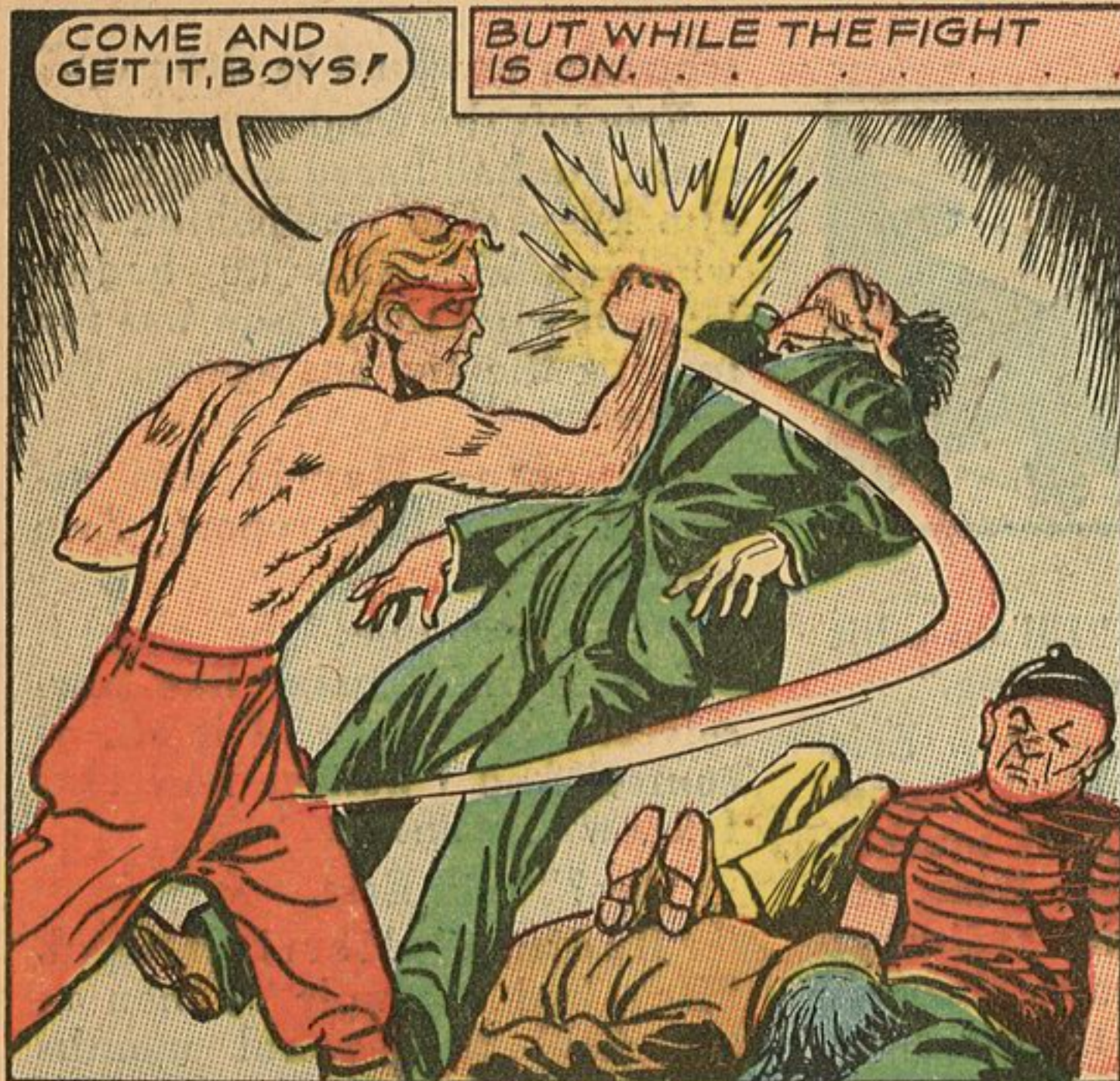
THE TORPEDO'S ORDER AROUSES THE BOSS'S SUSPICIONS.

SOMETHING'S WRONG! GET THE CREW TOGETHER!



IT'S THE RED TORPEDO!








# The GREAT BEAR Mystery

BY  
LARRY SPAIN



The big Diesel cat bellowed to a halt in front of the Great Bear Company's headquarters. Behind it stretched a train of heavily loaded sleds. Williams, skinner and owner of the "cat train," climbed down and strode into the company office.

"All out there in one load," he told Corcoran, the president of the huge mining concern. Then he said, "Say, I wonder what's brewin' among the Indians. Saw a heap of 'em all along the way, dartin' among the trees, lookin' as if they was out searchin' fer scalps."

Corcoran chuckled. "Don't tell me the redskins are on the war-path, Williams."

"Dunno. Somethin' stirrin' among 'em, that's certain."

Eric Vale was sitting in the office of Inspector Harris at Three Rivers. Harris had been telling young Vale about the Indians.

"Mostly Crees, you say?" Eric asked.

Harris nodded. "The rest of 'em don't count up here; the Crees are the important Injuns."

"You think," said Eric, "that a white man is going among them inciting them to make trouble?"

"That's my idea," Harris replied. "But who, we can't tell. Nobody is suspected so far."

Sergeant Taplan came in and shook the snow off his fur hat. "Whole thing centers around Great Bear country," he reported. "I have a couple of men staked out near the Cree settlement. They report seeing a white man in conversation with Chief Crazy Owl a few nights ago. They followed him, but he gave them the slip in a canoe."

Eric got up. "Me for some

shut eye," he said. "I'll do a bit of scouting in the morning."

All the following day Eric flew his powerful black monoplane over the rugged muskeg country of the Great Bear. He saw little out of the ordinary; once an Indian running through a clump of trees in the direction of the Cree settlement.

That night Eric set out on a tour of inspection, this time on snowshoes. Two hours' hard going brought him to the edge of the Cree settlement. The night was dark. A red glow plumed over the trees surrounding the grouped tents of the Indians. He crept silently through the thick undergrowth until he had reached a position a few yards from the center of the encampment. Sitting about the fire were a hundred or more natives, all with their faces painted black. War paint! Eric saw old Crazy Owl put aside his stone-bowled pipe and speak to a bearded man dressed in a white fur parka. He was a white.

It was too far away for their words to reach Eric, but they evidently had reached an agreement, because they shook hands. Then the white man strode away. Eric trailed him at a distance, and at length the man halted beside a large building and entered a door.

Soon a light came on inside and Eric crouched under a window. The bearded man was talking to someone:

"It'll be a cinch," he was saying. "Crazy Owl only wants five grand. He and his men are all set to attack tomorrow midnight."

The other man chuckled. "Ain't that somethin', Indian uprising this day an' age! . . . Well, if it comes off accordin' to

schedule, we stand to clean up."

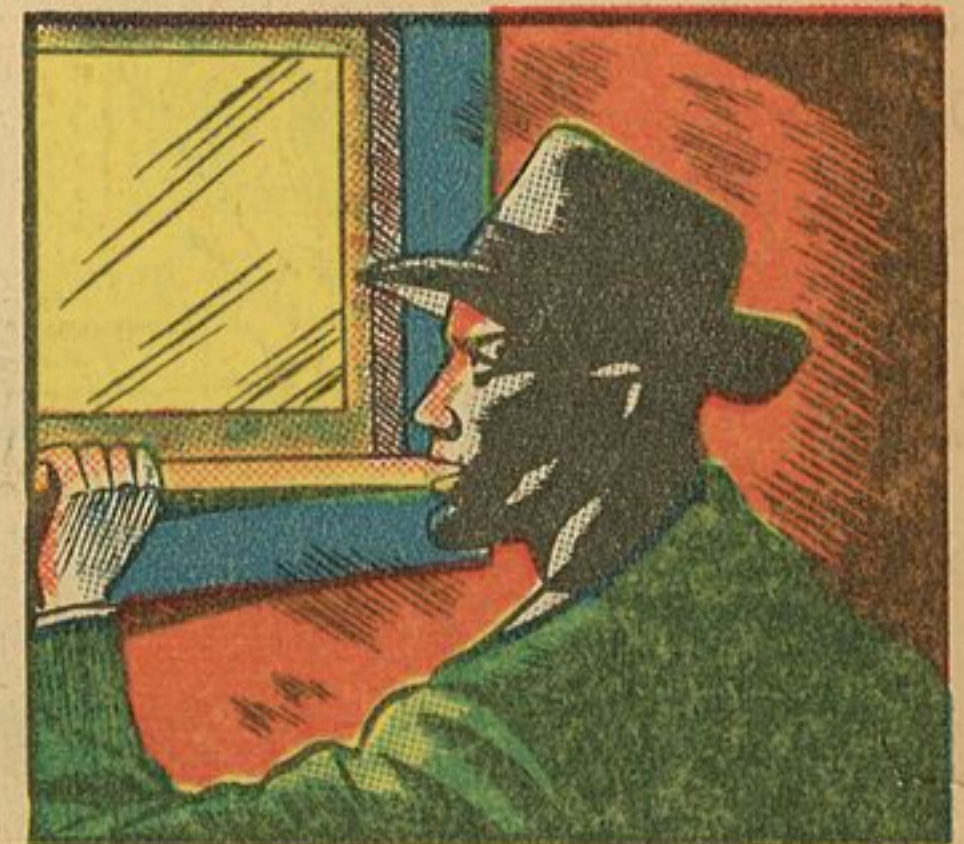
Eric left the window and sped away. He had heard enough. He also knew who was behind the whole affair. But he hadn't learned what the reason was for inciting the Indians against the whites.

Inspector Harris was astounded at the report Eric brought him.

"It's incredible!" he gasped. "He's a white man, like ourselves! Greed back of it all, of course. And I believe now that I know the answer."

"Yes?" said Eric.

"Radium," Harris stated. "He's had a couple of men in the field for several months now; they've evidently discovered a pocket and he wants to chase every one out so he can have it all."



Eric didn't answer for a moment. The picture was clarifying now. Radium! It existed in this region. The Ballard Mine was the world's largest producer of radium.

He said, "What are your plans, Inspector?"

"I hardly know. All we can do is arrest him, and notify everybody in the region of the impending attack; we certainly can't round up all the Indians."

"It would take a long time to do that," Eric replied. "I have a better plan. We'll throw a scare into the redskins. Here is the idea." For the next ten minutes Eric outlined a scheme that brought an exclamation from Harris. In the end, the inspector gave in.



"It's your party, son," he said. "It may be a mad stunt, but there doesn't seem to be anything better at the moment. Go ahead!"

At dusk that night, Eric climbed into his black plane and kicked the starter. Sergeant Taplan occupied the co-pilot's seat. There was a strange cargo at their feet. They flew north, over the Indian settlement. Eric gained altitude as they neared the encampment, so that the sound of the motor would not reach the Indians.

At ten thousand, Eric said, "Okay, Sarge!"

Taplan picked up a bomb-like object, ignited the fuse and tossed the thing out. (At about three thousand feet from the ground, the bomb burst with a thunderous detonation and a vast flare of white light.) Then in the center of the light a strange thing appeared. Floating slowly downward was a huge blue Indian outlined in vivid red and green flame. His eyes shot streaks of fire and his livid mouth erupted a blood-red steam.

"Good gosh!" cried Taplan. "What a horrible creature. Where did you ever get such a thing?"

"A little fireworks company in Jersey made it up for me. Lucky I had a few trinkets with me . . . give 'em a handful of the others."

Sergt. Taplan hurled several other Fourth of July novelties out into the darkness. Eric banked the plane and they came back over their course. The huge Indian still floated below them. And now a dozen other fiery demons were bearing the Indian company.

"If that doesn't change their plans, then I'm no judge of Indians," chuckled Taplan. "Well, now what?"

"We'll head back. I have a little prospecting to do before the night is over," Eric said. "See those little cylinders with the yellow streamers attached?" He pointed to a pile of small round objects lying on the floor of the cabin.

Taplan nodded. "What are they?"

"Aerial prospectors," Eric said. "When I say the word, just toss one out. There are about fifty of them. We'll come around in the morning and collect them, on foot. Those streamers will mark the locations."

Taplan did as he was told, over a course of about twenty square miles.

The next morning, Sergt. Taplan arrested Corcoran for the offense of inciting savages to warfare. It was a serious offense, and Corcoran would get a long stretch for it. He had been the bearded man Eric saw talking



to Chief Crazy Owl. Corcoran readily admitted the thing he and another official of his company had planned to do. He admitted also that the reason was—radium. By getting everyone out of the neighborhood, he would reap all the rewards.

"Well," said Inspector Harris, when Corcoran and Tweed, his companion, were safely behind bars, "the Indians are scared half to death, and those who have returned from their fright of seeing the fiery Indian in the skies, have promised to be good boys. I guess that about settles the Great Bear mystery, eh?"

Eric Vale had been out of the Inspector's office when this was said. He stepped into the room just as Harris finished speaking.

"Not quite settled, Inspector,"

he said. "The sergeant here probably told you about our private little prospecting trip after the fireworks."

Harris nodded. "How did it work out?"

"Well," grinned Eric, "I developed all fifty of those rolls of film we scattered around. In fact, I developed fifty-one rolls . . ."

"I don't get the idea," interjected Harris. "Rolls of film—"

"It's like this, Inspector," said Eric. "When a roll of film is left on a radium deposit, the active rays penetrate right through its paper covering and when developed, the film will be clouded over as if it had been opened and exposed to daylight. Well, of the fifty rolls we tossed out of the plane, only one is slightly clouded. It came from a pass at the north of the Cree settlement."

"Eagle Beak," Taplan filled in. "That's where Corcoran's men discovered a deposit."

"It's only a small one," said Eric. He paused, then laughed. "Now, here's the strange climax, gentlemen: I developed another roll of film. It indicates a vastly rich deposit of radium. Strangely enough, it was not one of the rolls we scattered from the plane."

Harris looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Well," said Eric, "this roll happened to be lying in my room, which adjoins the one occupied by Sergt. Taplan here in this building. It was lying on the floor. I found it as I went into the dark room. It shows a huge deposit of radium right under this building!"

"Hurrah!" cried Harris. "Let's start digging!"

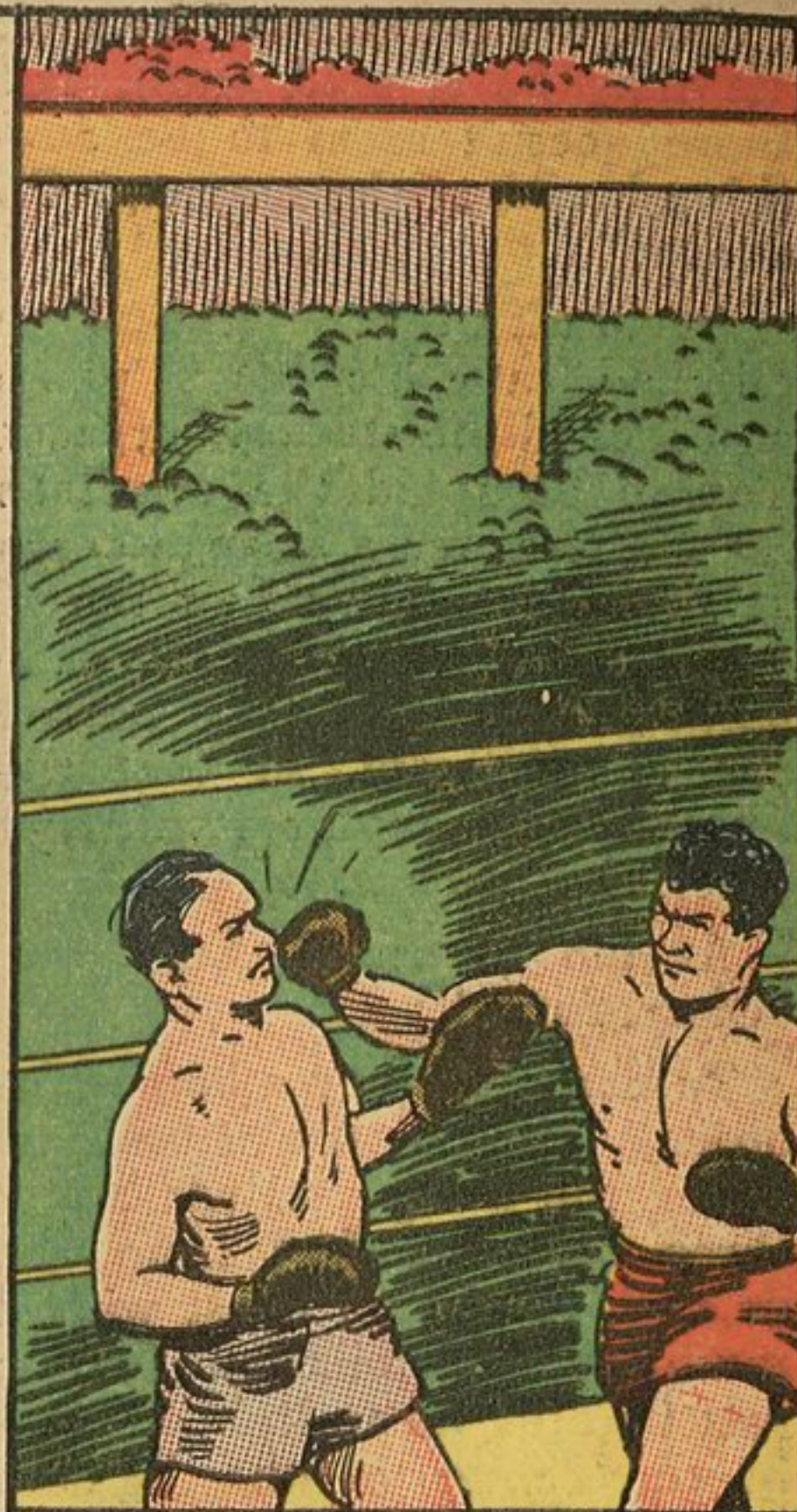
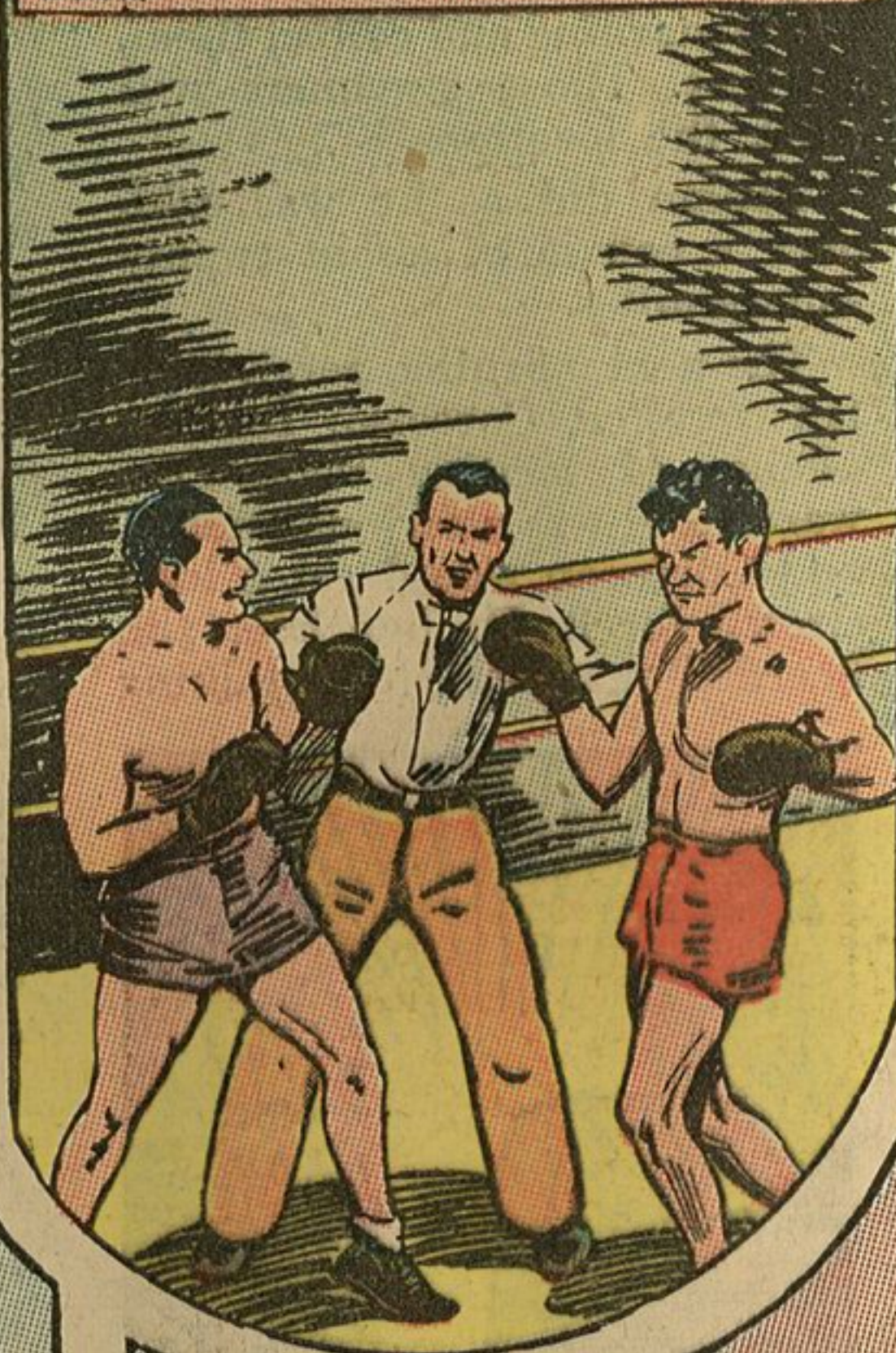
ANOTHER ERIC VALE THRILLER  
*Rainmaker*  
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF  
*Crack Comics*  
ON SALE JUNE 13<sup>TH</sup>



# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About that Two-Punch Championship Fight

The bell. Round one. They advance, Al Singer, the champ, and Tony Canzoneri, the challenger. They spar. They clinch. They break and are stepping back.



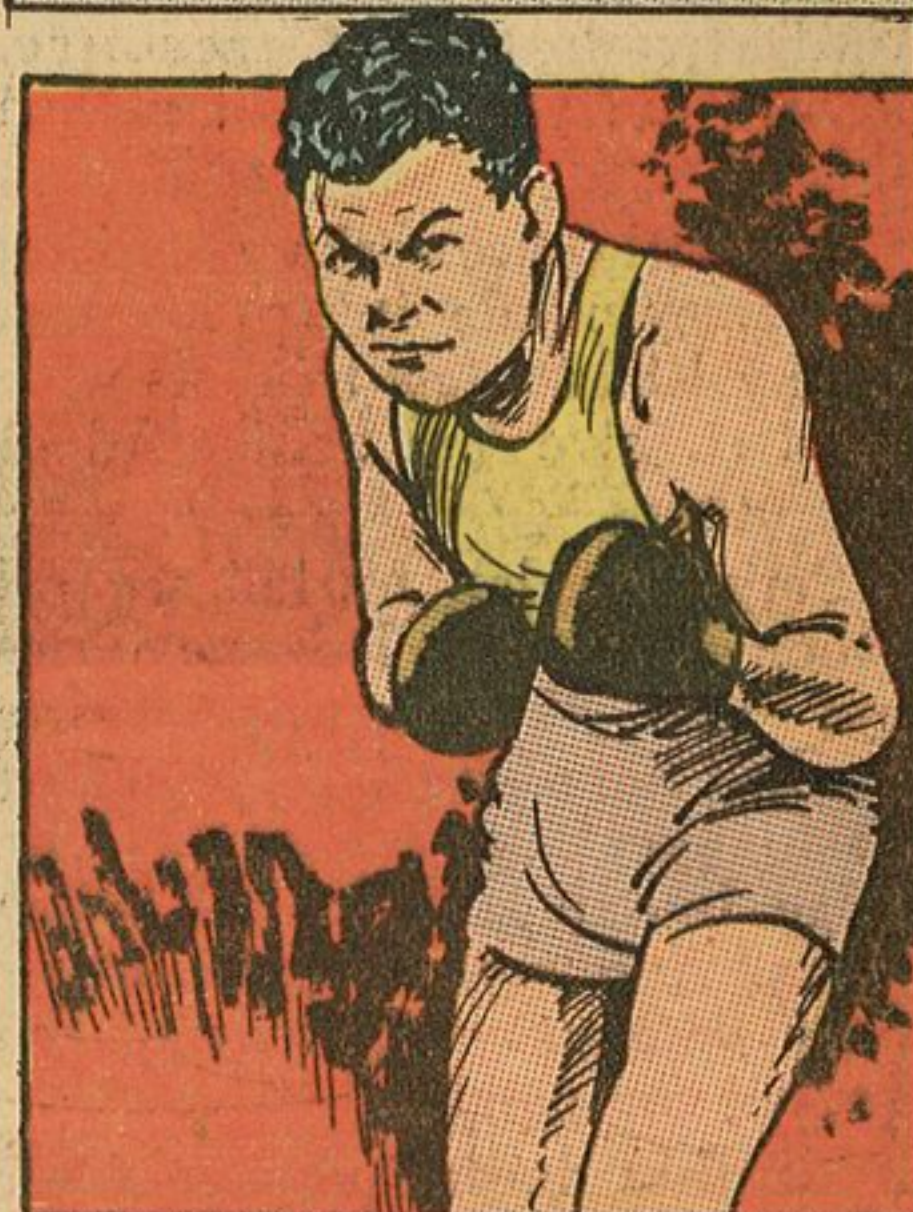
Canzoneri's left whistles through the air, quicker than the eye can follow. Smash! It lands on Singer's jaw. The champ is stunned. Smash! It is Canzoneri's right to the dazed champion's chin.



The champ, a 2½ to 1 favorite to win, crashes to the floor on his face. The referee tolls off the seconds. The champ gets to one knee at "seven." Apparently he is recovering.



But the champion is through — at 21. He slips to the floor, rolls over on his back. The battle is 1 minute and 6 seconds old. The new lightweight king hurries from a neutral corner.



L-a-d-i-e-s a-n-d g-e-n-t-l-e-m-e-n, the winner and new champion, Tony Canzoneri! The world title and the thousands which go with it came easy that night of Nov. 14, 1930, at Madison Square Garden to the rugged little Italian.



# The SPACE LEGION

by VERN

AT EXACTLY NOON ON A BRIGHT SUMMER DAY IN THE YEAR 2441, A STRANGE CLOUD BLOTS OUT THE SUN... ENVELOPING THE EARTH IN DARKNESS!



EVERYWHERE VISAGRAPH'S SHRIEK A GRIM WARNING...

THE CLOUD WHICH BLOTTED OUT THE SUN AT NOON IS POISON GAS! IT WILL REACH EARTH IN TWO DAYS! SCIENTISTS FEAR WE ARE DOOMED

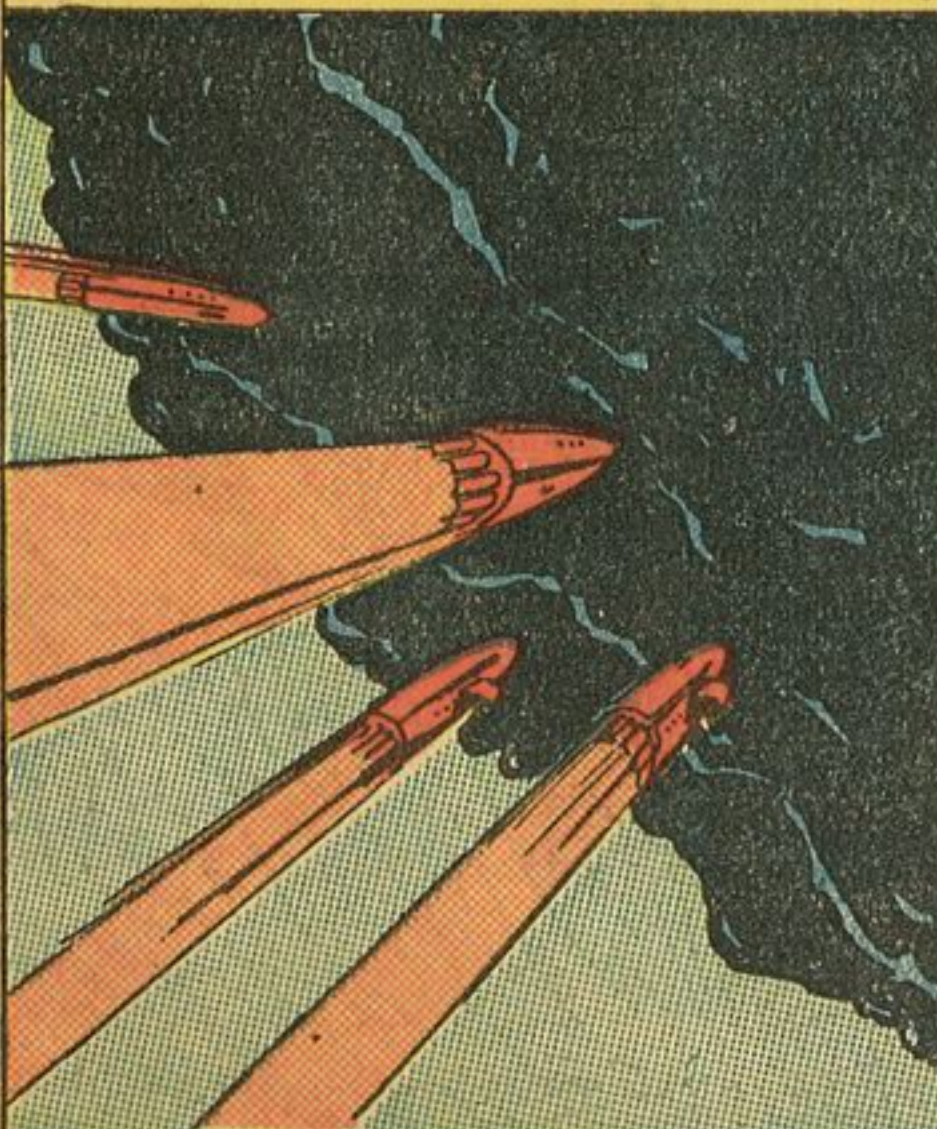


BUT NOT ALL THE SCIENTISTS HAVE GIVEN UP HOPE. PROFESSOR WADSWORTH CARRIES ON A NEVER-CEASING FIGHT TO COMBAT THE MENACE... WITH HIM IS ROCK BRADDON.

I MUST LEARN THE SOURCE OF THAT CLOUD, ROCK!



MEANWHILE, FAR OUT IN SPACE THE DARING LEGION SHIPS PLUNGE INTO THE CLOUD...



... AN INSTANT LATER A SERIES OF TERRIFIC BLASTS LIGHT UP THE HEAVENS.



SIX LEGION SHIPS ARE ON THE WAY TO INVESTIGATE IT! THEY SHOULD BE THERE NOW- WE CAN WATCH



LOOK!



WADSWORTH'S DAUGHTER, ELAINE, AND CAPTAIN SONTAK, AN ADMIRER, ENTER.

DAD! ROCK! WHAT WERE THOSE EXPLOSIONS ??

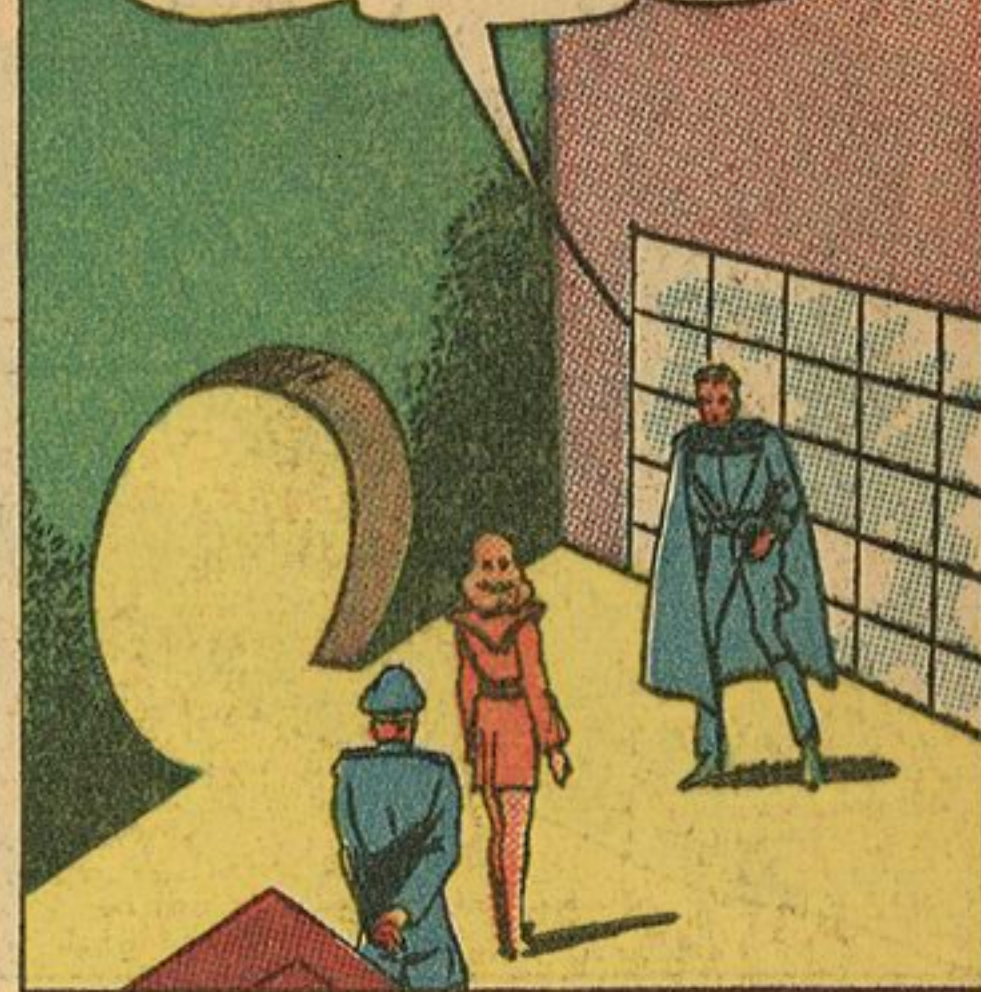
THOSE WERE OUR LEGION SHIPS... THE BLACK CLOUD MUST BE CHARGED WITH ELECTRONIC RAYS!!



MY ROCKET HAS SPECIAL EQUIPMENT WHICH WILL ENABLE US TO PIERCE THAT FIELD! ELAINE CAN GO TO HELP WITH THE INSTRUMENTS!



FINE! THEN THERE MAY BE A CHANCE TO SAVE THE EARTH!



STILL SHOWING OFF, EH, BRADDON? WHY DON'T YOU GIVE SOMEONE ELSE THE CHANCE TO PLAY HERO?



OKAY, SONTAK! COME ALONG AND PROVE WHAT KIND OF A HERO YOU ARE!



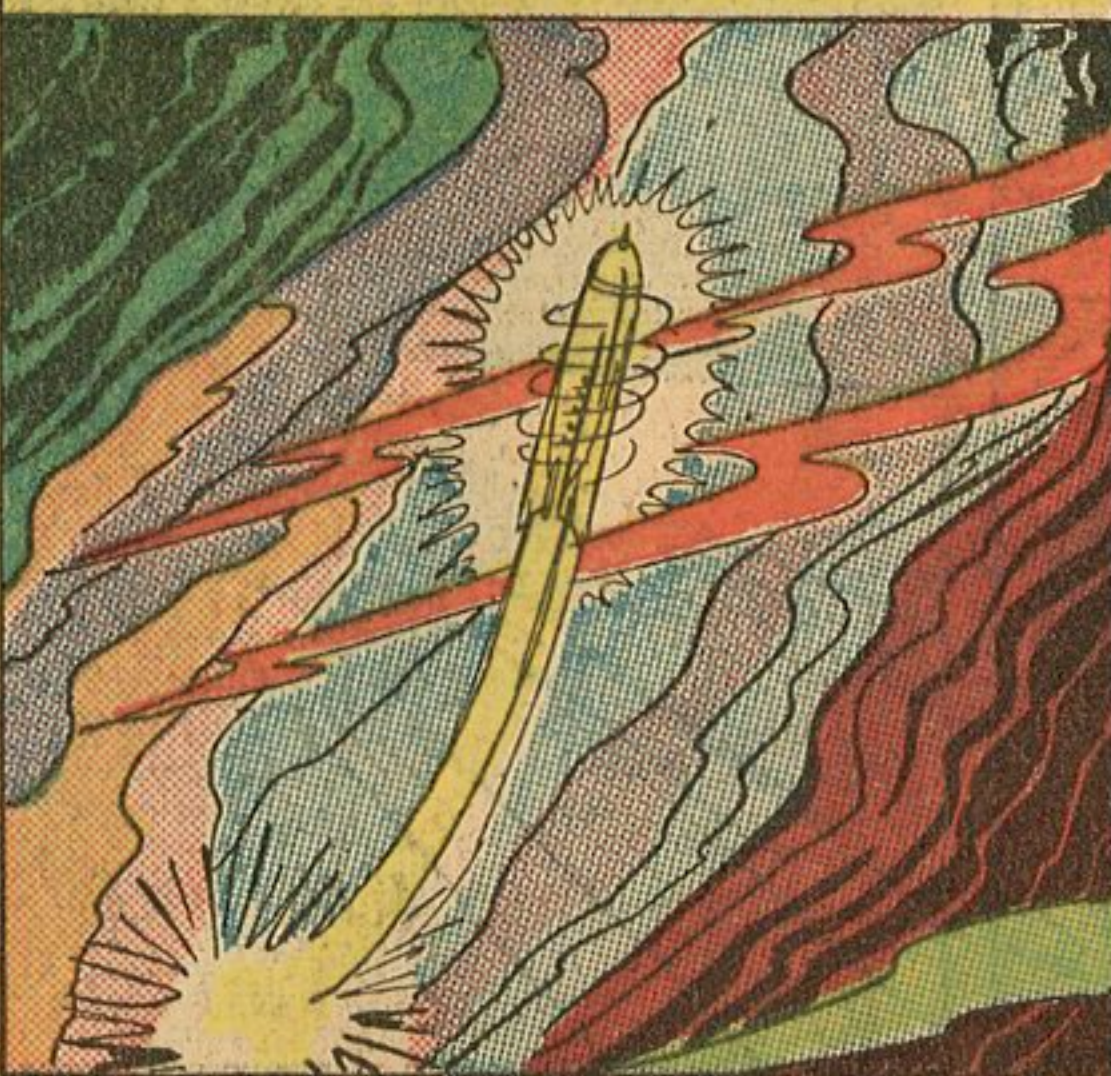
THE FOUR BOLD ADVENTURERS BLAST OFF... THE FATE OF THE EARTH MAY REST IN THEIR HANDS....



WE'RE IN THE CLOUD, ELAINE, SWITCH ON THE ANTI-RAY SCREEN GENERATOR!



OPPOSITE ELECTRONIC FORCES LOCK IN BATTLE.. TOSSING THE SPACE SHIP LIKE A LEAF IN A HURRICANE!



POWER!... MORE POWER! CUT IN THE RESERVE GENERATOR!

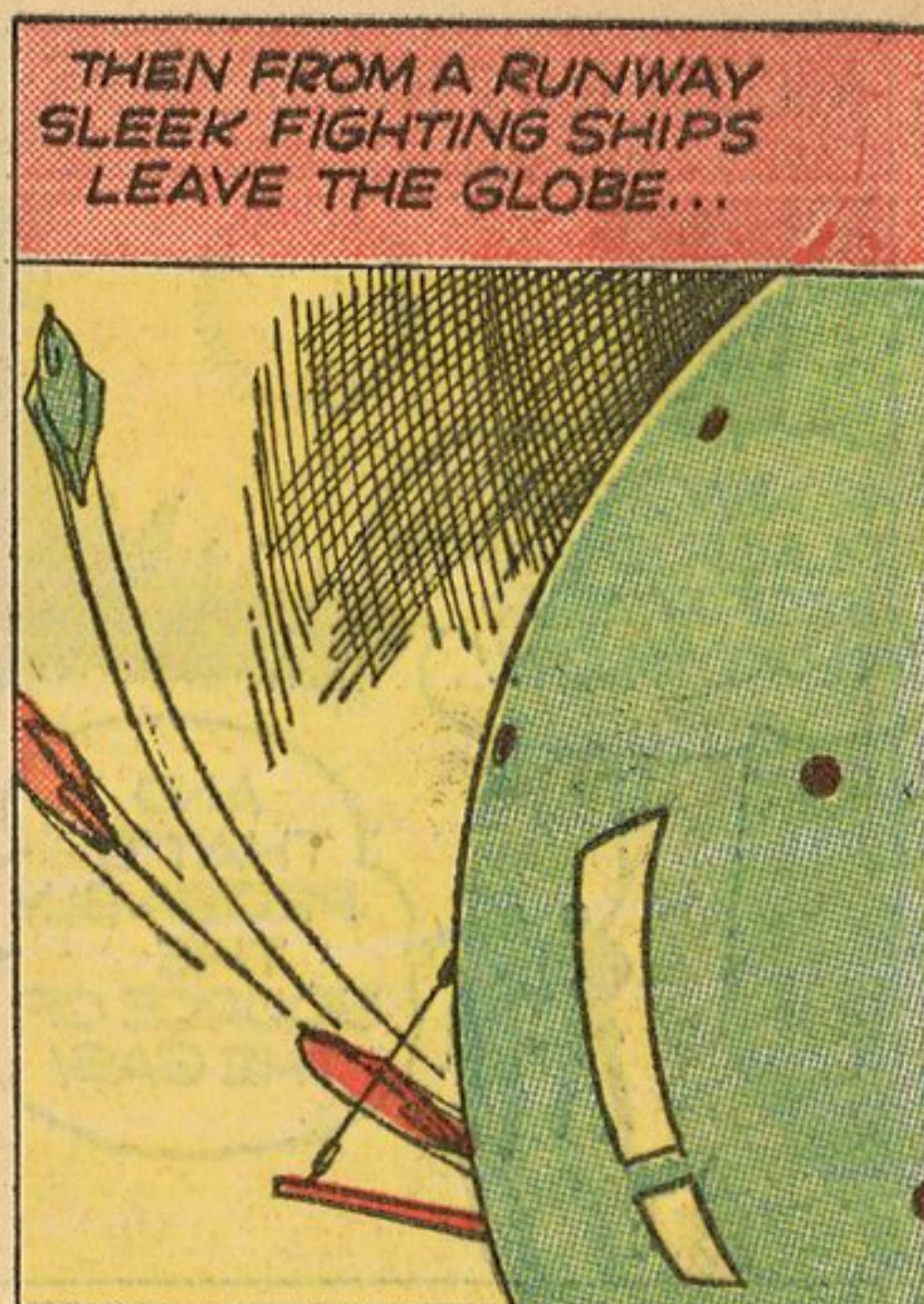






LOOK! THAT GLOBE  
EMITS THE GAS  
CLOUD, WE MUST  
DESTROY IT!

WITH A FINAL MIGHTY BURST  
ROCK'S SHIP BREAKS  
THROUGH... TO BE CONFRONTED  
BY A GREAT METTALIC GLOBE.



THEN FROM A RUNWAY  
SLEEK FIGHTING SHIPS  
LEAVE THE GLOBE...



SONTAK BLASTS THEM  
WITH A SPACE-CANNON

WATCH  
MY  
SHOOTING,  
BRADDON!

DON'T BRAG!  
JUST  
KEEP  
SHOOT-  
ING!



SOON SPACE BECOMES A  
WILD INFERNO OF  
SHRIEKING DEATH...



NICE  
SHOOTING,  
SONTAK,  
WE'VE  
BEATEN  
HIM!

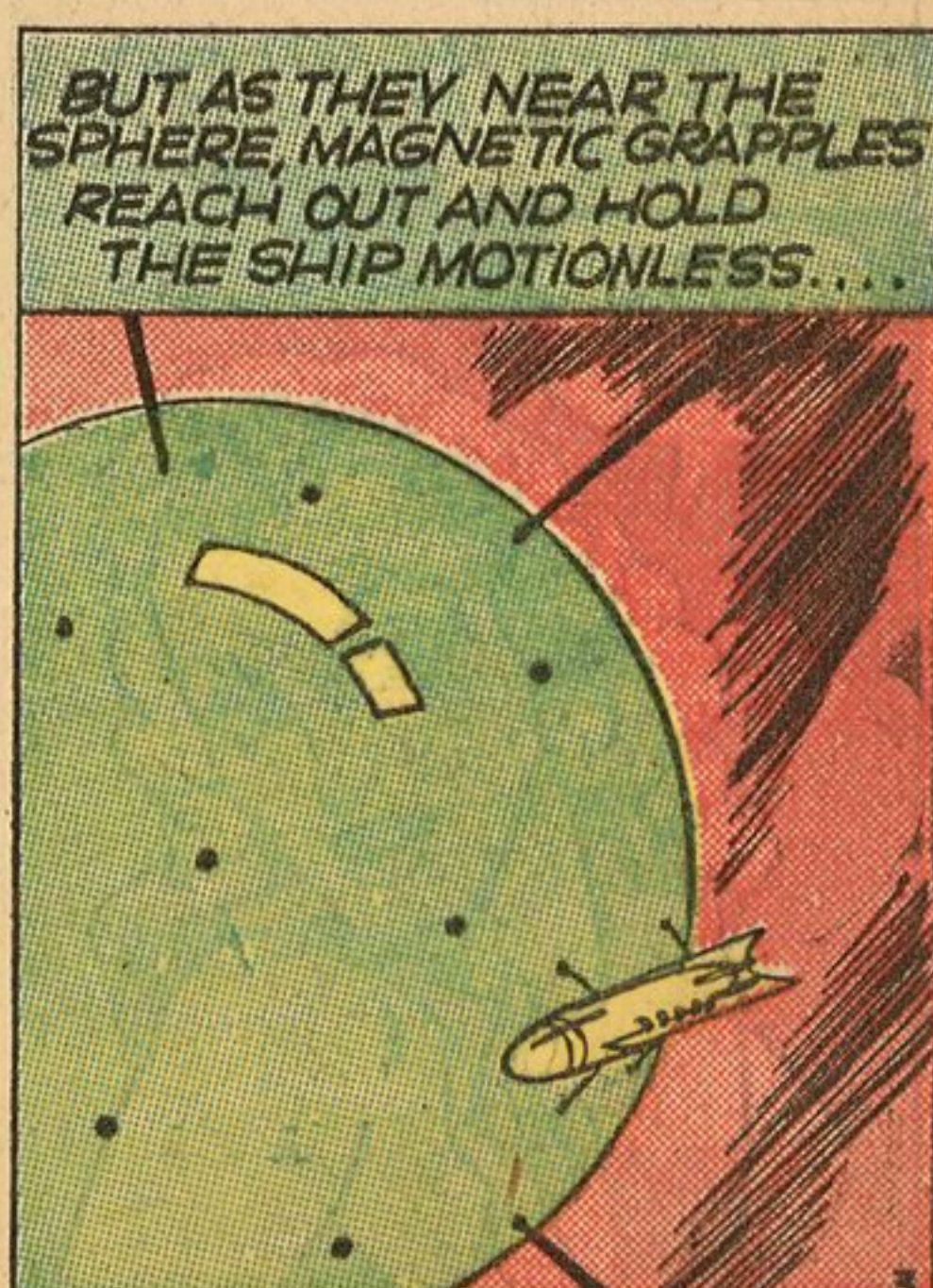
HEAR THAT,  
BRADDON??  
I'M HER  
HERO NOW!



LISTEN...WE AREN'T  
DONE YET...YOU MAY  
GET MORE CHANCE  
TO PROVE THAT!



ROCK! THAT GLOBE IS  
MOVING TOWARD EARTH!  
AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!  
WE MUST TRY TO  
DESTROY IT!



BUT AS THEY NEAR THE  
SPHERE, MAGNETIC GRAPPLES  
REACH OUT AND HOLD  
THE SHIP MOTIONLESS...



ROCK'S ELECTRONIC GUNS  
SOON BURN AN OPENING IN THE GLOBE



FUNNY... THE  
PLACE IS EMPTY  
EXCEPT FOR  
THAT GLOW!

AND  
THAT'S  
PROBABLY  
THE  
SOURCE OF  
THE GAS!

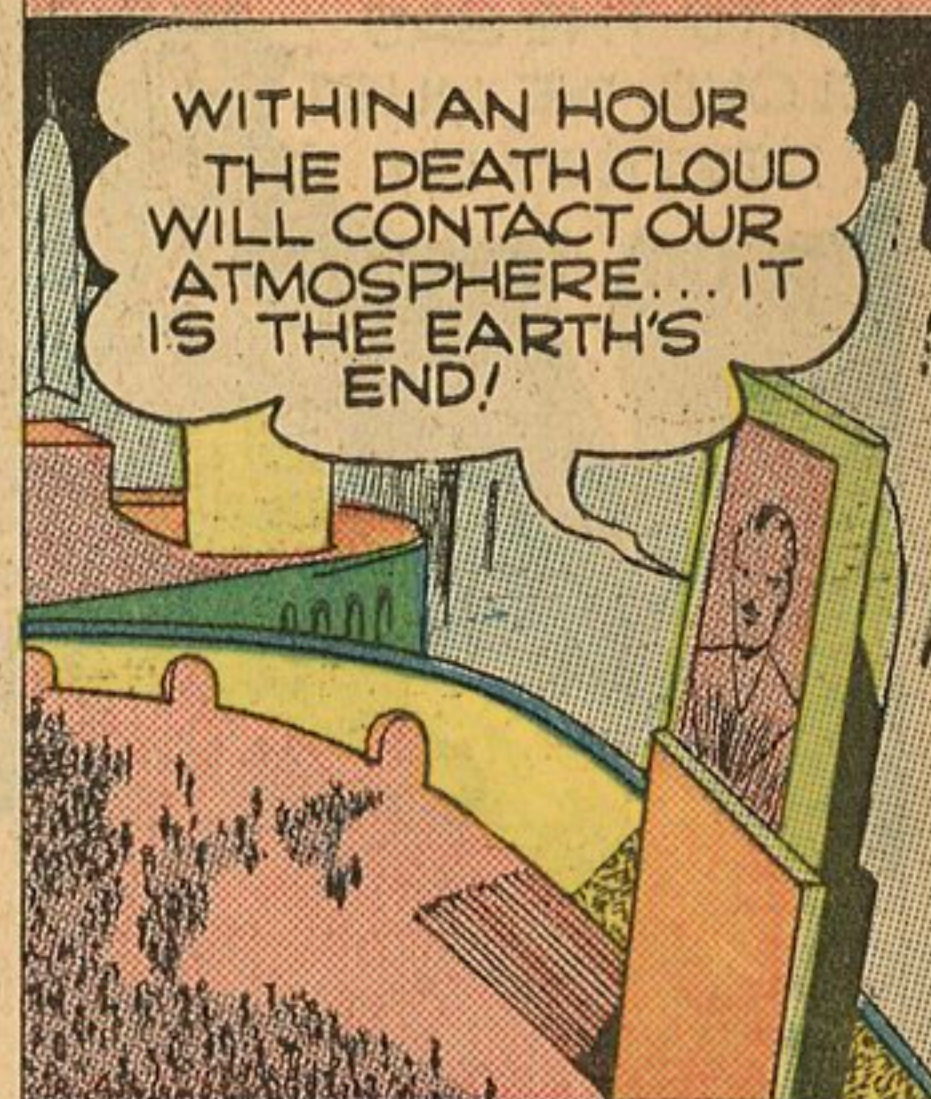
THEN, RAY GUNS CACKLE  
AT THE GROUP...



DROP BEHIND  
THOSE PILLARS!  
...IT'S A TRAP!

CRACK

WHILE A HORRIBLE NEWS  
FLASH REACHES THE  
EARTH'S TREMBLING MILLIONS...



WITHIN AN HOUR  
THE DEATH CLOUD  
WILL CONTACT OUR  
ATMOSPHERE... IT  
IS THE EARTH'S  
END!

... AND THE ONLY PERSONS  
WHO CAN SAVE THE EARTH  
ARE SEEMINGLY HELPLESS...



SONTAK!! YOU AND  
ME ARE GOING TO  
STOP THAT GAS  
MACHINE!

B. BUT...  
WE'LL BE  
KILLED!

OKAY,  
HERO, I'LL  
DO IT  
MYSELF!



WITH A RAY-GUN CRACKLING IN  
EACH HAND, ROCK WALKS INTO  
A SUDDEN FIRE.



... BEFORE THE OTHERS  
CAN STOP HER, ELAINE IS AT  
HIS SIDE



NO,  
ROCK!  
NO!!

BRADDON FIGHTS HIS WAY  
INTO THE GLOBE'S CENTER.



I'LL FIX  
THIS DEVILISH  
MACHINERY!

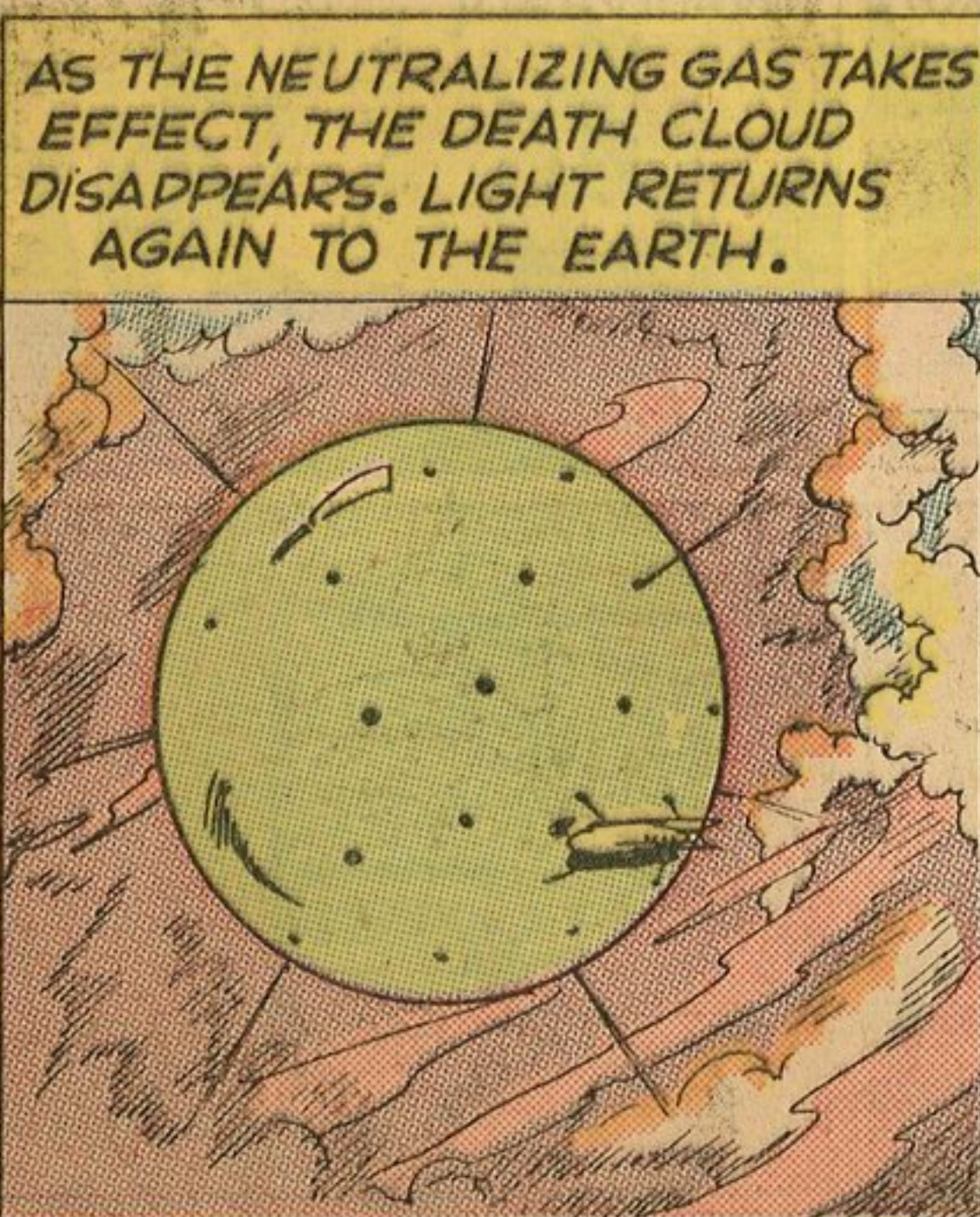
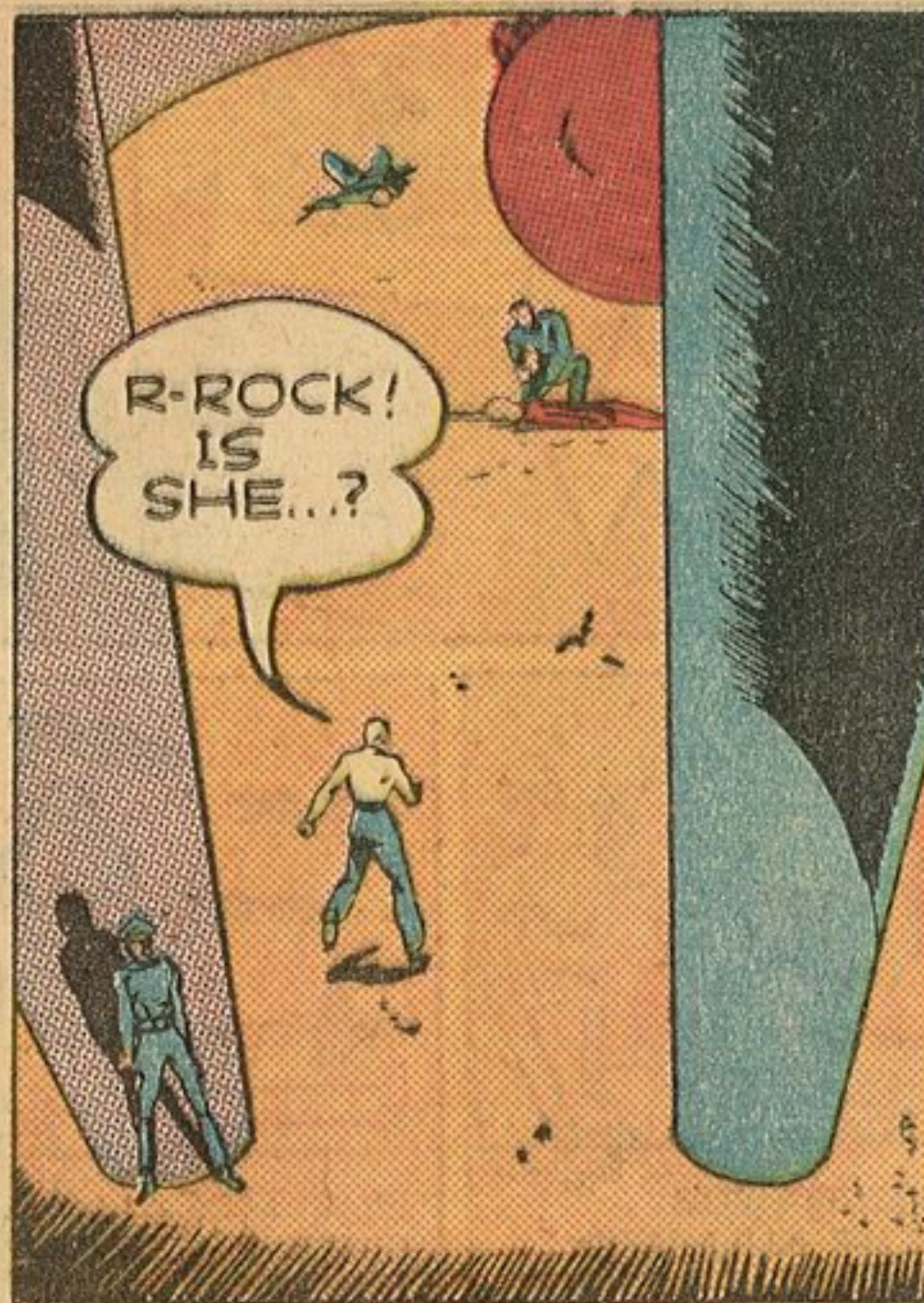
EARTHMAN!  
WAIT!!

WE LIVE ON A  
DYING PLANET, I, KURBAT  
MADE THIS GLOBE TO  
CONQUER THE EARTH SO  
OUR RACE COULD COME  
HERE AND START ANEW!!  
...AND NOW... YOU DIE!

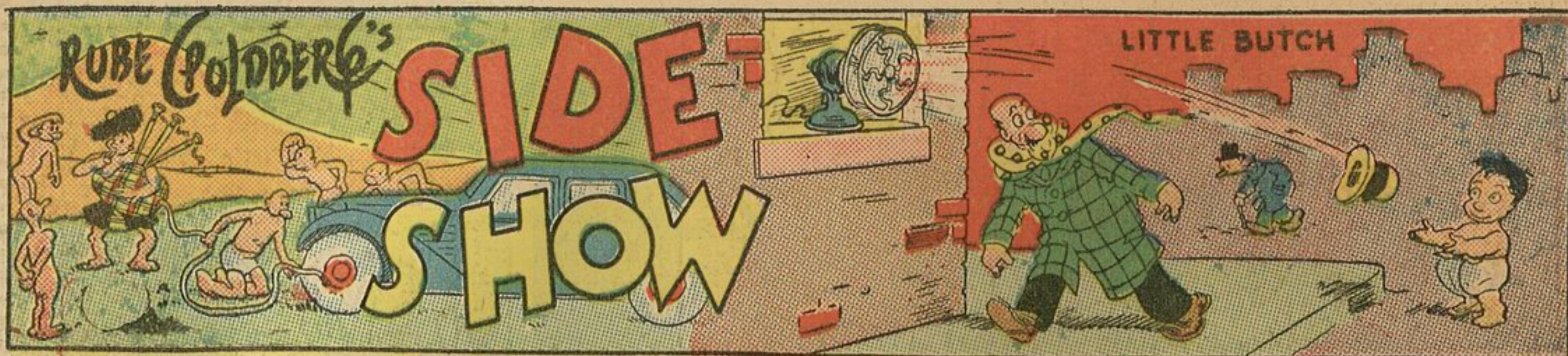




BUT AS THE TWO MEN  
LEVEL THEIR GUNS, ELAINE  
LEAPS BETWEEN THEM.







TWISTED TALES



A MOVIE DIRECTOR NAMED BORIS MCCANN WAS A SAVAGE AND POWERFUL SORT OF A MAN...



WHILE ANOTHER DIRECTOR NAMED HARRINGTON TRIPE, WAS THE VERY ARTISTIC AND SENSITIVE TYPE...



BUT MCCANN WHO SEEMED BARBAROUS, BRUTAL, AND BOLD, DIRECTED A STAR WHO WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD...



WHILE IF ONE OF TRIPE'S PICTURES YOU CHANCED TO ATTEND... YOU WOULD SEE EVERYBODY GET SHOT IN THE END!



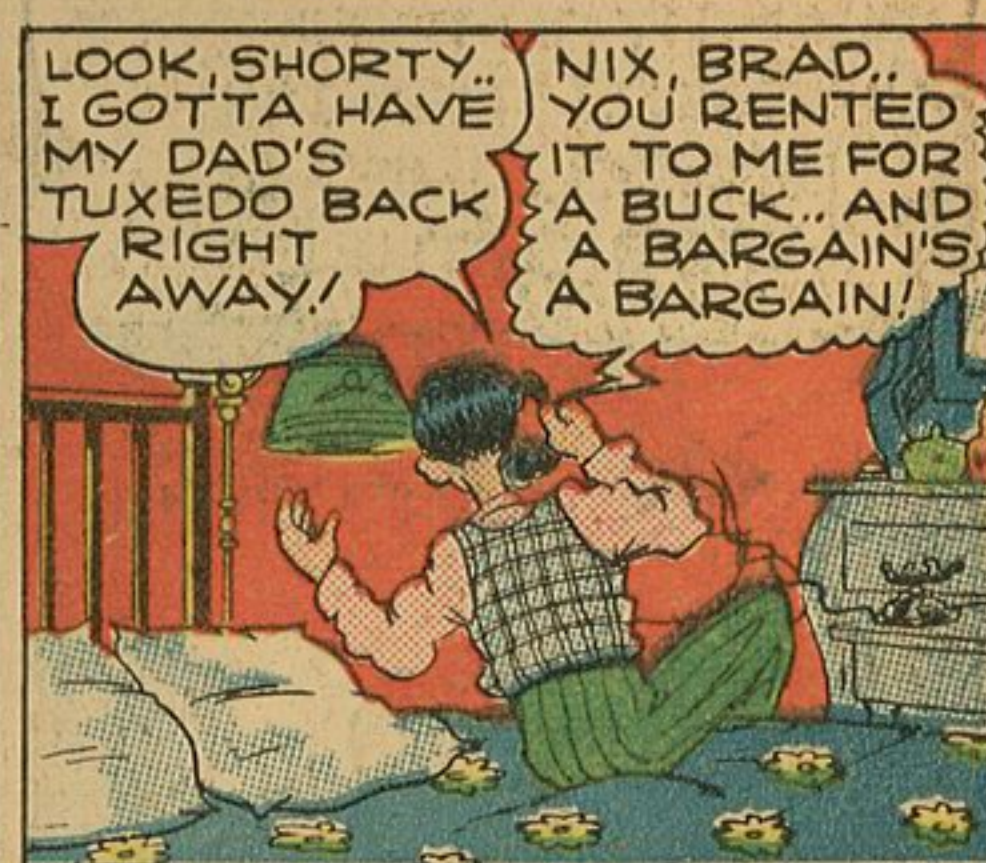
YOU GOT NERVE, BRADSHAW.. TAKING ALL MY BEST TIES AND HANDKERCHIEFS!

AW DAD, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MIND!



WELL, I'M GLAD MY TUXEDO IS TOO SMALL FOR YOU.. I'M GOING TO WEAR IT TONIGHT AT MY CLUB DINNER!

GULP!



LOOK, SHORTY.. I GOTTA HAVE MY DAD'S TUXEDO BACK RIGHT AWAY!

NIX, BRAD.. YOU RENTED IT TO ME FOR A BUCK.. AND A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN!



EVENING, BRADSHAW.. BUT, I'VE GOT TO PUT ON MY TUXEDO NOW.. I'M LATE..

BUT, DAD.. I WAS THINKING..



I..ER..THOUGHT MAYBE WE COULD SPEND THE EVENING TOGETHER!

WHY, BRADSHAW, THAT'S SWELL.. I GET BORED AT DINNERS ANYWAY!



HOW CAN SHORTY HIGGINS' FATHER AFFORD TO BUY HIM A TUXEDO?

MAYBE HE ONLY RENTED IT, DAD!



WEEKLY INVENTION

How to BREAK IN A NEW PAIR OF SHOES

WHEN NEW SHOES PINCH, YOU TAKE THEM OFF AND RUB YOUR FEET..

CAM STRIKING ARM OF A JACK LOWERS HAND, PUSHING PENGUIN INTO SHOES B

BALL DROPS, STARTING CLOCKWORKS

FISH REVOLVES ON ROD D

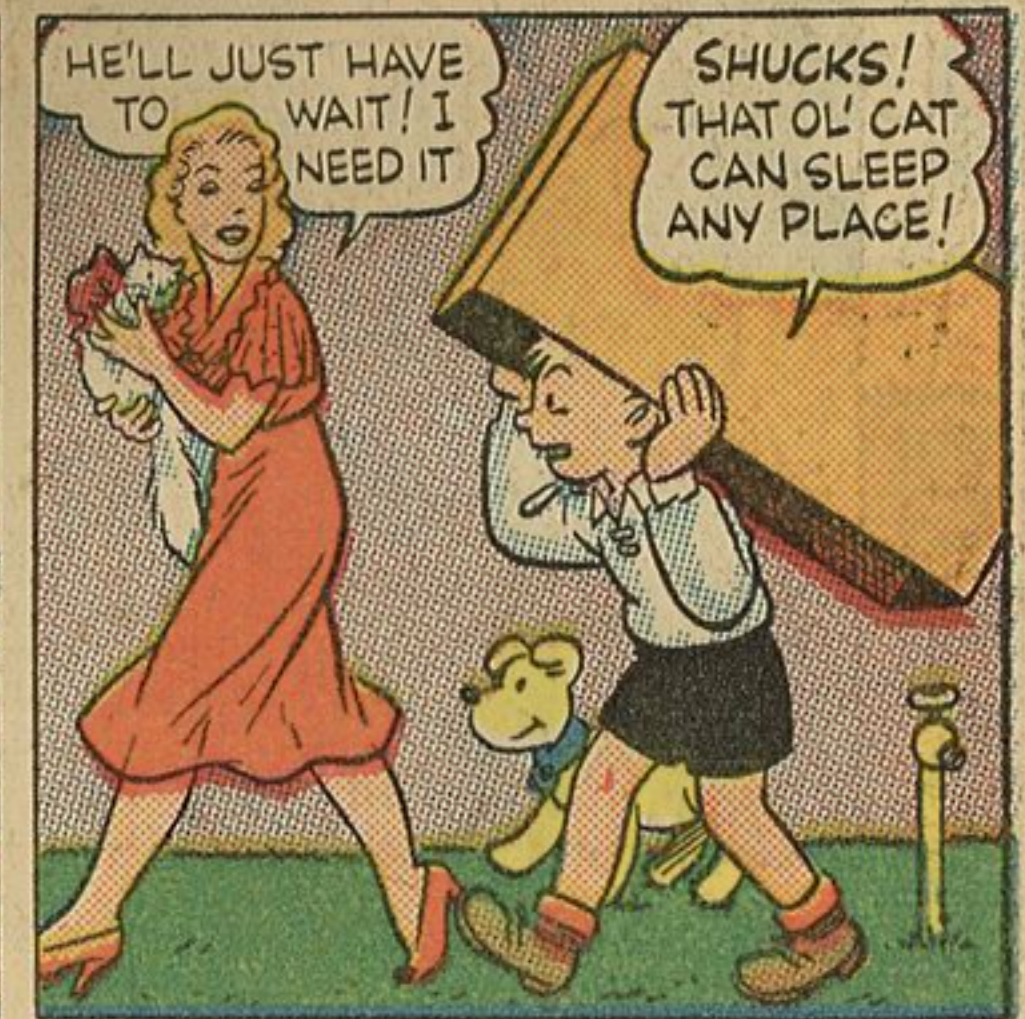
PENGUIN NOW WEARING SHOES CHASES FISH IN CIRCLE.. WHEN HE CATCHES UP WITH IT, SHOES ARE BROKEN IN



# SNAPPY

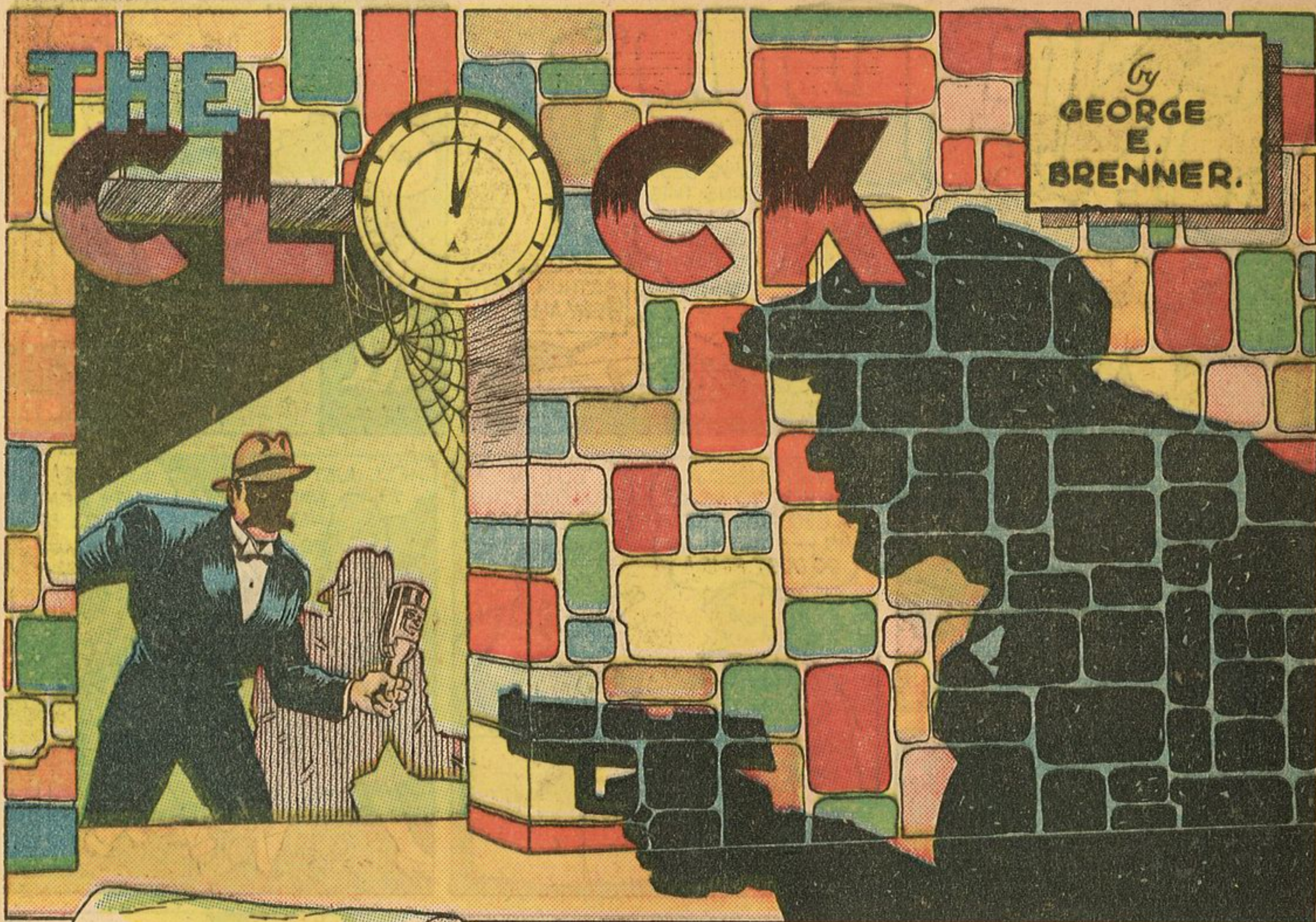


by  
ARTHUR BEEMAN



Follow Snappy in the August issue of CRACK COMICS.

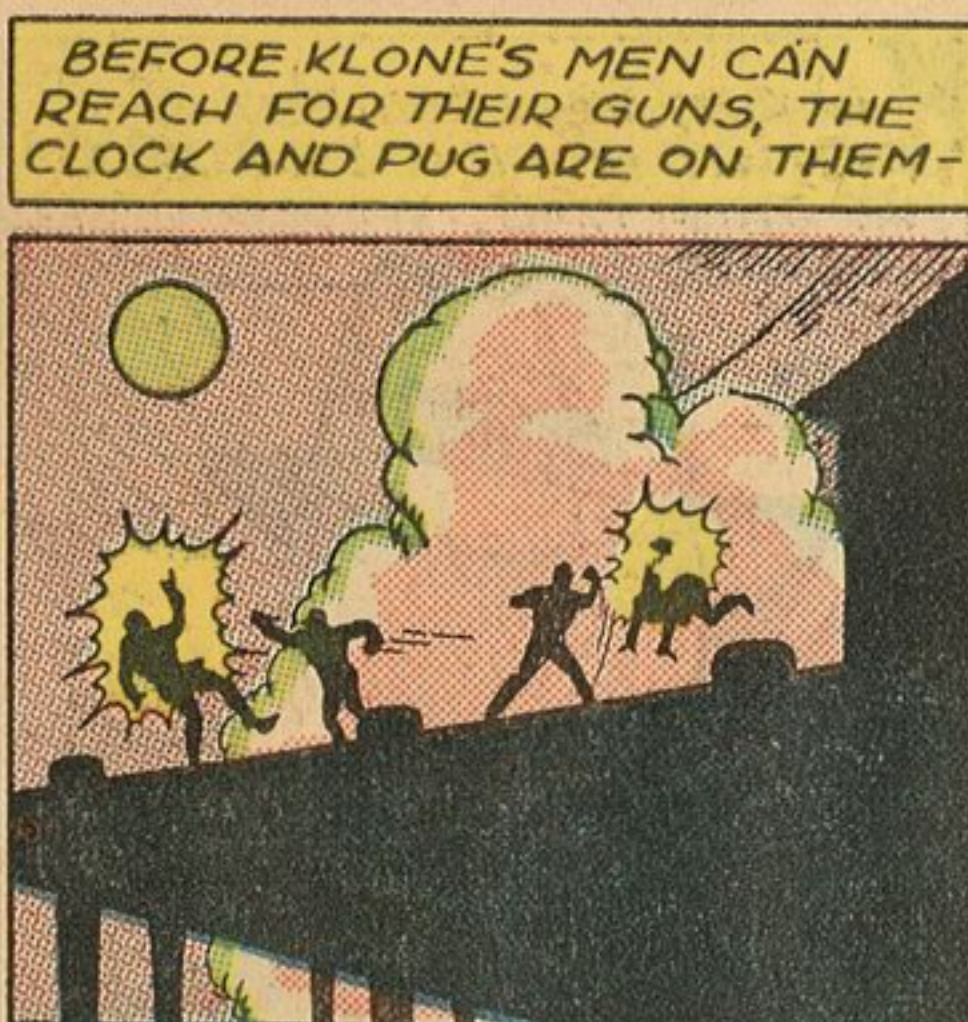




THE CLOCK AND PUG BRADY, HIS ASSISTANT, STAND CONCEALED IN THE SHADOWS OF AN OLD WHARF BUILDING, READY TO STRIKE WITH A SPEED THAT HAS MADE THEM CRIME'S MOST FEARED FOES.



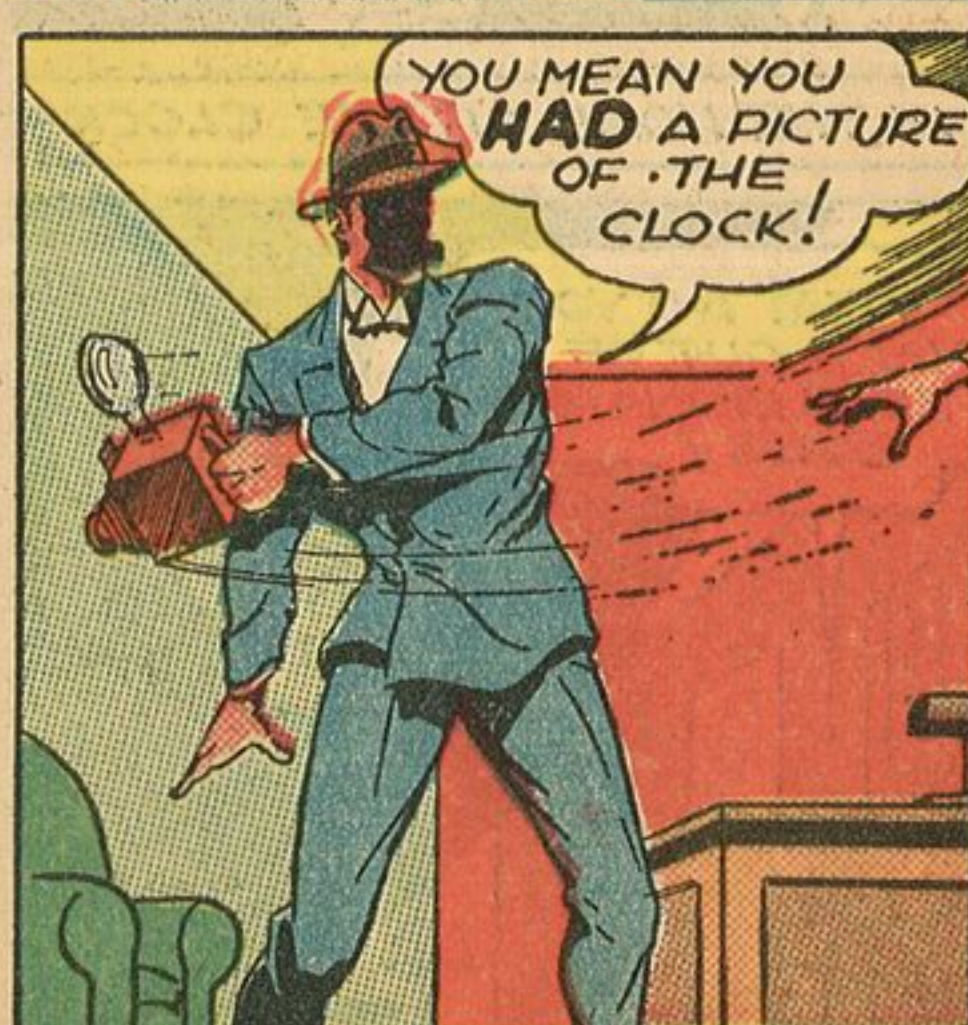




A FEW MINUTES LATER, INSIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS---



HEARING THAT KLONE WAS BROUGHT IN, A GROUP OF NEWS REPORTERS RUSH INTO CAPTAIN KANE'S OFFICE -







SORRY, FELLOW, BUT A PICTURE OF ME MADE PUBLIC AT THIS TIME, WOULD DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD—



HERE'S THE PRICE OF A NEW CAMERA AND A CIGAR -- WE'LL GO NOW, CAPTAIN, S'LONG!

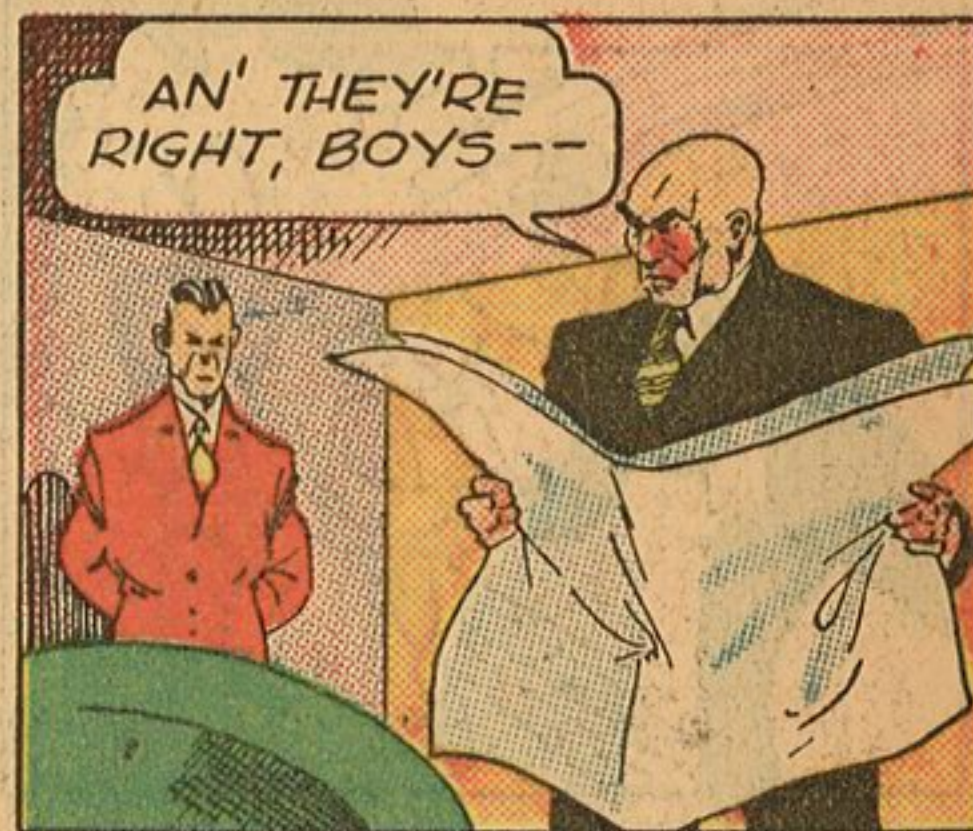


## KLONE'S ESCAPE FOILED BY THE CLOCK.

IN THE PAST MONTH THE CLOCK HAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE SEVERAL OF THE NATION'S LEADING RACKETEERS.

AS A RESULT, CRIME HAS DROPPED OFF CONSIDERABLY, AND THOSE OF THE UNDERWORLD WHO ARE STILL FREE, HIDE IN FEAR OF BEING THE CLOCK'S NEXT VICTIMS!

AND IN THE HIDE-OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD CZAR, "SCRAG" SCADONE --

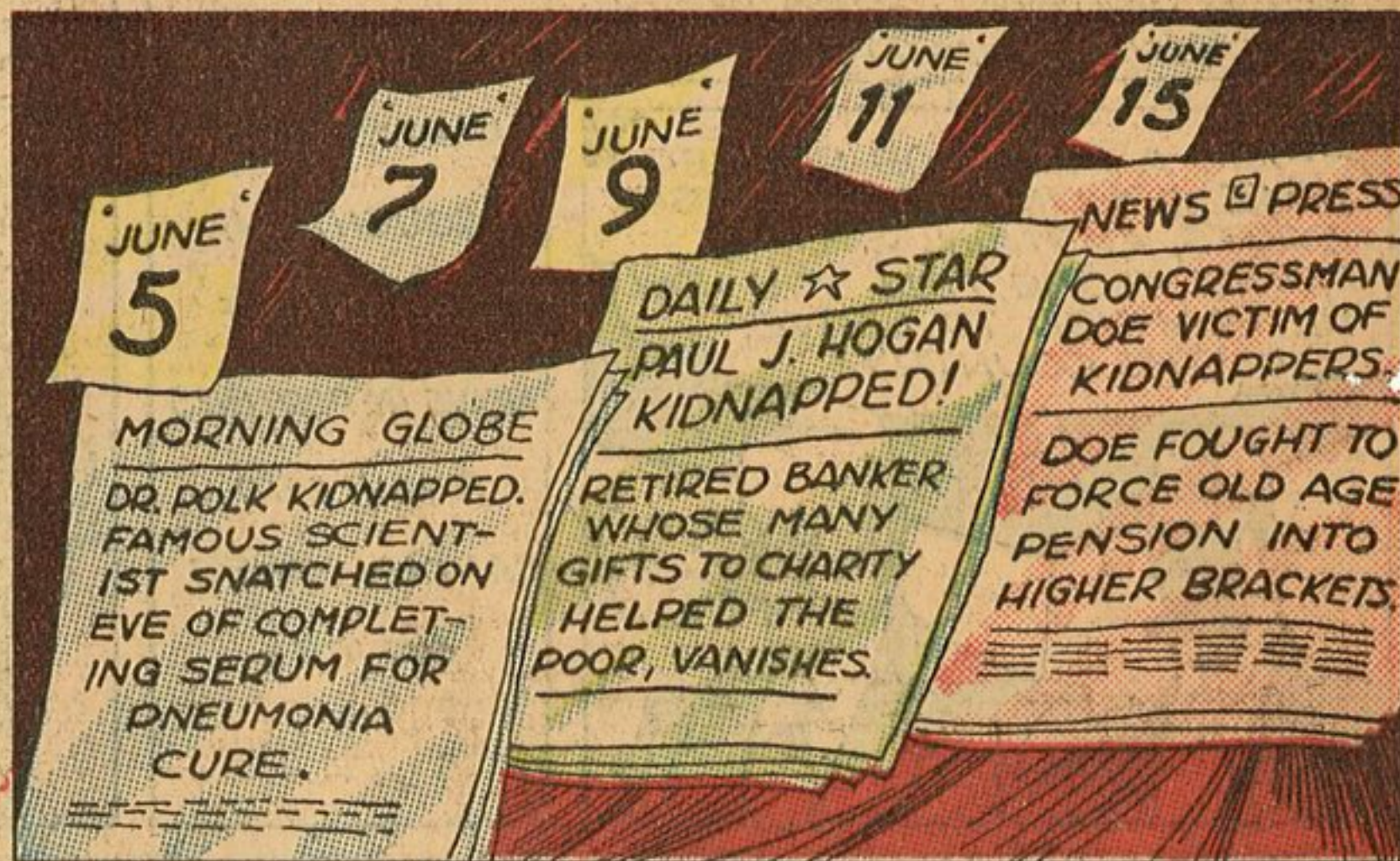


AN' THEY'RE RIGHT, BOYS --



WE ARE AFRAID TA MOVE -- THIS CLOCK GUY'S GOT US ALL BUFFALGED -- BUT NOT ME -- I GOT A PLAN!

AND EVENTS OF THE NEXT FEW DAYS SHOCK THE COUNTRY.



JUNE 5

MORNING GLOBE  
DR. POLK KIDNAPPED. FAMOUS SCIENTIST SNATCHED ON EVE OF COMPLETING SERUM FOR PNEUMONIA CURE.

JUNE 7

JUNE 9

DAILY STAR  
PAUL J. HOGAN KIDNAPPED!

RETIRED BANKER WHOSE MANY GIFTS TO CHARITY HELPED THE POOR, VANISHES.

JUNE 15

NEWS PRESS

CONGRESSMAN DOE VICTIM OF KIDNAPPERS.

DOE FOUGHT TO FORCE OLD AGE PENSION INTO HIGHER BRACKETS.

IN THE HOME OF THE CLOCK--



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OUT OF ALL THESE KIDNAPPINGS, BOSS?

I DON'T KNOW, PUG--



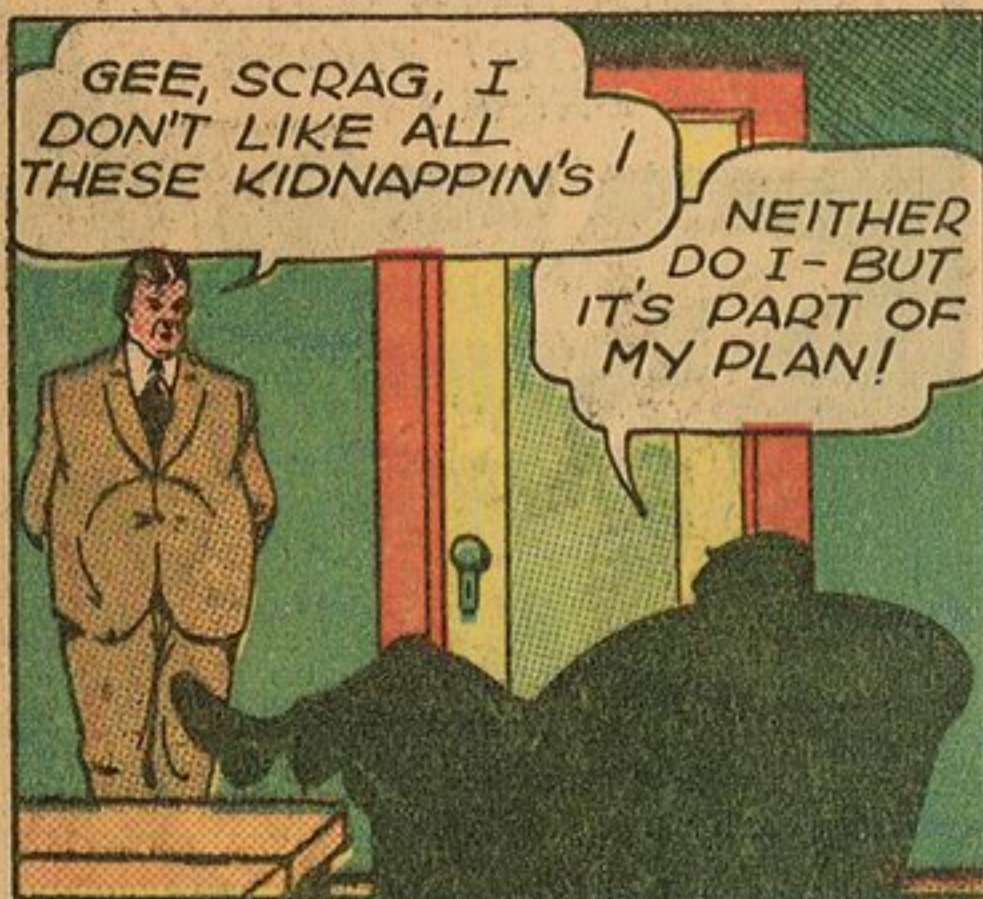
THEY'RE ALL PROMINENT MEN WITH NO CONNECTION TO EACH OTHER IN ANY WAY--



WE'VE RUN DOWN EVERY CLUE WE COULD FIND AND IT LEADS US NOWHERE!



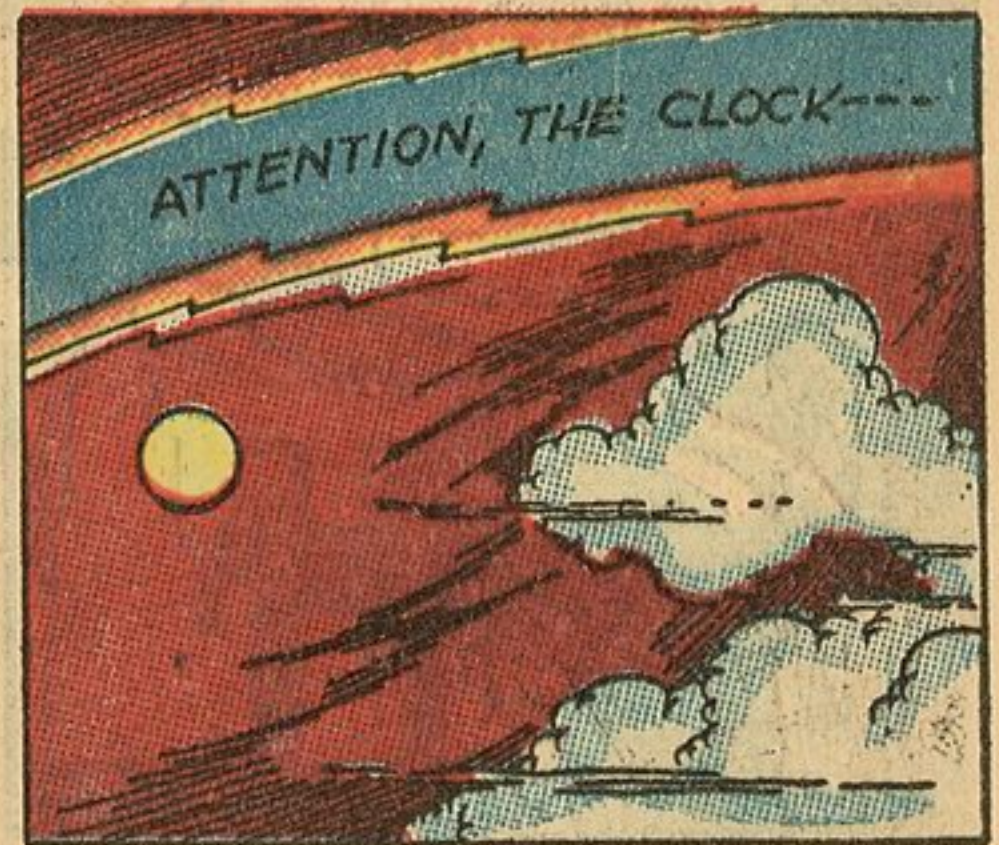
AND IN THE HIDE-OUT OF SCADONE--



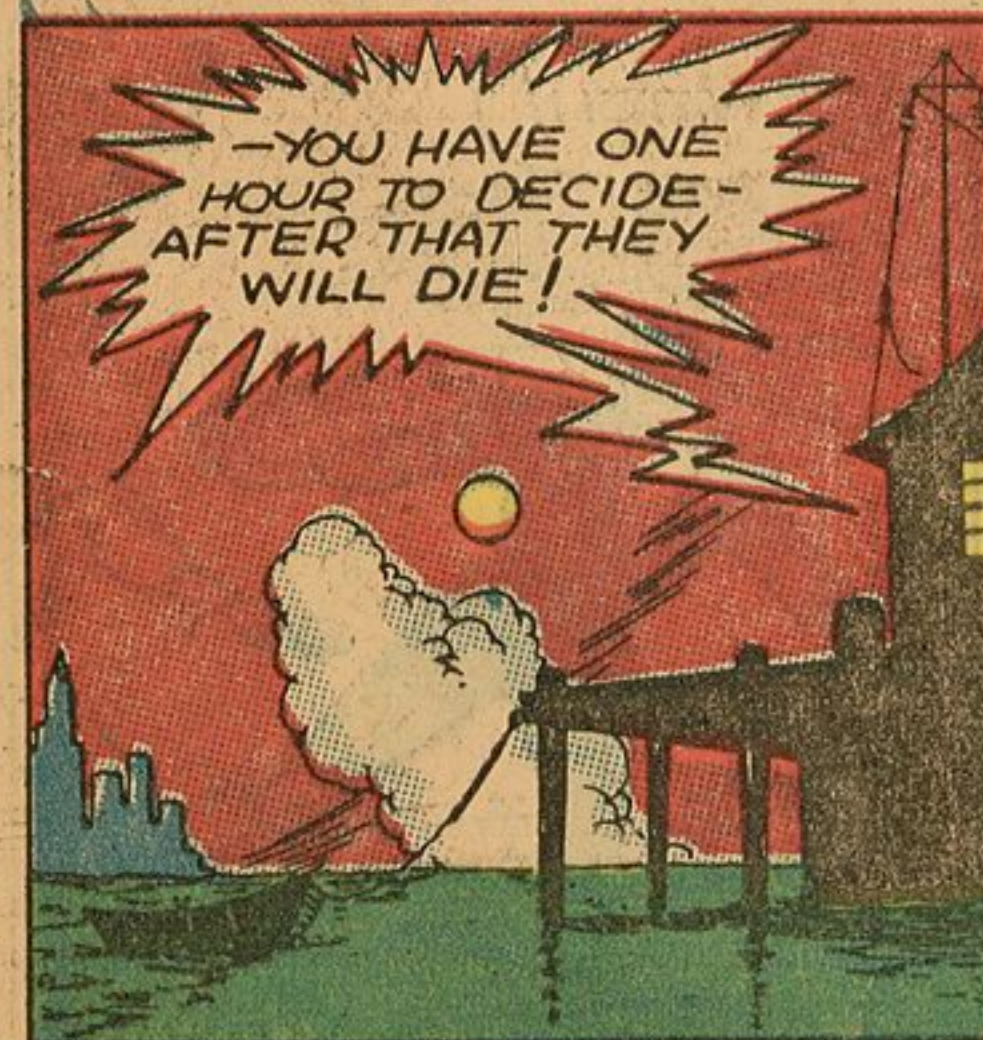
TURN ON THE SHORT-WAVE SET, I'M GOING TO CONTACT THE CLOCK!



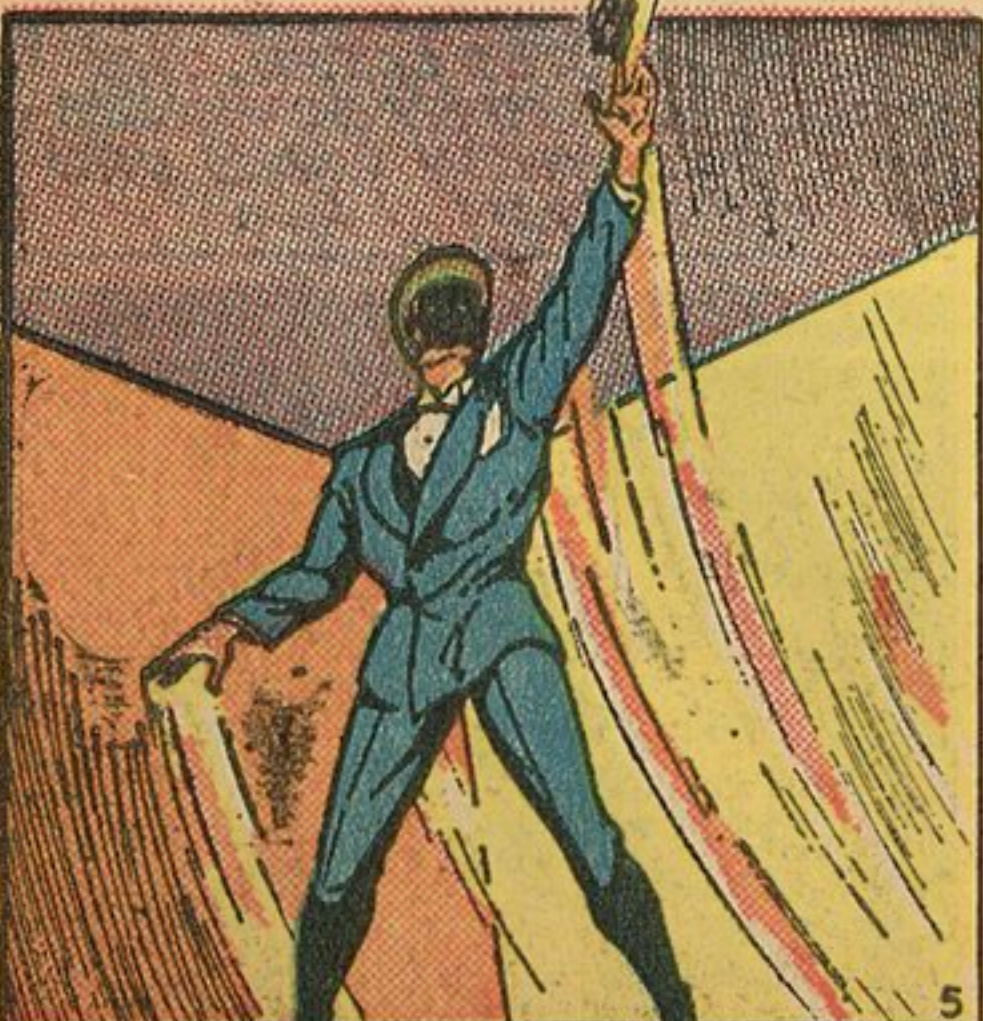
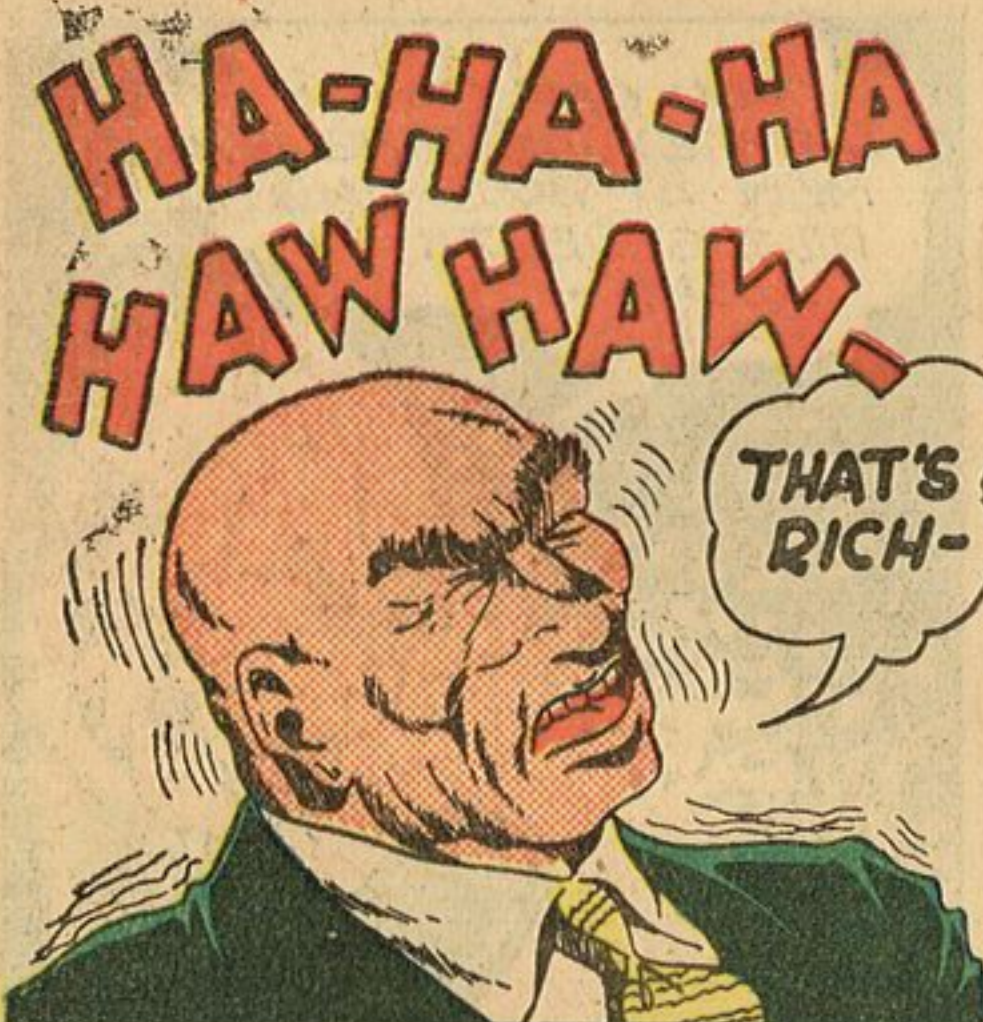
SCADONE'S VOICE TRAVELS OVER THE ETHER--



INTO THE CLOCK'S HOME--

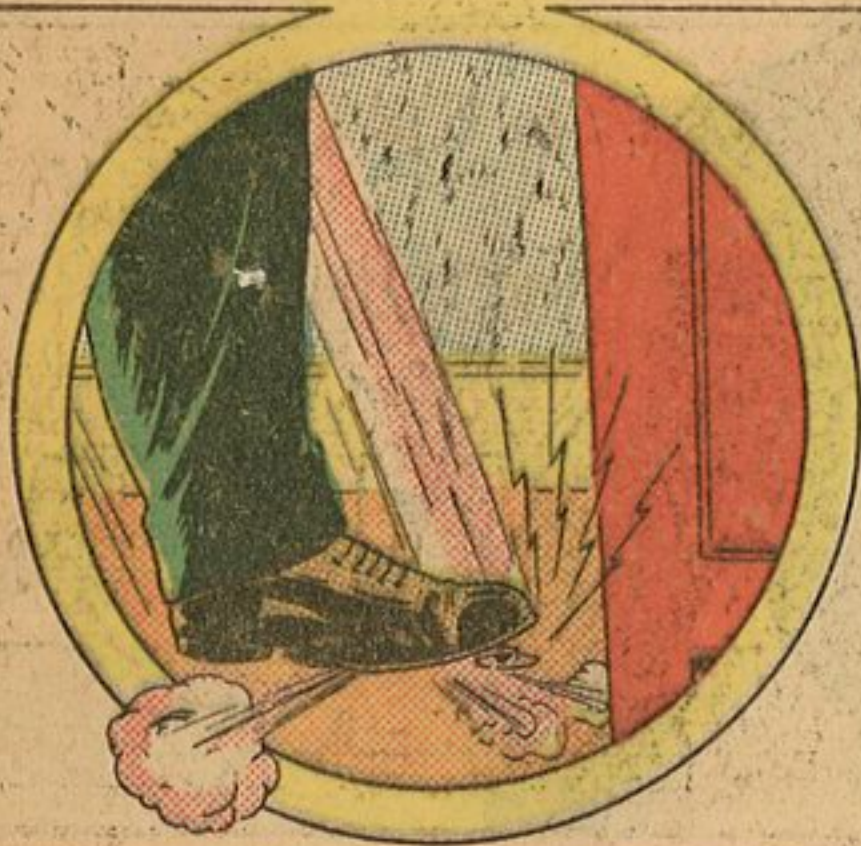




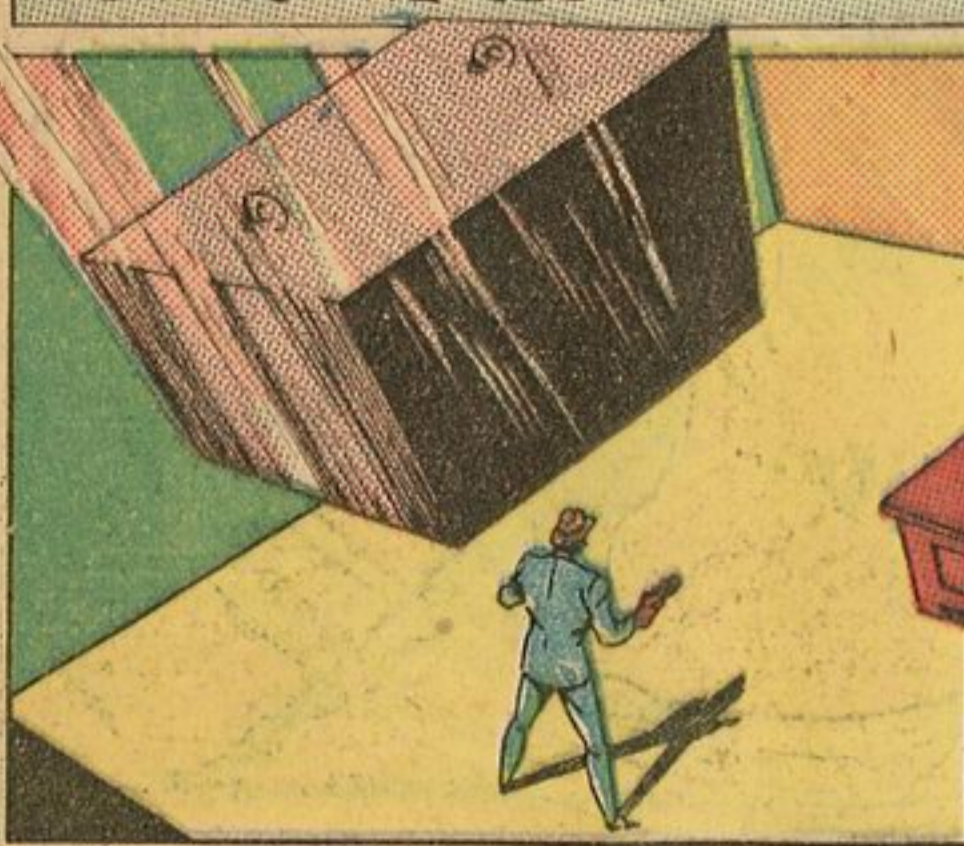




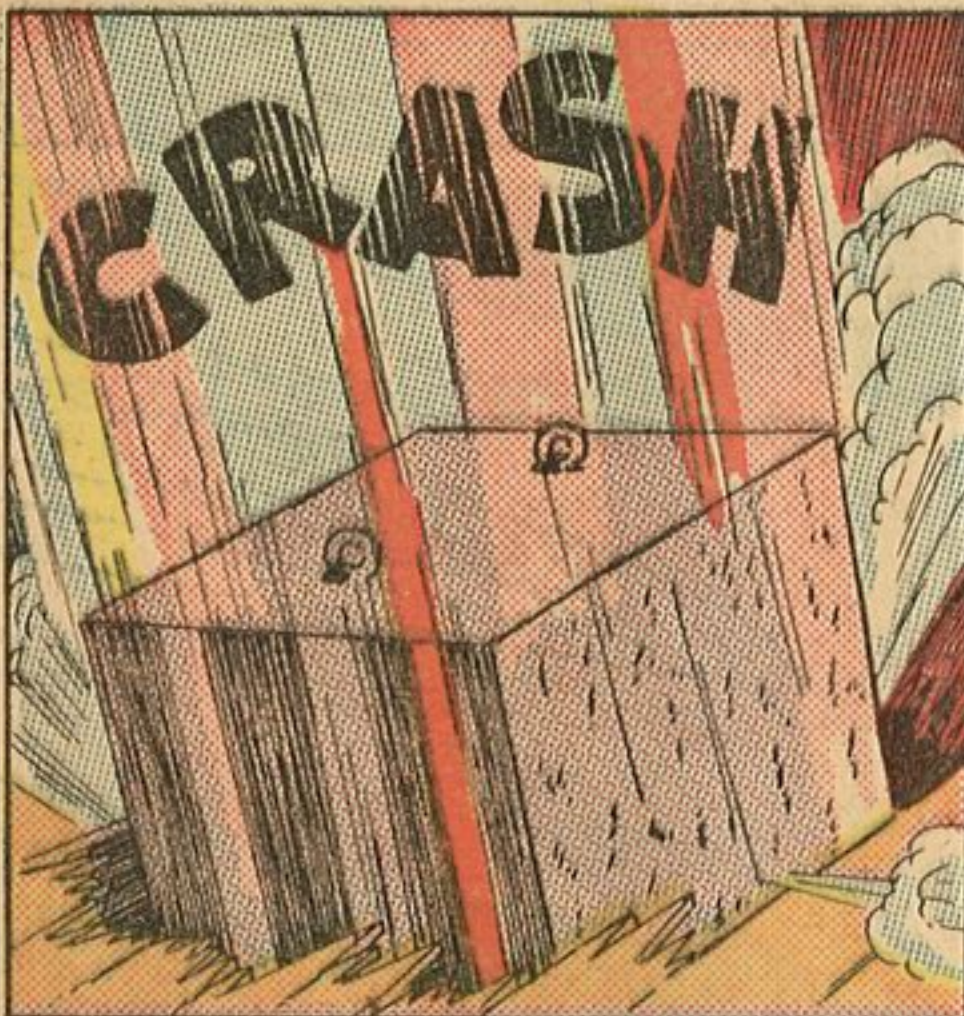
SCADONE'S FOOT STREAKS OUT  
AND STEPS ON A BUTTON--



ABOVE, A HUGE WEIGHT IS  
RELEASED AND HURTTLES  
TOWARD THE CLOCK--

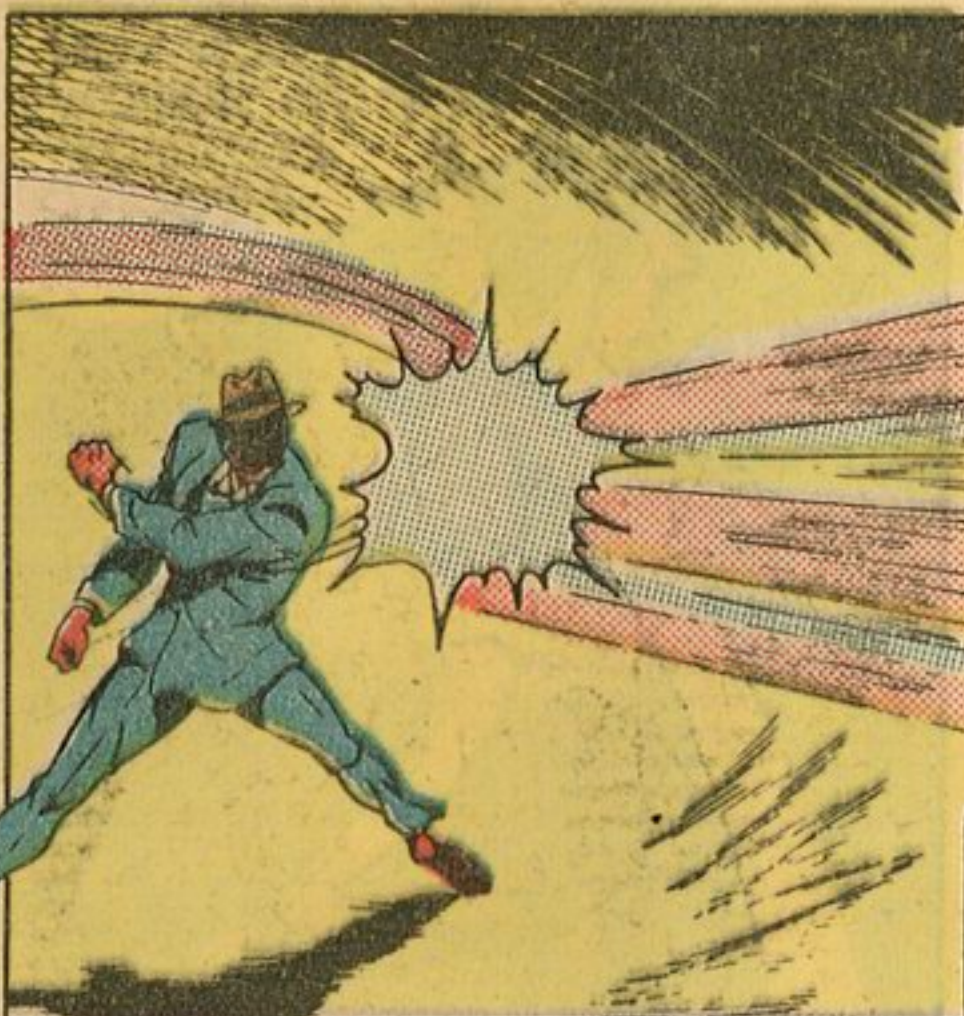


BOSS--LOOK  
OUT !!



THANKS, DUG--LET'S  
START KICKING A FEW  
FACES IN!

OKAY!



THE LIGHTS--  
I'LL DOUSE  
THEM!



WHAM

YOU DON'T  
MOVE FAST  
ENOUGH,  
SCRAG!



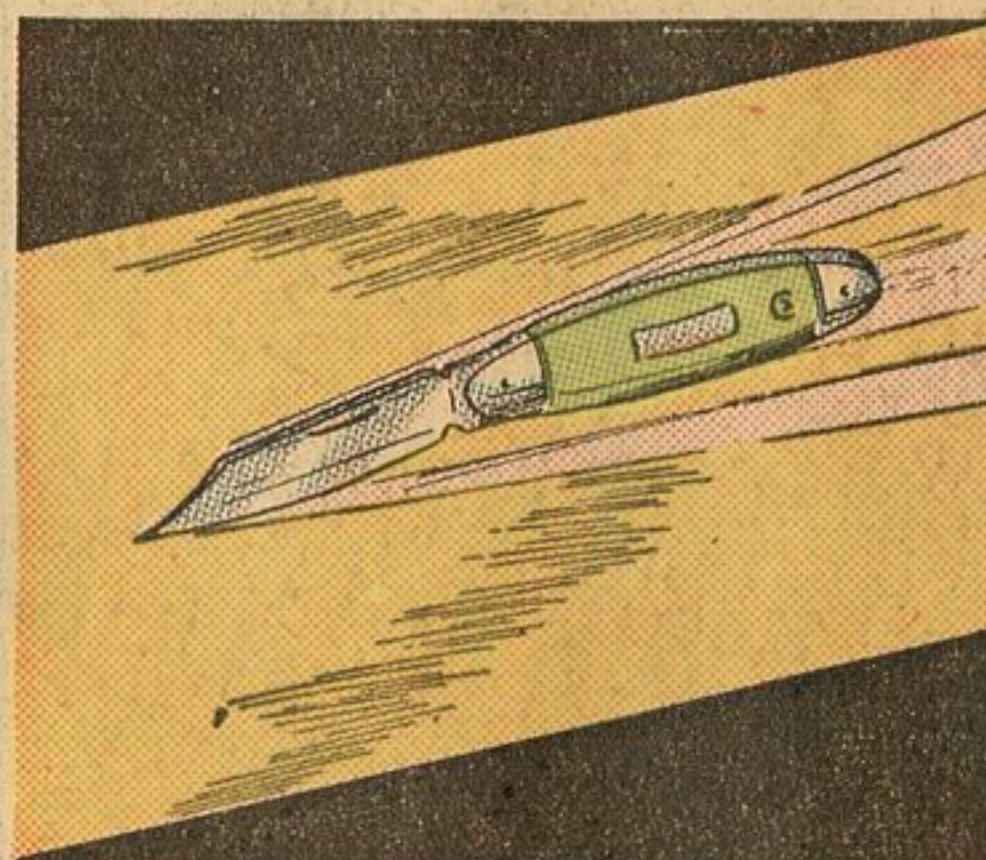




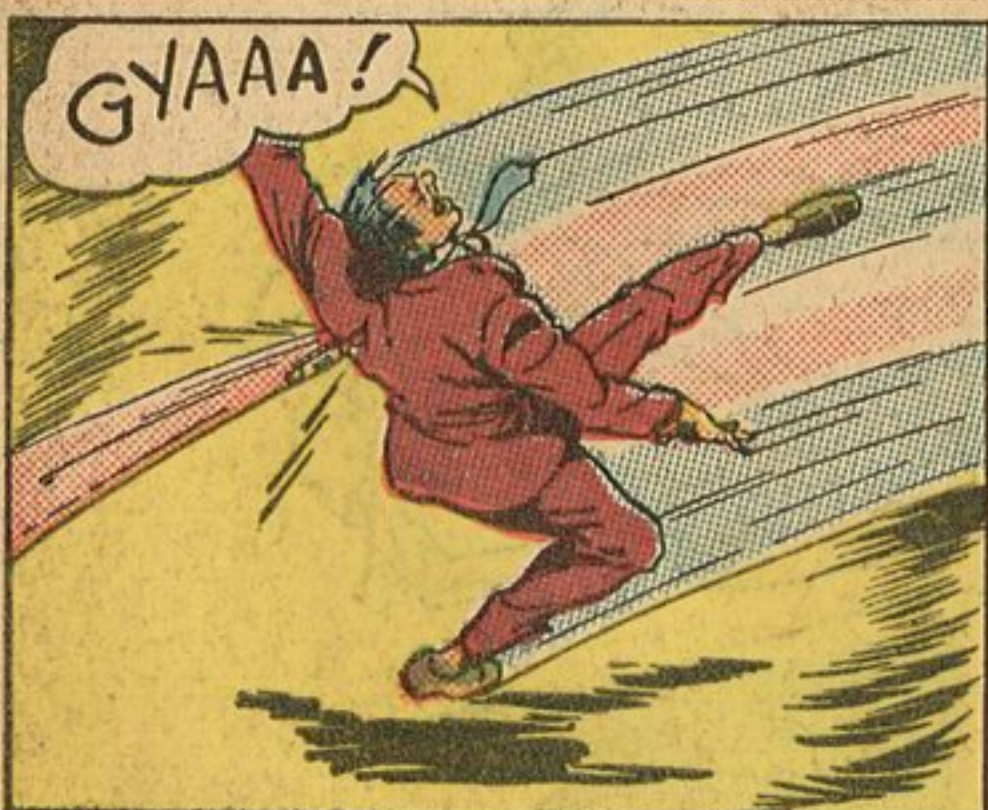
ONE OF THE CROOKS AIMS A KNIFE AT THE UNPROTECTED BACK OF THE CLOCK---



THE KNIFE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR ITS TARGET---



THE CROOK'S BODY CUTS SHORT THE FLIGHT OF THE BLADE ---





# WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO



## 210 PRIZES GIVEN!

### 1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes Peak, Garden of The Gods. Then cowboy life on the Rancho—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

**5 THIRD PRIZES** Portable HOME RECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH RECORDIO JR.

Win one of these 5 beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs! Complete with "mike," 6 blank recording discs. VALUE each . . . \$39.95

**101 FOURTH PRIZES** DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

Win one of these 101 DAISY Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 500 Targeteer Shot, "Spinning Birdie" Targets, 25 Target Cards. \$200 Back-stop. VALUE each:

**100 FIFTH PRIZES** GUN BRACKETS

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each \$100

and The Fred Harman Award

**FLASH!** 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist as his PERSONAL GIFT!

**RED RYDER CARBINE ONLY \$2.95**

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

—get one NOW—at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store! If Dealer is sold out or no Daisy Dealer near you—rush us the price of the Daisy you want—we'll send it postpaid! (Duty added in Canada on all rifles.)

Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT

**RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE**

Enter Daisy's BIG ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' CONTEST Now!

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ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS

Repeater. 50-Shot. \$450  
Nicked 500-shot repeater, \$1.95—Single Shots at \$1 and \$1.50.

ORIGINAL LIGHTNING-LOADER \$250  
CARBINE. 500-shot.

Other Daisys not illustrated: Buck Jones Special, 60-shot outdoor model, \$3.50  
Nicked 500-shot repeater, \$1.95—Single Shots at \$1 and \$1.50.

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

BIG JUMBO TUBE 5¢

### CONTEST RULES

- (1) Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.
- (2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.
- (3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.
- (4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.
- (5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished you Free at your Daisy Dealers. If you write us direct for Free Official Target, enclose 3c stamp to cover our mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.
- (6) Contestants must submit only one Official 5-Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull's-eye 5 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.
- (7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.
- (8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.
- (9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus aptness of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less.
- (10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.

ENTER DAISY'S Rootin' Tootin' SHOOTIN' CONTEST now and shoot to win! Every boy in the U.S.A. has the opportunity to WIN one of those TWO FREE RANCH TRIPS—plus Fred Harman's own PERSONAL GIFT of Hand-Made Chaps—or one of 5 new portable RECORDIO JR. Home Recorder Radio Phonograph Wonder Machines each worth \$39.95—or one of 101 Genuine Daisy Targeteer Target Pistols—or one of 100 pairs of Horse-Head Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't any air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET and ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS or Write Us!

Do this today—now! Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!



# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 496 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



# BIKE TIRES BUILT LIKE PLANES



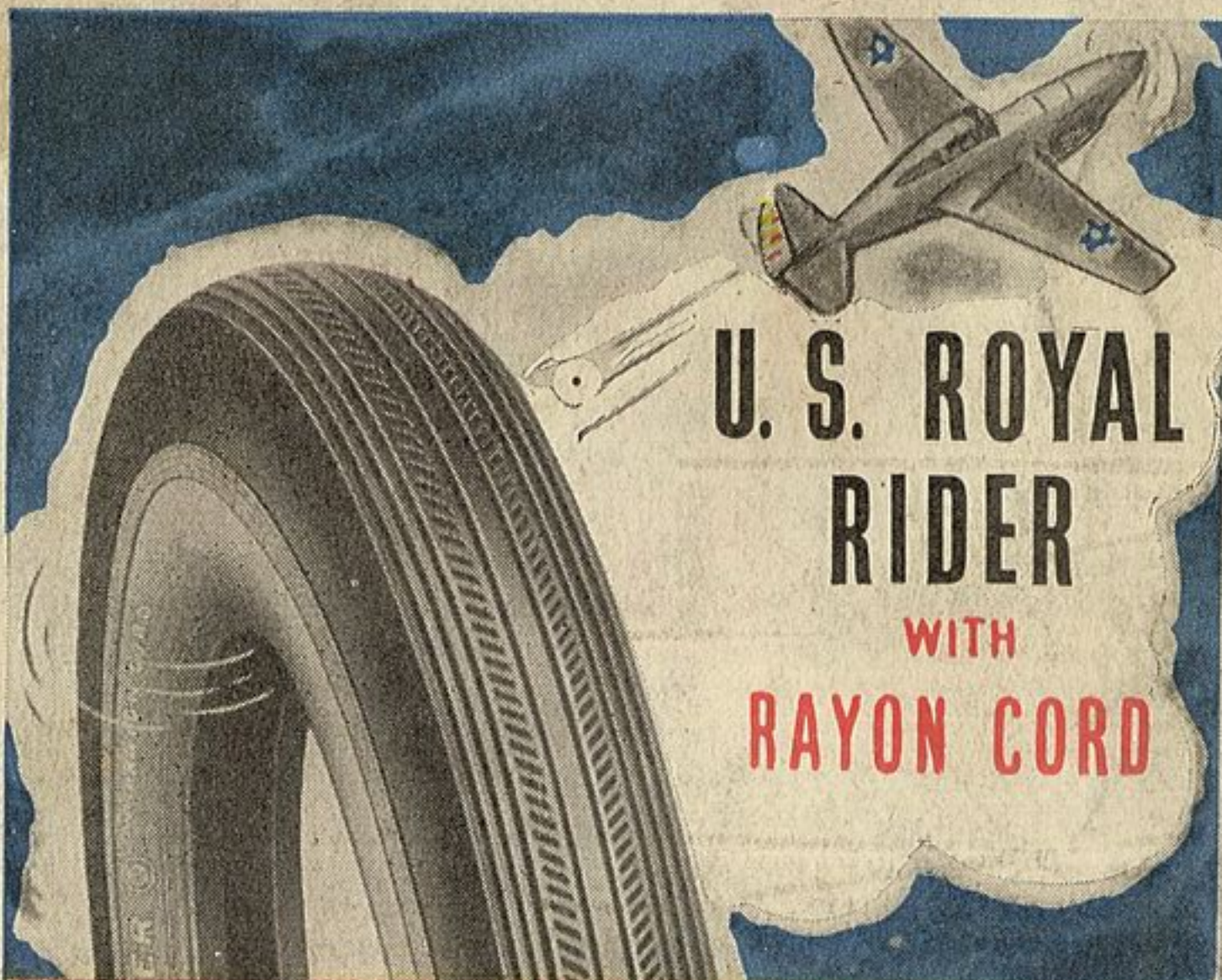
## SPEED

Legs driving a bike sprocket and pistons driving a crankshaft are a lot alike. *Dead* weight saps their energy. That's why in the newest plane engines and in U.S. Royal Rider Tires with Rayon Cord, non-working weight has been cut to zero. Result: more power per pound. More speed!



## CONTROL

Note the big specially rudder surfaces on the Army fighters. Why speed is useless without control. Then note Royal Riders' 7 riding ribs plus two traction ribs. They control skids on wet roads.



U. S. ROYAL  
RIDER  
WITH  
RAYON CORD

## STRENGTH

Duralumin, beryllium and magnesium provide the bonework of the latest U. S. airplanes. Strength plus lightness is the order of the day. And in the U.S. Royal Rider with Rayon Cord you get just that—a bike tire built like a plane.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your local Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

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